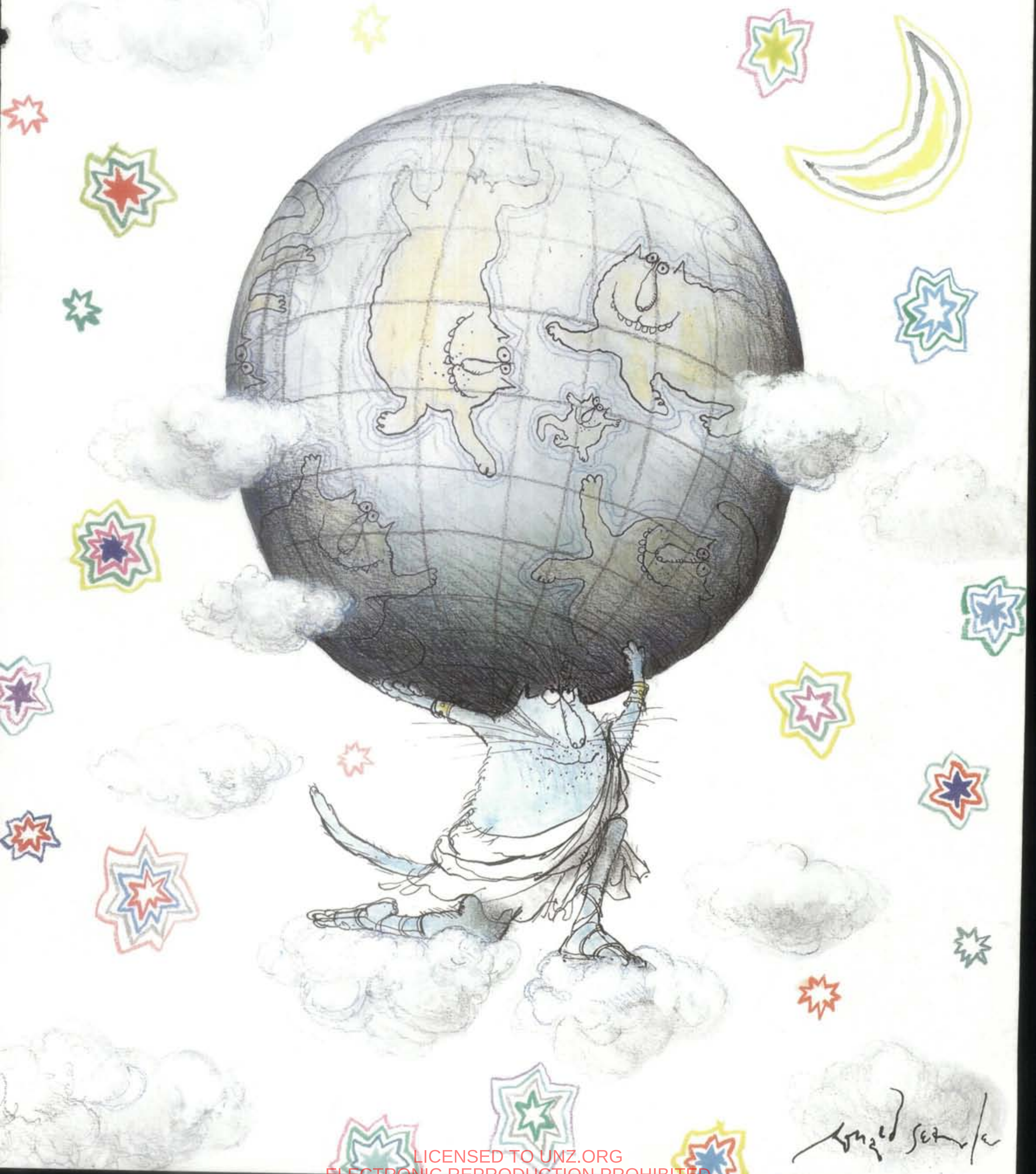
Mar. 2, 1992

THE NEW YORKER

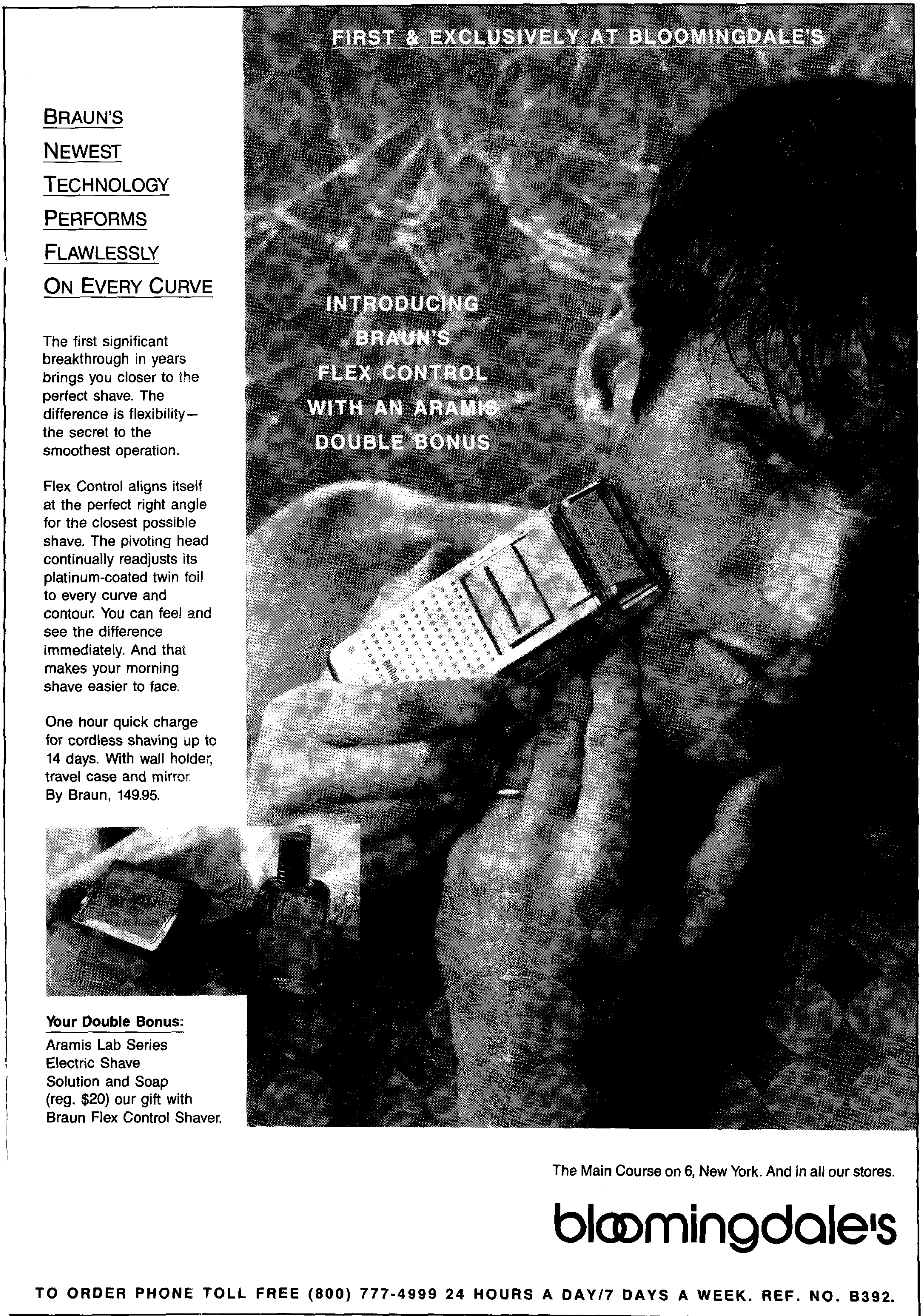
Price $1.75



THE SILVER IS STERLING AND SO IS THE CRAFTSMANSHIP.

® MONTBLANC ® Solitaire®
MONT BLANC
THE ART OF WRITING
SOLITAIRE

bloomingdale's



FIRST & EXCLUSIVELY AT BLOOMINGDALE'S

BRAUN'S
NEWEST
TECHNOLOGY
PERFORMS
FLAWLESSLY
ON EVERY CURVE

INTRODUCING
BRAUN'S
FLEX CONTROL
WITH AN ARAMIS
DOUBLE BONUS

The first significant breakthrough in years brings you closer to the perfect shave. The difference is flexibility—the secret to the smoothest operation.

Flex Control aligns itself at the perfect right angle for the closest possible shave. The pivoting head continually readjusts its platinum-coated twin foil to every curve and contour. You can feel and see the difference immediately. And that makes your morning shave easier to face.

One hour quick charge for cordless shaving up to 14 days. With wall holder, travel case and mirror. By Braun, 149.95.

Your Double Bonus:
Aramis Lab Series Electric Shave Solution and Soap (reg. $20) our gift with Braun Flex Control Shaver.

The Main Course on 6, New York. And in all our stores.

bloomingdale's

TO ORDER PHONE TOLL FREE (800) 777-4999 24 HOURS A DAY/7 DAYS A WEEK. REF. NO. B392.

WALTER DE MARIA

THE
5-7-9
SERIES

MARCH 28 – MAY 9

GAGOSIAN
136 WOOSTER STREET
NEW YORK 228-2828

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MARCH 2, 1992

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23

"WINTER BARLEY" . . . . *Andrea Lee* 28

"THE DELIVERY" (POEM) . . . . *Mona Van Duyn* 32

PROFILES (DAVID AND GREGORY CHUDNOVSKY) . . . . *Richard Preston* 36

"GOOD TIMES" (POEM) . . . . *Robert Mazzocco* 38

THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 68

JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 70

PERSONAL HISTORY (AFRICA) . . . . *Muriel Spark* 73

AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 81

BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 86

COVER: *Ronald Searle*

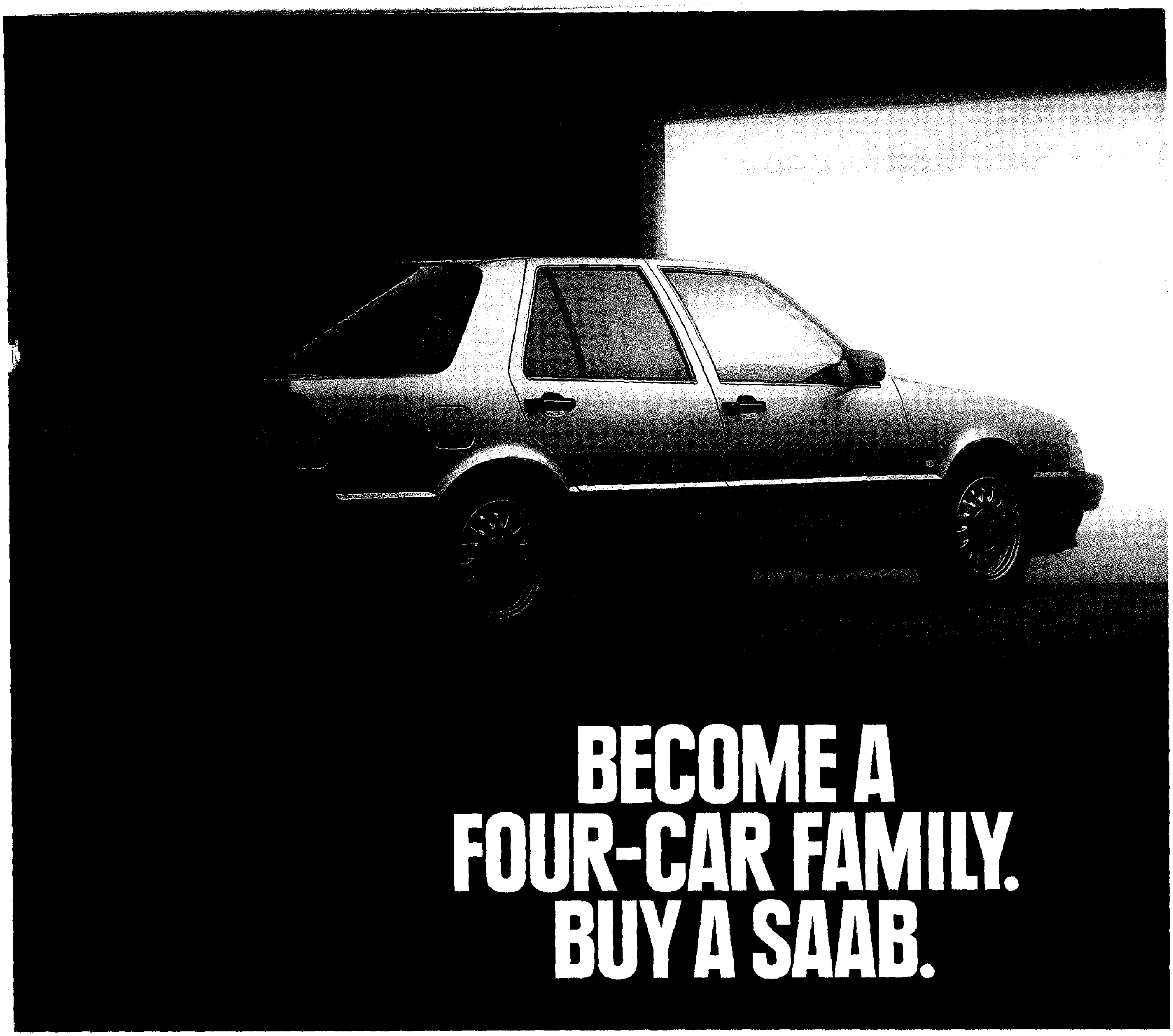
DRAWINGS: *Michael Maslin, Lee Lorenz, Dana Fradon, Robert Mankoff, John Jonik, Charles Barsotti, Bruce Eric Kaplan, William Hamilton, Irena Roman, Edward Koren, Jack Ziegler, Victoria Roberts, J. B. Handelsman, Bernard Schoenbaum, Dean Vietor, Robert Weber, Mick Stevens, William Steig, Leo Cullum, Danny Shanahan*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and publisher; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1-11 Hay Hill, London W1X7LF, England; Penn Brown & Associates, Inc.: 175 Derby St., No. 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVIII, No. 2, March 2, 1992. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885. © 1992 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND LOGO, AND THE VARIOUS TITLES AND HEADINGS HEREIN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS, INC., WHICH PUBLISHES THEM THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.



Given a large enough budget and a large enough garage, meeting a family's varied driving needs is easy.

Simply buy more cars.

The Saab 900 Series:
*From $19,880 to $36,230.**

The Saab 9000 Series:
*From $25,465 to $37,615.**

For more information,
call 1-800-582-SAAB.

Saab owners, on the other hand, have come up with a more ingenious approach. They simply buy more car—namely, a Saab 9000S.

On the road, it's among the most agile of sports sedans, capable of uncanny grace under the pressure of serpentine roadways—a driver's car powered by the largest engine Saab ever built.

Inside, it's a family car that satisfies every family's insatiable appetite for space. In fact, according to EPA measurements, the Saab 9000S provides one of the roomiest interiors of any imported sedan.

When necessary, it fulfills the workhorse role normally played by station wagons. Fold down its split rear seats, and there's 56.5 cu. ft. of cargo space, enough to carry everything from a playpen to a full-sized refrigerator.

Finally, a Saab is the sort of mobile sanctuary that the safety-conscious buy for safety alone. One with a reinforced steel safety cage buffered by crumple zones front and rear—and equipped with anti-lock brakes and a driver's-side air bag. No surprise that, in studies of highway accidents, it has repeatedly been ranked among the safest cars in its class.

All that comes in the elegant carrying case shown above, plus a full complement of amenities. Including leather upholstery, sunroof, air-conditioning—even heated front seats. And it's backed by one of the longest warranties in the industry: 6 years or 80,000 miles.**

Approached this way, the price of entry to multi-car ownership is a relatively modest $28,795.* That comes to about $7,200 per car. And you can experience all of them in the car that doesn't compromise any one virtue for any other: the 9000S, which is at your Saab dealer awaiting your test drive.

SAAB
WE DON'T MAKE COMPROMISES.
WE MAKE SAABS.℠

*MSRP, excluding taxes, license, freight, dealer charges and options. Prices subject to change. Prices do not include the 9000 CD Turbo Griffin Edition. **See your Saab dealer for complete details.
© 1992 Saab Cars USA, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

A New York City policeman studies a sign outside Theatre for the New City, on lower First Avenue. His curiosity piqued, he walks inside and asks George Barteneiff, one of the establishment's founders, "Excuse me, but would this be the place where Ciarán O'Reilly is appearing? It would? And could you tell me, is this O'Reilly in the play here every night? He is? And one more thing, if you wouldn't mind. Would this be the same Ciarán O'Reilly who wrote those lovely columns for *American Motorcyclist* magazine?" Though Mr. Barteneiff was not aware of it at the time, it was, in fact, the same man.

When Mr. O'Reilly related this story to us recently, there was a perceptible pride in the telling, but at the same time he seemed genuinely amazed that anyone would have made the connection between his BMW-assisted forays into Road Warrior journalism and a name on a cast list outside the East Village theatre where "Grandchild of Kings," Harold Prince's splendid adaptation of Sean O'Casey's autobiographies, has recently opened. The cop's feat of memory needn't have surprised our interlocutor. In New York, O'Reillys may be two a penny, but beyond the precincts of the Irish Repertory Theatre Company—the group that the thirty-two-year-old actor founded, with the actress Charlotte Moore, in 1988, and that is producing "Grandchild"—Ciaráns aren't exactly thick on the ground.

The name is more common in Virginia, the small Irish town where Mr. O'Reilly grew up. He left at seventeen and knocked around for a while before landing gigs at, first, the Irish Arts Center, on the West Side, and then the Abbey Theatre, in Dublin; he came back to New York for good in 1980. Given the generally sterling critical response to the I. Rep's offerings—revivals of work by O'Casey, Synge, and Yeats, and stagings of new plays by Brian Friel and Bernard Farrell, among others—you'd think Mr. O'Reilly would be one of Virginia's home-town heroes. But no, he reminded us (echoing Joyce), Ireland's not a place that likes to laurel its own. Especially those, like Mr. O'Reilly, who ride out of town on a motorbike.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	24	25	26	27	28	29
1	2	3	4			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

And—Ron Silver stars in a play by Roger Rosenblatt. In previews. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

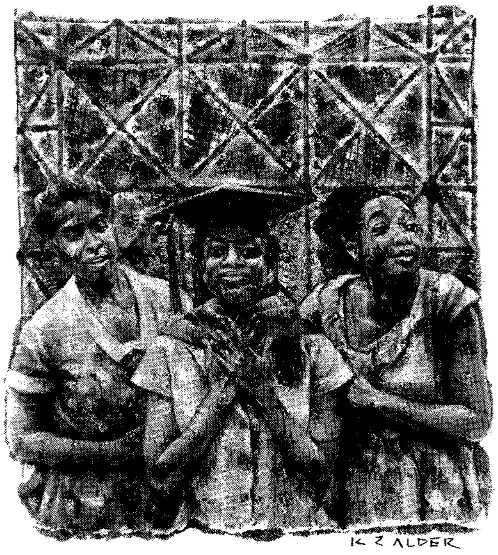
Before It Hits Home—Frankie R. Faison, Yvette Hawkins, and James McDaniel in a new play written by Cheryl L. West. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Death and the Maiden—A drama by the Chilean playwright Ariel Dorfman, which stars Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman. Mike Nichols directed. In previews. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Four Baboons Adoring the Sun—Stockard Channing and James Naughton star in a new play by John Guare. Directed by Peter Hall. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Peacetime—A play by Elaine Berman. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Search and Destroy—Griffin Dunne has the lead in this dark comedy by Howard Korder, which had its première at California's South Coast Rep, in 1990. Preview on Feb. 25. Opens Feb. 26 at 6:45. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)



Cheryl Lynn Bruce, Sybil Walker, and Jacqueline Williams in "From the Mississippi Delta"

The Substance of Fire—Jon Robin Baitz's play, which ran at Playwrights Horizons last spring, moves to Lincoln Center. The cast once again comprises Patrick Breen, Sarah Jessica Parker, Ron Rifkin, Jon Tenney, and Maria Tucci. Previews Feb. 25-26. Opens Feb. 27 at 6:45. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Akin—A music-dance-theatre work conceived and directed by, and starring, John Kelly. With a score by Richard Peaslee and lyrics by Mark Campbell. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes March 8.)

Ascension Day—The Working Theatre presents a play by Michael Henry Brown about the 1831 slave rebellion led by Nat Turner. Directed by L. Kenneth Richardson. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 279-4200. Closes March 8.)

Beau Jest—A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

The Bells; or, the Polish Jew—Everett Quinton has adapted an adaptation of a hundred-and-twenty-year-old "dramatic study." He also plays all the roles. Eureka directed. (Charles Ludlam, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Boesman & Lena—This revival of Athol Fugard's spellbinding play is more openly emotional than most other stagings have been. Keith David and Lynne Thigpen are the intrepid Cape Coloureds and Tsepo Mokone is the black African, whom the couple shelter at considerable risk. All three perform splendidly, under Mr. Fugard's direction. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/92.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Catskills on Broadway—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Marilyn Michaels, the fourth member of the company, does imitations of imitations. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Circle Repertory Company—The third play of the season is **the baltimore waltz**, by Paula Vogel. The cast, directed by Anne Bogart, consists of Cherry Jones, Joe Mantello, and Richard Thompson. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes March 15.)

The Comedy of Errors—A production of Shakespeare's comedy, directed by William Gaskill and presented by Theatre for a New Audience. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes March 14.)

Cowboy in His Underwear (A Dark Journey)—A play written and directed by Adam Oliensis, which is presented by the Willow Cabin Theatre Company. Jake Daehler and Alice Haining are featured. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 886-1889. Closes March 1.)

Crazy for You—A new musical that incorporates nineteen Gershwin songs and has a book by Ken Ludwig. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson lead the cast; Mike Ockrent directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Creditors—August Strindberg's 1889 play. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes March 8.)

Dancing at Lughnasa—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Down the Flats—A play by Tony Kavanagh, which is set in Dublin. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

Finkel's Follies—A show billed as "a new American musical vaudeville," conceived by and starring Fyvush Finkel. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

From the Mississippi Delta—In eleven scenes, Endesha Ida Mae Holland dramatizes her own rise (and journey) from the Delta (where she had been a teen-age prostitute) to the University of Minnesota and triumph in academia. The leading character, though, is her mother, a midwife called Aint Baby, who is very well portrayed by Cheryl Lynn Bruce. The role of the author is split between Ms. Bruce, Sybil Walker, and Jacqueline Williams, and the result is a lively and merry evening. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

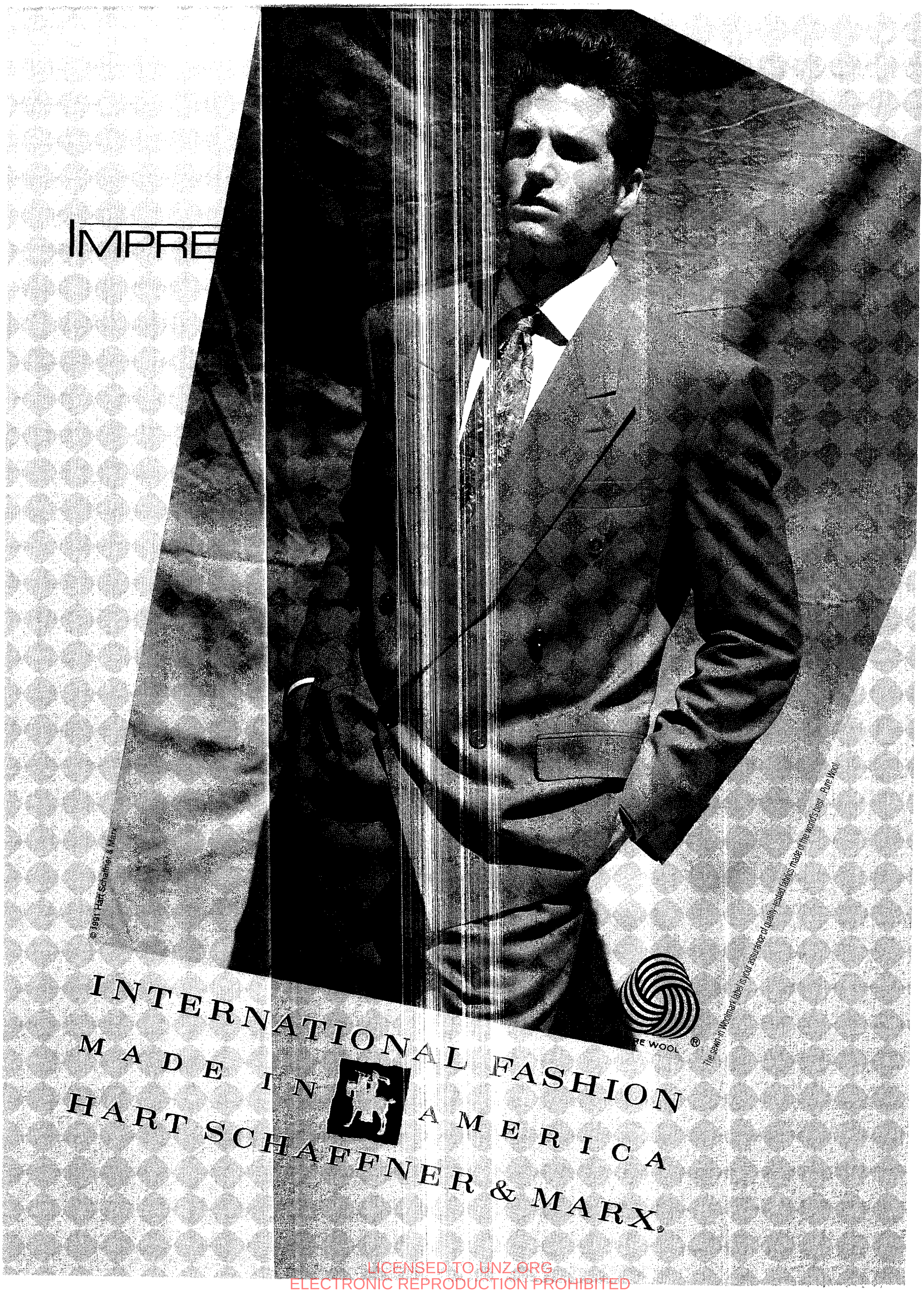
Ghosts—A production of Ibsen's play, with April Shawhan, Arnie Burton, and Michael Levin. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes March 14.)

Grandchild of Kings—Harold Prince's enthralling adaptation of the first two volumes of Sean O'Casey's memoirs is set—beautifully—by Eugene Lee in a square in Dublin. The performances, all of them satisfying, are by the members of the Irish Repertory Theatre Company; Padraic Moyles, Patrick Fitzgerald, and Chris O'Neill are Sean as child, young man, and old man, and the invaluable Pauline Flanagan is Sean's mother. Traditional Irish songs and dances accompany the action every inch of the way. (2/24/92) (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 477-7900.)

Innocent Eréndira and Her Heartless Grandmother—An adaptation of a novella by Gabriel García Márquez; directed by Jorge Alí Triana. Performed in Spanish; simultaneous-English-translation sets are available. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

Julie Halston's Lifetime of Comedy—For up-to-the-minute coverage of what it is like to be "divorced, over thirty, hormonally imbalanced," you can't do better than the wit and wisdom of this multi-talented actress-comedienne-sage. She's a little like Joan Rivers, a little like Joan Collins, and a little like St. Joan. Also a little like ZaSu Pitts. Among our favorite moments in this autobiographical show are the story of events leading up to Miss Halston's tragic divorce, the visit to the breast doctor, and the ritual reading and textual analysis of the *Times* wedding announcements. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

IMPRE


INTERNATIONAL FASHION
MADE IN AMERICA
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX®
PURE WOOL ®
The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made of the world's best...Pure Wool.
© 1991 Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Lady Bracknell's Confinement and **The Party**—A double bill presented by the Vineyard Theatre. The first is a comedy by Paul Doust which concerns one of the characters from "The Importance of Being Earnest," and the second is Ellen McLaughlin's adaptation of three Virginia Woolf stories. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes March 1.)

A Life in the Theatre—F. Murray Abraham and Anthony Fusco star in a revival of David Mamet's 1977 play about actors. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 505-2667.)

A Little Hotel on the Side—The National Actors Theatre production of Georges Feydeau's "Hotel Paradiso" (in the John Mortimer translation) is neither so entertaining or well presented that you would actually send anyone to see it nor so terrible that you would pity anyone who had procured a ticket. Your move. (2/10/92) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Closes March 1.)

Making Book—A comedy by Janet Reed about textbook publishing. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471. Closes March 1.)

Marvin's Room—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering young man. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist, David Petrarca the director. The show recently moved downtown from Playwrights Horizons; performances here resume Feb. 28. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

The Most Happy Fella—This is one musical we think the world could be without and feel no sorrow. The story of a girl forced to content herself with some old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everyone a lesson about making do with what life has to offer, it's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana. As for Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera production, it's your basic slightly-better-than-average dinner-theatre revival. What's the rumpus? (2/24/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Private Lives—Joan Collins and Simon Jones in a revival of the 1930 Noël Coward comedy, which Arvin Brown directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Real Live Brady Bunch—Episodes from the acclaimed TV series, reënacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Return to the Forbidden Planet—Gabriel Barré, Julee Cruise, Robert McCormick, and Louis Tucci are all appealing in this light-minded entertainment, a London import that won the Laurence Olivier Award for best musical in a year when it might have gone to "Miss Saigon" (whose producer's subsequent indignation led to the creation of a new award category). The show—a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with Shakespeareana—has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." Written and directed by Bob Carlton, it is more than *anything else an occasion to* laugh a bit and rock out a lot. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Sight Unseen—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. (2/3/92) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Tubes—A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

The Visit—Jane Alexander is impressive as a rich, vindictive old woman who returns to her native town, in Switzerland, to wreak vengeance on the man who once betrayed her, and Harris Yulin performs well, too, as her victim. But under the suffocating direction of Edwin Sherin, Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play seems bleaker than it actually is. (2/3/92) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes March 1.)

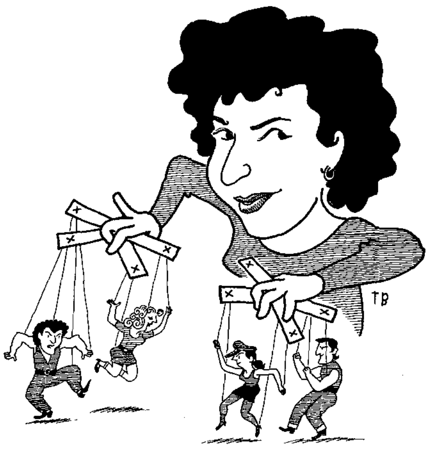
LONG RUNS

AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE KANDER & EBB MUSICAL: A musical revue, with Karen Ziémba, Joel Blum, Terry Burrell, Marcus Lovett, and Marin Mazzie. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.). . . **BREAKING LEGS:** The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Karen Valentine, Ronald Maccone, and Nick Wyman. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.). . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty-two in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.). . . **LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART:** Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Christine Baranski, Joanne Camp, Jonathan Hadary, and Brian Kerwin; directed by John Tillinger. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.). . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.). . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **PAGEANT:** A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.). . . **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE SECRET GARDEN:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **SONG OF SINGAPORE:** A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.). . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

DANCE

Gail Conrad, the choreographer, cleared up a big question for us the other day; namely, What's the basic difference between flamenco and tap? Dressed in a shirt, leggings, ribbed socks, and high-heeled boots without taps, Ms. Conrad showed us how flamenco movement is more of what she calls "a stabbing of the foot," and how the sounds are often produced by the whole foot coming in contact with the floor. Flamenco is counted in a different metre than tap, and syncopation is used differently. It also calls for a held, stylized upper body. Tap, in contrast, tends to be produced through a more articulated action in the metatarsal arch—what Ms. Conrad called a "rolling through the foot," which means that, typically, only a portion of the foot is in contact with the floor at any given moment. The body also tends to have a looser, more dangling carriage. Then she added, "But there's nothing in flamenco you couldn't use in tap, and vice versa. You could make flamenco very subtle, and tap very passionate and sensual."

We were speaking with Ms. Conrad in anticipation of her new dance production, "Walk Around the Block (An Urban Riff)," which will contain tap, flamenco, and all sorts of other styles (at Theatre for the New City, through March 15). Like Ms. Conrad's previous works, "Walk Around the Block" will be structured around offbeat adventures in her Village neighborhood. In a Gail Conrad show, the patter you hear is likely to be significant palaver, too. At Theatre for the New City, the sounding board for this significance is a brand-new portable floor whose three-layer suspension system does more than protect the dancers from the shin splints that would be inevitable were they dancing on cement: it produces a resonant, almost instrumental sound. This particular floor comes in twenty-one square pieces that fit together tongue in groove. Standing on one square, Ms. Conrad said: "It's useful to rehearse in small spaces—like my Bleecker Street apartment. You can always make something larger. I think I could choreograph in a closet. At home, I practically do."



Gail Conrad

Depend on Fidelity Brokerage for Your Stock Trades

Fast, Accurate Trades With Savings Up To 65%

With a Fidelity*Plus* Account, you can save as much as 65%* vs. full-cost brokers on stock and option trades. That's because we control costs–and quality–by handling our own processing operations, and we can pass on the savings to you through lower commissions. Plus, you never pay for advice you don't want or need.

A Better Way To Manage Your Money

Today, your money is too important to be idle or inaccessible. With Fidelity*Plus*, your money works for you all the time, earning daily interest on cash balances between investments.

Consider the Fidelity Brokerage IRA

We can give you the resources to help you make the most of your self-directed IRA. Plus, significant savings on stock and option commissions. And now, Fidelity makes it even easier for you to save for your retirement because we've lowered our annual IRA fee to just $20.[1] So whether you are contributing, changing jobs, retiring or simply looking for more for your retirement savings, consider all the advantages of the Fidelity Brokerage IRA.

Zero Coupon Bonds

For safety and high yields consider Zero Coupon Bonds. Take the guesswork out of funding your retirement. Because Zero Coupon Bonds are sold at a discount from their $1000 face value, **they offer you a rate of return guaranteed by the U.S. Government when held to maturity.**[2] Choose maturities ranging from 1-30 years.

You also get free checkwriting, and even an optional Visa debit card for easy access to your investments. And there's no annual fee!

Wide Range Of Investments

Fidelity Brokerage offers you a complete range of investments to meet your needs through changing market conditions. You can choose from U.S. Treasury Securities, zero coupon and municipal bonds, unit investment trusts as well as stocks, bonds and over 1000 mutual funds. You can adjust your portfolio with a phone call.

For Active Traders

If you're an active trader who demands the utmost in service, you may qualify for the deep discounts of Spartan Brokerage. Call for details.

Visit a Fidelity Investor Center or Call 24 Hours

1-800-544-7272

Available for your IRA

Fidelity Investments®
Discount Brokerage

gs

*Based on an October 1991 survey of full-cost brokers. Minimum commission $38. Fidelity*Plus* is a service of Fidelity Brokerage Services, Inc., 161 Devonshire Street, Boston, MA. Member NYSE, SIPC. [1] $20 effective 1/1/92 for any Brokerage IRA, Rollover IRA, or SEP-IRA. [2] If you redeem prior to maturity you may have a substantial gain or loss. Zeros are guaranteed as to principal and interest and are subject to taxes annually even though all interest income is received at maturity.

CODE: NYR/PLU/030292

TO THE RESCUE

So many water leaks and wayward cars had attacked the eighty-year-old Firemen's Memorial, in Riverside Park near 100th Street, that by last year most of its mortar had flaked away or dissolved, reducing the twenty-five-foot long, sarcophagus-shaped structure to a giant stack of loose pink limestone blocks that kept slipping around and chipping each other. So the Parks Department spent a year dismantling the stack, spreading its three hundred pieces across an adjacent lawn like bits of a child's forgotten toy, scrubbing off their graffiti, and then mortaring them back together. They have at last resumed their original shape, which is oriented north-south. On the east façade is inscribed a tribute to the city's firefighters in "the war that never ends"; on the west façade hangs a bronze plaque depicting circa-1900 fire engines drawn by frantic horses; and at the north and south ends are poignant tableaux: a mother and child waiting for a father's return, and a mother mourning a dead son. The pink limestone glows now with its fresh scrubbing, and the sharp details—the mother's distraught expression, a bas-relief series of crashing waves quelling flames around the monument's midsection—look as if they were newly carved.

The Parks Department has also removed the hedge that once blocked the view from the monument to the Hudson River; reactivated a long-defunct fountain below the bronze plaque; and arranged marble benches at the fountain's base. When the fence around the property comes down, next month, visitors will be able to sit in comfort to the sound of falling water while contemplating mortality or, in brighter moods, simply watching the boats pass.

Feld Ballets/NY—Feb. 25 at 8: "Contra Pose," "Fauna," "Clave," and "Endsong."... ¶ Feb. 26 at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Shadow's Breath," "Evoe," and "Wolfgang Strategies" (première).... ¶ Feb. 27 at 7: "Evoe," "Wolfgang Strategies," and a performance by the Feld's New Ballet School (a benefit).... ¶ Feb. 28 at 8: "Clave," "Fauna," "Love Song Waltzes," and "Contra Pose."... ¶ Feb. 29 at 8: "Ah Scarlatti," "Kore," "To the Naked Eye" (première), and "The Jig Is Up."... ¶ March 1 at 2: "A Footstep of Air," "Kore, "Charmed Lives," and "Contra Pose."... ¶ March 1 at 7:30: "Common Ground," "Love Song Waltzes," and "Wolfgang Strategies."... ¶ March 3 at 8: "Ah Scarlatti," "Clave," "To the Naked Eye," and "Endsong."... ¶ March 4 at 8: "Contra Pose," "Savage Glance," and "Wolfgang Strategies." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through March 22.)

Gail Conrad—Presenting "Walk Around the Block (An Urban Riff)." (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Through March 15.)

Doug Elkins Dance Company—In "Translucent Illustrations of Idiot People," a program of new and repertory works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 27-29 at 8 and March 1 at 3. Through March 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

Is Woody Allen's Monday-night gig at Michael's Pub a tourist trap? If the term denotes cramped seating, a stiff minimum, food that you could get for much less at a diner, and a service staff trained at the Pol Pot Academy of Excellence, then we'd have to say yes. Apparently, however, Mr. Allen's fans are willing to put up with a few indignities: the filmmaker/clarinettist, who heads up a New Orleans-style jazz combo, has been packing them in here for over twenty years.

Those familiar with recordings of Mr. Allen's hilarious night-club performances from the sixties might show up hoping for a joke or two. But Mr. Allen is here solely in the guise of a working musician. No curtain calls, no autographs, no tales about the Berkowitzes and the Moose. His combo includes Dick Miller, Barbara Dreiwitz, Dick Dreiwitz, John Bucher, and Eddy Davis, and they run through a competent, if somewhat predictable, set of standards. Mr. Allen's affinity for this style of music is well known: the performance sounds much like a soundtrack to one of his films. But it's probably safe to say that most audience members are more interested in the man than in his arpeggios. Not many jazz-club performances end with the audience standing on its feet and shouting "Bravo!"

All in all, it would be an agreeable enough evening if the staff didn't work so hard to make it otherwise. At least one other patron seemed to share our feeling. "I'm going to say something," he sputtered, as his friends pushed him out the door. "I mean it. I'm going to talk to the maître d'." O.K., but don't miss the bus back to the hotel.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.... **NOTE:** On Feb. 28-29, many clubs around town are donating a percentage of their cover charge to benefit children with AIDS. For further information, call 746-3326.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The Welsh-born chanteuse **IRIS WILLIAMS,** who sings a fine Welsh rendition of "Amazing Grace," made her New York cabaret début here last year, in a well-received program of Jerome Kern. Ms. Williams is now in the midst of a follow-up engagement, this time examining Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Edith Piaf, and others. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy, Fridays and Saturdays to Mabel Godwin, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band. Music from nine-thirty.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. Look closer and you'll find that the skulls are wearing earrings. After the show, be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the outdoor food market of your dreams, and features a mural filled with people resembling Bob, Carol, Ted, and Alice. The club's two-month-long Brazilian festival comes to a close with **LYGYA BARRETO,** who'll perform Feb. 25-29. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar, an airy, two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery, is a shade too slick for Columbia students but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The name is taken from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome that featured Bird himself. This week: the East Side Blues Band (Feb. 27) and Harold Danko and friends (Feb. 28-29). Music from nine. Dining.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—For the price of a drink or two, you can catch a handful of bands here any night of the week. (The cover charge is mostly a formality—walk along Bleecker Street and you're sure to have a free pass handed to you.) In the old days, as a mural behind the bar attests, the club hosted the likes of Bob Dylan, Linda Ronstadt, and Joni Mitchell. Now you're not likely to recognize anyone onstage unless you went to high school with them. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. One can't help but have mixed feelings about the Blue Note. It's quite expensive. It's not exactly comfortable. And the last few moments of every show are always ruined when, in the interest of that sacred thing known as turnover, the waiters and waitresses come down the aisles bearing checks. Discussions immediately break out as to who ordered what, and the musicians onstage could segue into "The Bride Cuts the Cake" without anybody noticing. A duo headed by the extraordinary pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** hooks up with drummer-and-singer **GRADY TATE** here Feb. 25-March 1; sharing the double bill will be guitarist **JOE PASS.** The **ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE** and the **STEVE TURRE** sextet share the bill as of March 3. First set at nine. Dining

Blue Willow, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. (673-6480)—This room is oddly Victorian for lower Broadway, a region almost exclusively devoted to the celebration of youth culture. You won't find any funky murals or drinks with funny names here, just marble walls, antique furnishings, and a ceiling that would be hard to hit with a baseball. It's an agreeable place for conversation, which is probably why the small jazz combos that set up here nightly often get relegated to being background music. Music from seven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Where folk meets rock and buys it a Bud. **MAHLATHINI AND THE MAHOTELLA QUEENS** are here Feb. 29-March 1. **RICHARD THOMPSON,** who'll come in March 3-4, has made a career of not selling records. Even "Shoot Out the Lights," which Thompson recorded with his then wife, Linda, and which is generally perceived to be a masterpiece, has sold only a hundred and fifty thousand copies to date. Thompson's tough, earthy singing and his lean guitar solos can also be heard on his last release, "Rumor and Sigh." Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar in the heart of N.Y.U. country. It's advisable to get all your talking done between sets, because once the first chord is struck the audience here—with a little help from the management—becomes as quiet as a church congregation. A group led by vibist **STEVE NELSON** and pianist **MIKE LE DONNE** is here through Feb. 29; the **CHARLES FAMBROUGH** quartet is here March 1; guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** and pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** start up on March 2 (their bassists will vary). Music from ten. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—An unpretentious storefront café devoted to such things as Irish stew and the *Irish Times.* There's no stage per se, but bohemian musicians gather around a piano and work up some nice, wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling

Rock. Sin-é means "that's it" in Gaelic and is *not* Sinéad O'Connor's nickname. The café is a nice place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Until Feb. 29, the pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to guitarist **José Feliciano,** who has dozens of gold and platinum records in his catalogue and who's best known for his renditions of "Light My Fire," "Que Será, Será," and "Feliz Navidad." **Eartha Kitt** starts work on March 3. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **Ronny Whyte** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—Jazz clubs aren't always known for their romantic atmosphere, but Condon's earns higher marks than most. It's a low-ceilinged basement establishment, with lemon walls and abundant candlelight. They rearranged the furniture here a while back, so that now a greater number of people look at the stage rather than at a pole. Pianist **Ahmad Jamal** begins a two-week gig on March 3. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays, and at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Fridays and Saturdays.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—An agreeable bar located not far from the gateway to St. Marks Place and frequented by the same eclectic civilian population: hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, and the occasional skinhead. The motif is prehistoric punk—a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and there's a small stage in the corner. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The cheery white downstairs bar has French windows giving on to the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the real clamor is indoors. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Pop standards are sung/shouted, usually with altered, risqué lyrics; wisecracks are fired across the room; and everyone laughs too hard. Upstairs there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

Exspo, 565 W. 23rd St. (229-1123)—Like those stores where you can buy groceries, rent videos, send faxes, and book a trip to Bermuda, this place tries to offer something for everyone. It's a night club, it's a restaurant, it's an art gallery. The space has an elegant, turn-of-the-century décor; the clientele is rock, metal, and glam. Live rock and roll on Mondays, swing and big bands on Fridays and Saturdays. Music starts at eleven. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The seating arrangements in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement make flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. The **Bobby Hutcherson** quartet is in swing through March 1, and Chris Connor's trio starts up on March 3. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul** leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. The schedule: **Gene Bertoncini's** trio on Feb. 26; **Roy Meriwether's** threesome on Feb. 27; a quartet led by **Klaus Suonsaari** on Feb. 28; and **Judy Barnett's** quintet on Feb. 29. And, on March 2, celebrity photographer **Starla Smith** exchanges her camera for a microphone here, in a program titled "Movie Starlas." Backed by the Bross Townsend trio, Miss Smith will dredge up the kind of forgotten Hollywood tunes—"Girlfriend of a Whirling Dervish," "Fire Down Below"—that suit her big, capable contralto. Music from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jewel Box Lounge, 323 W. 44th St. (262-3333)—An intimate, glittery cabaret whose name describes it perfectly. Beginning on March 3, the crown jewel here is **Bud E. Love,** a Vegas-style crooner with some big rings of his own, as well as a pompadour and a winning collection of smoking jackets. Mr. Love takes his name from a character in Jerry Lewis's "The Nutty Professor," though the latter-day Love is in a more lighthearted vein than Lewis's, who was a caustic sendup of Dean Martin. This Mr. Love has dead aim, and he pulls off a feat: he wrings laughs from a concept you may have thought was exhausted. Shows Tuesdays through Fridays at ten, Saturdays at nine and at midnight, and Sundays at nine.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, a menu full of items like bangers and mash, and a piano. Knickerbocker's is an airy, good-spirited place and, while music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. **Bill Mays** and **Ray Drummond** have the floor Feb. 25-29; **Steve Kuhn** and **David Finck** begin a run on March 4. Music from nine-forty-five.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. The **Pheeroan akLaff** group and **Damon Choice's** ensemble appear on Feb. 27; **Defunkt** is in action Feb. 28-29. Music after nine.

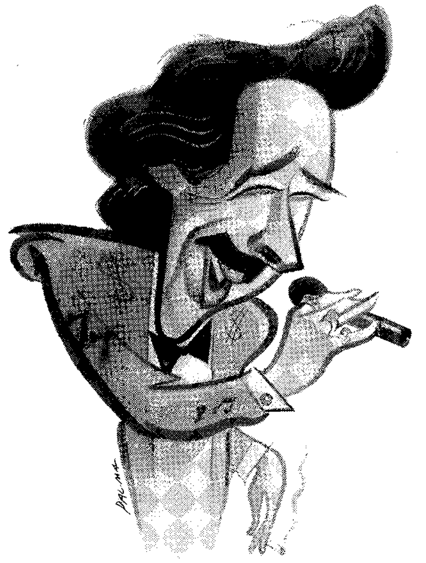
Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's cheap grub, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **Beat Rodeo,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various pop curiosities. **Lonesome Bob,** a countrified singer and guitarist with a deep, resonant voice, is here on Feb. 27. Sets from ten except on Fridays and Saturdays, when they start at midnight.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—This blues bar stands apart from the Upper East Side's usual array of singles bars, and has become a big draw for the neighborhood's army of post-collegiates. The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drink concoctions lend the place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: this long, dark, brick-walled room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—If the hero of a movie walked down this creepy, semi-deserted block, the audience would be throwing things at the screen and shouting "Turn back! Turn back!" Thanks to this fine alternative-music club, though, there's usually a fairly steady flow of traffic through these parts. The **Family Stand** and **Maggie's Dream** perform on Feb. 27. Glasgow's **Teenage Fanclub,** who'll be here on Feb. 28, made a strong showing not far back with "Bandwagonesque," their first major-label release. With their grungy guitars and ironical lyrics, they run the risk of sounding like every other band on MTV's "120 Minutes," but their melodic gifts and an underlying wistfulness give them some distinction. Whether these qualities will come through in performance or be buried under a hail of feedback, however, is an open question. **Uncle Tupelo** is also on the bill.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. Shows at ten on Thursdays, and at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. Singer-actress **Ellen Greene,** who starred in the stage and movie productions of "Little Shop of Horrors," is here Feb. 25-29 at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. **Woody Allen's** New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra holds forth on Mondays after nine. Closed Sundays.



Bud E. Love at the Jewel Box Lounge

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. **Rosemary Clooney** winds up her engagement here on Feb. 29. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Mondays belong to Howie Wyeth's ragtime trio, Tuesdays and Fridays to **Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks,** Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. The Bob Litwak group plays on March 4. Show times vary.

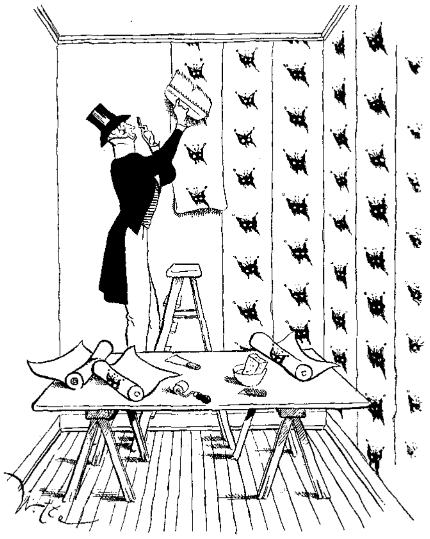
Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This decaying theatre was once the famous Studio 54, where the late Steve Rubell's henchmen helped popularize the policy of turning away the unbeautiful. Now it's the home of one of the city's biggest, oldest, and loudest rock venues, which was formerly housed in a decaying ballroom in the East Village. The club is presenting a rare rap show on Feb. 28, starring **Ice-T,** along with Bodycount and Hardcorps. Feb. 29 belongs to college-radio faves **Dinosaur Jr.,** sharing the stage with the English "shoe-gazers" **My Bloody Valentine** and the female rockers **Babes in Toyland.** This is a bill that gets at the essence of alternative-rock-of-the-moment: Dinosaur's skittering angst, Valentine's befuddling guitar mayhem, the Babes as rock's Angry Young Women. Put them together and you've got an evening of eclectic guitar noise and brooding discontent. Shows begin at nine.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to score. **Nancy Dussault** performs in the small, red-gold-and-green cabaret on March 1. **David Zippel** and **Nancy La Mott** hold forth on March 2, in a new Monday-night series designed to spotlight promising up-and-comers. Shows Sundays at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Space at Chase, 98 Third Ave., at 12th St. (475-1407)—One of those East Village joints where, for a few bucks, you can hear a handful of local rock bands. As is usually the case at these establishments, some of the bands will make you want to cower under the pinball machine while others will make you want to dance and shout and start your own independent label. As for décor, there's a bar, some chairs, some tables, some walls, a ceiling, and two dartboards. Music after nine-thirty every night except Tuesdays, when jazz (at about seven) gives way to blues (at eleven).

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** leads a quartet Feb. 25-March 1. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

SWEET JANE'S, 113 Jane St. (924-5263)—A rock club out at the edge of town, that strange, mythical place where Springsteen has been known to set a song or two and where it can be pretty hard to get a cab. Inside, Sweet Jane's is a mid-sized, comfortable space, with oil paintings, cool lighting fixtures, and a couple of bars. Like many night clubs—the Marquee, the Palladium, and the Tunnel come to mind—Sweet Jane's has lots of little corners and alcoves to cater to your ever-changing mood.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that's like an urban Disneyland (Chelsea Billiards, an indoor miniature-golf course, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is a lot bigger and a lot slicker than the old Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. On March 3, which is Mardi Gras, **C. J. CHENIER'S** zydeco ensemble will perform, along with others. Music from eight on weeknights, and from eight-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." **RAY ANDERSON**—a young, slightly avant-garde trombonist first noticed in the late seventies—leads a quartet until March 1. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A relatively young club that has already managed to make a scene. Wetlands is usually thought of as a Deadhead hangout, but the club has also been the launching pad for a generation of young New York bands like Blues Traveler and the Spin Doctors. Shows here can be absurdly sweaty and tight—the club seems to have a hard time turning people away—and it can be hard to get a view of the stage. Still, Wetlands is such a maze of a place that there's always some mellow corner to retire to. Three women's bands of the Black Rock Coalition take the stage here on Feb. 28: Faith, the Toshi Reagon band, and J. J. Jumpers. God Street Wine and Glorified Chicken share the bill on Feb. 29. Shows from ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. **KENNY WERNER** and **RUFUS REID** are in swing Feb. 24-29. Music from eight.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	24	25	26	27	28	29
1	2	3	4			

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

IT can't be the discount fares, because no matter what the full-page ads may say, there aren't enough cheap seats on each flight to accommodate the contestants in a single wet-T-shirt contest. So it must be that, thanks to heretofore uncharted cosmic convergences, the distance between Miami and other American cities mysteriously decreases on holiday weekends. Or so it seemed on Presidents' Day weekend.

"Don't go in, don't go in," cried the weekenders streaming out of Island Records' inaugural bash for the pretty-spiffy-for-South-Beach Marlin Hotel, rivulets of spray gel streaming down their heads. Traffic in front of the hotel had come to a complete halt, since the reggae blasting through the superb sound system was shaking ceiling fans in Key Biscayne. The crowd inside the rope was hardly better dressed than those outside. And the cruising was definitely better on the outside. A young woman, wearing a T-shirt that read "If all the world's a stage, I want better lighting," was standing behind a pair of male buns she liked, so she took a bite. Then she introduced herself. Two men in a red '62 Cadillac convertible circled the block three times in half an hour—a considerable feat on a weekend in South Beach—before reeling a couple of women in. One snowbird complained to his recently relocated buddy, "Who needs this? It's no different than being in New York. A Susanne Bartsch party on Friday, a mob scene on Saturday. O.K., so it's a little warmer. Meanwhile, it's fifty degrees in New York this weekend. So show me the big difference." Minutes later, the crowd parted as a woman of young-Anita Ekbergian proportions blithely trotted by in stilettos and a bikini with less surface area than the invite to the Marlin. The crowd let out a rousing, Evitaesque cheer. The young lady turned, blew a kiss, and cooed "Happy Valentine's weekend, everybody." The new Miamian just looked at his visiting friend, and smiled.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"VENA CAVA"—A new work by Diamanda Galás. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Feb. 26, Feb. 28, March 1, and March 4, all at 8:30. Through March 8.)

JESSIE ALLEN AND WILLIAM POPE L.—Ms. Allen performs "Reason Cannot Reach It," and Mr. Pope L. performs "Eracism (A Trickster Performance Lecture)." (Downtown Art Co., 64 E. 4th St. 732-1227. Feb. 27-29 at 8 and March 1 at 5.)

P.S. 122—Feb. 25-26 at 8, and Feb. 27-March 1 at 9: Eric Bogosian presenting a work in progress. . . . ¶ Feb. 27-March 1 at 8: Jeannie Hutchins in "Do Not Use If More Salty Than Tears." (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

THE staying power of any style depends to a great extent on its ability to betray its raison d'être without also betraying itself. Minimalism, as we know, was the great tabula rasa of the postwar years, representing the liberating absence of all sorts of earlier painterly and sculptural heroics—or so we were led to believe at the time. But minimalism, we later discovered, could be many things besides Zen-like, could in fact be epic Neo-Romanticism full-blown, and could even approximate brutalism—for instance, in work by an artist such as Richard Serra.

Robert Mangold, however, has always been one of the truer, gentler, and more cool-minded celebrants of this potent and variable style. His paintings—which, like Ellsworth Kelly's, occasionally verge on bas-relief—typically consist of thin lines traced onto grounds painted in a rather bedroomy range of pastels. In recent years, these strict designs have opened out a bit, and have sometimes suggested faces, in particular the strange, schematic anatomical mappings found in some of de Chirico's paintings depicting metaphysical mannequins in weird, empty piazzas.

Mangold's newest paintings, titled "Attic Series" (Pace, 32 East 57th Street; through March 14), are more lush and vivid than anything he's ever done: gorgeous shades of persimmon, pimiento, porphyry, and celadon in spongy applications. His lines—especially double and single ellipses, but triangles and rectangles as well—seem to whiz across these dappled grounds as if chasing Helios. (In at least one instance a hair can be seen; minimalism has always found little ways to remind us it's only human.) And, perhaps because of those burnished tones and all those elongated ovoids, triangles, and ellipses, Mangold's new work recalls Modigliani's nudes as well.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Barbizon, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, was a meeting place and inspiration for several French landscape painters in the eighteen-fifties and sixties. A large sampling of works by these artists—Théodore Rousseau, Jean-François Millet, Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot, and others—is on view. Through May 10. . . . ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collection—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. The art from Benin, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, is quite naturalistic and of high quality. There are exquisite brass heads of kings and queen mothers that feature the precious coral-bead collars worn by royalty; a number of plaques, depicting processions and the court hierarchy, which adorned the pillars of the royal palace; bells, altar rings, and numerous other ceremonial objects; and a brass rooster, which, as a symbol of power, would have honored a queen mother. . . . ¶ "American Rococo, 1750-1775." Furniture, silver, paintings, engravings, ceramics, and glass made in pre-Revolutionary America. . . . ¶ A group of Alpine landscape sketches and local genre scenes by John Singer Sargent, made during a youthful jaunt through the Bernese Oberland, in 1870. Through March 22. . . . ¶ The redesigned and renovated Arms and Armor galleries are open, and jammed to the hilt. The central Equestrian Court is still here, regally appointed, and it is now surrounded by eight new displays of Japanese, European, Islamic, and American weaponry and armor. . . . ¶ "The Lotus Transcendent." The Eilenberg collection, from which this show has been selected, is not particularly comprehensive nor focussed on grand masterpieces, but it does sparkle in many unexpected ways. For instance, it includes a group of bronze sculptures from Indonesia that many consider to be the finest privately assembled collection of such material in the world. . . . ¶ Three new permanent galleries are home to more than four hundred nineteenth-century European sculptures and decorative objects. . . . ¶ Candelabras, snuff boxes, and hotel façades are just some of the subject matters depicted in a show of eighteenth-century French drawings. Through March 15. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by Cézanne, Derain, Matisse, Picasso, and others from the collection of William S. Paley, who was chairman emeritus of the museum at the time of his death, in 1990. Through April 7. . . . ¶ "Allegories of Modernism: Contemporary Drawing," two hundred works by forty American and European artists. Through May 5. . . . ¶ A small show of recent photographs by Gay Block, of people who risked their lives to save Jews during the Holocaust. Through April 7. . . . ¶ Twenty-one lamps from the sixties and seventies, including a Noguchi "Akari" lamp and a Castiglioni "Taraxacum" lamp. Alas, no lava is in sight. . . . ¶ On display on the ground floor are "Cross Check," "Power Play," "High Sticking," and "Hat Trick," four new chairs by the hockey-loving Frank Gehry. Through March 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until late spring.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large survey of paintings, drawings, and prints by Terry Winters. Through May 10. . . . ¶ The William Wegman retrospective includes nearly two hundred paintings, drawings, photographs, and videotapes. Through April 19. . . . ¶ Seventy multimedia works, from 1971 to the present, by Alexis Smith. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Variations on Themes," a show of serial works in various graphic mediums, by, among others, Terry Winters, Dennis Adams, Kiki Smith, Donald Judd, and Jasper Johns. Through March 15. (Open Tuesdays, except March 3, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy "Destructions," "Accumulations," and "Cachets" by the inimitable French Nouveau Réaliste Arman. Starts Feb. 28. . . . ¶ "The New Merengue," an installation in the Grand Lobby, by sculptor Houston Conwill, poet Estella Conwill Majozo, and architect Joseph De Pace. Through May 3. . . . ¶ "Contemporary Wood Sculpture" is a small show of works by Kenji Fujita, Jane Greengold, Louise Nevelson, and others. Starts Feb. 26. . . . ¶ "Biomorphicism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Three site-specific installations: Sam Gilliam's "Windows Go Orange (e.e. cummings)," Robert Kushner's "Pussy Willows," and Dale Chihuly's "Niijima Floats.". . . ¶ An exhibition of African textiles woven by means of improvised techniques. Through April 19. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—Joseph Beuys' early-seventies aluminum-glass-and-photo assemblage titled "Arena (where I would have got if I had been intelligent).". . . ¶ Six large paintings are the centerpiece of Brice Marden's show of works inspired by the Tang-dynasty poet Cold Mountain. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "Displacement," a show of works by Lawrence Weiner. Through April 30. . . . ¶ On the roof, Dan Graham has created a fine urban park with glass walls, a floor of spongy asphalt tiles, and a squat glass cylinder at its center. The park is elevated above the roof as if it were afloat, and it is very pleasant to spend time up there, especially in the nearby coffee bar/video lounge. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"Italian Art at the Close of the Quattrocento" is a show in two parts: the first is a group of eight works attributed to Antonio Pollaiuolo, including his small, bronze "Hercules"; the second is a tour of paintings and sculptures in the collection, focussing on four panels by Piero della Francesca. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Eighty-five photographs taken in Japan around the turn of the century. Through March 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Seventeenth-century Dutch drawings—of the landscape, genre, and figure variety—by Rembrandt, Ruisdael, Goltzius, and many others. Through April 26. . . . ¶ A small show of printed books and bindings produced in seventeenth-century Flanders and Holland. Through April 26. . . . ¶ Selections on view from the library's permanent collection include one of its three Gutenberg Bibles, Stevenson's autograph manuscript of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the original scores of symphonies by Brahms and Mahler. Through April 26. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—A group of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century *santos*—carved-wood holy objects made by family artisans in Puerto Rico. (Open daily, 11:30 to 7:30.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Hallowed Haunts," a show of seventy-three drawings and watercolors by Charles Addams (1912-88), most of which first appeared in the pages of this magazine. Through March 8. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, drawings, manuscripts, and published works by Samuel F. B. Morse (1791-1872), the founder of the National Academy. Through March 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"1+1+1," a series of recent projects by Alfredo Jaar, primarily in the form of large-scale light-box installations. Through April 19. . . . ¶ "The Big Nothing or Le Presque Rien," a group exhibition in which each artist has been asked to contemplate the notions of emptiness and materiality. Through April 19. (Part of the show runs at the French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays. Through Feb. 28.). . . ¶ Jeffry Mitchell's installation, titled "My Spirit," consists of rubber, plaster, and latex tableaux of cartoon figures, toy creatures, and other kitschy icons. Through April 19. . . . ¶ In the "don't make me ovah" department: walk by the museum's Broadway window and you may see a museum patron's face age twenty-five years in thirty seconds. It's "The Age Machine" that's doing it, through digital technology. Through April 19. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recently acquired photographs are on display, including Morris Engel's panoramic views of New York City and Desiré Charnay's eighteen-fifties albumen prints of Mexico City. Through May 2. (Third Floor Gallery.). . . ¶ A large selection of manuscripts, letters, photographs, and other objects that shed light on the life of Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950). Through Feb. 29. (Berg Collection.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—Ik-Joong Kang's "3 x 3," an installation that consists of thousands of three-inch-square paintings and collages. Through April 12. . . . ¶ "Art Beyond Sight," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by visually impaired artists; museumgoers are permitted to touch the sculptures. Through March 29. . . . ¶ Cibachrome prints of rearranged newsprint, by Sarah Charlesworth. Through April 12. . . . ¶ A survey of forty paintings by two figurative artists: Henrietta Mantooth and Willy Lenski. Through April 12. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Thirty paintings and sculptures by this year's artists-in-residence: Ada Pilar Cruz, Leonardo Drew, and Eve Sandler. Through March 1. . . . ¶ "Africa and the Diaspora" features nearly a hundred works from the museum's collection, dating from the fifth century to the present. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Gary Hume—A remarkably buoyant first New York solo show of paintings by a young English artist. The style of Hume's work is abstract-geometric, but his subjects are always concrete. All of the works here depict doors, and they are full of wonderful tonal contrasts—flesh-peach with pinky-pink, for instance, or a bracing array of grays and whites, with foam-taped edges, in housepaint that looks as if it had been licked on. Hume has a touch that resembles no one else's. The astringent immediacy of those edges (ouch!), and the resulting alertness of those flat areas of paint, are really something to get excited about. Through March 14. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Recent works, including mixed-media sculptures and paintings with silk screen on aluminum. Though he has been almost unbelievably free, fecund, and surefooted in recent years, and though he has graphic perfect pitch, the artist here looks a bit peevish. Several pieces give the impression of trying to one-up any number of the younger artists—ranging from Bill Woodrow to Cady Noland—who first got going by copping some of the grandmaster's own endlessly usable ideas. While this is not uninteresting, in this show Rauschenberg is his own student body and competition all in one. It's existentialist drama of a high order. Through Feb. 29. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Short List—**JASPER JOHNS,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through March 14); **MOSHE KUPFERMAN,** Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. (through Feb. 29); **JOHN NEWMAN,** Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through March 7); **MAN RAY** and **MERET OPPENHEIM,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through March 27); **CHRISTOPHER WILMARTH,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through March 28).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

John Alexander—This painter's brand of social satire seems to be running on automatic pilot. The apt subjects, including auction rooms, cocktail parties, and "Cardinal Grump," seem in his hands to become instant clichés. Several of the compositions evidently were inspired by such masters of the genre as Goya, but this attempt at sympathetic magic doesn't work. The occasional bill-nosed mask is simply not enough to turn such fodder as arbitrage billionaires and their designer wives into resonant icons. There are also stylistically pat yet more authentically heartfelt landscapes of flowering swamps in which the artist occasionally plants American flags, like memorial markers in a doomed terrain. Through Feb. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jiří Georg Dokoupil—There is something hilariously autobiographical about Dokoupil's work of the past few years. First came paintings made of mother's milk, and then paintings made of fruit juices and spittle. Perhaps it is wishful thinking on the artist's part that scarcely a year later the artist-father is wheeling paint-dipped automobile tires around on his canvases. Whatever the motivation, most of these paintings are playfully anarchic and skillfully crafted, like better-natured Kippenbergers. Most are executed in carnivalesque purple, red, orange, yellow, and jade, and conjure the history of stain and color-field painting, with a predilection for buoyantly top-heavy compositions à la Sam Francis. There is also a black canvas with fluid silvery tracks, which could be a sendup of a Pat Steir waterfall. Through Feb. 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Penone—This artist's work gains resonance with each viewing. His impulses are more archaic than those of his Arte Povera peers. The central piece, in the north gallery, is a smooth-barked tree, stripped of leaves and roots, leaning against the wall as if it had been lifted out of a de Chirico. In the center of the trunk, a bronze hand has been partially embedded in a burnt hole, in what must be a primitive attempt to stop time. It is a romantic and poetic work, epic in an Ariostoan sense. The works in the south gallery are more gestural: rough-barked trees with rusted implements attached to them. They look as if they were removed from a weathered landscape. Through Feb. 29. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Shaw—Porcelain steamships caught at various stages of disaster—riding a monster wave, sitting atop an ice floe, or beginning to sink—which are both witty and eerie, by one of the Northern California greats in ceramics. Through Feb. 29. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

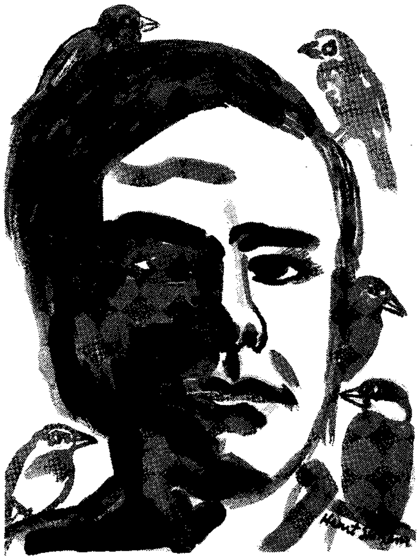
"Ikebana"—This show, which is both reverential and wacky, uses the Japanese art of flower arranging as a pretext for bringing together works that might otherwise never be linked. There are two actual practitioners of the art represented. What they do is not ordinarily displayed in the context of art, but their work is enriched by the cross-pollination. Chisen Furukawa has created a delicate balancing act with a bunch of tall reeds arranged so that from one angle they fan out, while from another they merge into a single, feather-capped line. Tetsunori Kawana offers a suspended boat made of twigs with a ladder leading skyward, and a room installation that involves rocks affixed to windows with suction cups and Xeroxed drawings of rocks affixed to walls with narrow strips of tape. The Westerners range from Paula Hayes, a scatter artist who also works as a landscapist, to Dike Blair, who actually studied Ikebana, and whose gouache of cigarette packs, a Coke can, and an ashtray conforms formally to some of that discipline's governing principles. Through Feb. 29. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

"Scandal, Outrage and Censorship: Controversy in Modern Art"—This is an aptly timed exhibition, in that it coincides with the N.E.A.'s recent overturning of a recommended grant to Franklin Furnace because of a videotape of a performance there that included sexual content. There are more parallels than you might think between the Nazis' condemnation of "degenerate" modern art and recent official attempts to censor controversial art by politicizing its funding. This exhibition makes that abundantly clear, with good wall labels and (mostly minor) drawings and graphic works by such currently revered German Expressionists as Klimt, Nolde, Schiele, Beckmann, Dix, and Jawlensky, most of whom were suppressed by the Nazis. Juxtaposed with these are works by contemporary artists, including Andres Serrano's notorious "Piss Christ," several especially arty Robert Mapplethorpe nudes, a few pungent David Wojnarowiczs, and a deliberately noisy Hans Haacke sculpture of a flag-waving shopping cart that defies one to define patriotism. Through March 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—A modest sampling of works by Curtis Anderson, Ingrid Dinter, Sigmar Polke, and Lynton Wells. The pieces by Polke and Anderson are nothing out of the ordinary for them. But Dinter is an artist rarely seen in New York, and her large black-and-white photograph on view here, made of three superimposed negatives and developed home-style (in her bathtub), throws off some wonderfully subtle, lyrical effects. For instance, the nearly invisible image of the artist with her camera appears at the bottom, as an unexpected pentimento. Wells, too, makes a stop here worthwhile. He's an odd and interesting artist, who hasn't shown work in the city for a long time, and the two paintings on view—abstract patterns and symbolist fauna—are both timely and accomplished. Through Feb. 29. (Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**NICHOLAS AFRICANO** and **MARIANNE EIGENHEER**, Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 21); **LENNART ANDERSON**, Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through March 7); **STEVE CURRIE** and **EMILY MASON**, Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 14); **LOIS DODD** and **PAUL RICKERT**, Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 29); **DONALD LIPSKI**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 11); **PAUL MANES**, Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 7); **ANDRE MASSON**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 11); **ROBERT MOSKOWITZ**, Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 21); **DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE** (through March 21) and **MORRIS LOUIS** (through Feb. 29), Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **ED STITT**, De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through March 4); **HELEN MIRANDA WILSON**, McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 7).

Dan Graham at the Dia Center



Self-portrait by Hunt Slonem

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jane Dickson—Dickson's social realism has, over the past few years, become more full-bodied and voyeuristic. Four of the paintings here are of a group of men running in the street, viewed from what looks like a second-story window, and, like the rest of the paintings on view, these works are painted in a murky style. In a separate room are the resonant "Witness" paintings; each depicts a figure, cast in shadow, peering uneasily out a window. These people's ghostly presence establishes an ambiguous, disturbing relationship between observer and observed. There are also two tender parent-and-child tondi, and a wall of friendly oval portraits that recall the artist's COLAB roots and the work of fellow social realists John Ahearn, Cara Perlman, and Nan Goldin. Through Feb. 29. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Thomas Kovachevich—Wall sculptures made of curls of gummed brown paper. They are attractive and sensitive, but a bit too lightweight. In a freestanding piece so fragile it's nearly mute, a few little sheets of tracing paper curl and uncurl on a black handkerchief floating in a shallow pool of water. Through Feb. 29. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Roy Lichtenstein—A double show. Motel modern never looked as appealing as it does in these very large interiors, which you might feel the urge to inhabit. Such is the artist's mastery that the works look deceptively simple. But there are amazingly fluid balances of color and pattern that the eye hardly sees at first. The show is accompanied by articles, photographs, posters, and catalogues documenting the thirty-year collaboration between the artist and his dealer, Leo Castelli. This horn-tooting is well deserved. Through Feb. 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway, and 65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Mila Macek—Good gestural paintings by a Czech-born artist now living in upstate New York. The works bring an attractive and spirited twist to the old stripe painting—they're reminiscent of Sean Scully; where Scully is monumental, however, Macek is animated. The lipstick-red paintings here are brushed with strokes like pelting rain, and the black ones have edges of yellow shining through, like the sun poking between the slats of venetian blinds. Through March 7. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Following his superb retrospective at P.S. 1, Oppenheim must be feeling his years. These most recent works are obsessed with the body and its signs of age. There are three large-scale altered organs—a liver with pencils, a heart pierced by paper rolls, and a lung with industrial brushes—that rotate like new models at an auto show. In one sculpture, the artist has perched a somewhat frightening mechanical guard dog inside a mammoth rib cage, but the most gripping work consists of a giant mouth with old-style art books for teeth. The piece seems to accept aging without apology and with only the slightest hint of remorse. Through March 14. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Jeffrey Wisniewski—The artist obtained a suburban house slated for demolition by the State of New York and fed it into a massive chipper. The shredded house—mostly wood, with bits of carpet—is on display in one spread-out heap. Through March 21. (Nordanstad-Skarstedt, 49 Greene St.)

"One Leading to Another"—The 303 Gallery is rarely short on inventive ideas. Adapting an exhibition format from the artist Peter Nadin, the gallery is currently offering a show in which, each week, a new pair of artists will add to what their predecessors have left behind. It began with a work by Andrea Zittel, featuring Lulu, a black rosecomb bantam chicken, who, a sign proclaims, is capable of answering one's most troubling questions with a Ouijan "yes" or "no." Rikrit Tiravanija has added two pots of boiling water and a pile of eggs—which viewers are invited to cook—and a separate audiotaped piece in which the artist attempts to coax Lulu into another pot of cooking water. ("Go ahead. Go ahead. Jump right in.") To date, the bird has not accepted the invitation. New installments will continue through March 14. (89 Greene St.)

Group Show—Contorted abstraction is the theme of this modest show. John Newman's fabric-covered helix-like sculptures have the gesture and simplicity of his best drawings and are his first sculptures that are as good as those works. Elizabeth Murray's curiously related painting is witty and clever, and yet has a certain sly cynicism to it. Carl Ostendarp's existential rocky plop of a painting is not up to the same level, though his accompanying splat-dot paintings seem aimed in a somewhat more expansive direction. Through Feb. 29. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Short List—**PETER AGOSTINI**, Clasen, 470 Broome St. (through Feb. 29); **JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT** and **J.S.G. BOGGS**, Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through March 7); **COLETTE**, Rempire, 121 Greene St. (through March 26); **JOYCE DE GUATEMALA**, 14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. (through March 7); **DAN FLAVIN**, Pace, 142 Greene St. (through March 14); **ELLSWORTH KELLY**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through March 28); **KOMAR & MELAMID**, Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through March 28); **PIETER LAURENS MOL**, Louver, 130 Prince St. (through March 14); **BARNETT NEWMAN**, Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (through March 14); **TIM PRENTICE**, Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through March 7); **ERIKA ROTHENBERG**, P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through March 14); **PETER SCHUYFF**, Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through April 4); **HUNT SLONEM**, Helander, 415 West Broadway (through March 7).

PHOTOGRAPHY

UNTIL March 7, when you walk into the Staley-Wise gallery (560 Broadway) you enter the realm of Deborah Turbeville. The photographs on view were all taken in the past two years, in Mexico and Guatemala, but instead of a typical photography installation in which images are arranged in a linear manner, on white walls in new mats and within mint-condition frames, Turbeville has created an environment for their presentation. Over the years, Turbeville, better known as a fashion photographer, has followed her attraction to the romance and mystery that faraway and ancient places can bring to a photograph. For this exhibition, she has carried her love of locations to a fare-thee-well by importing one, as it were, into this gallery on Broadway. Staley-Wise—with walls covered in brown paper and jammed with pictures that are in obviously handmade frames, and which sometimes have torn edges and are almost always deployed with other materials, such as Scotch Tape, paper clips, pins, newspaper, waxed paper, and confetti—thereby takes on the feeling of a tomb. Here you can focus on Turbeville's latest portraits, mostly of women, and, what's even more intriguing, you can see them in the context of Turbeville's photographic search, and of her sophisticated consciousness of the medium. For example, she includes both color and black-and-white versions of some of the same images, and she repeats images, sometimes in full, and sometimes in fragments—giving us a chance to witness the intricacies of photographic presentation, an area with which she has had much experience as a magazine photographer.

The task Turbeville has set herself is not an easy one, and this show is not entirely free from the kind of overload of conceptual and material ingredients that can beset ambitious art-school students. Turbeville's work in general has never been entirely free of self-consciousness; at times it's even worked marvellously for her fashion work. But Turbeville doesn't have anything to prove here. We need look no further than a series of portraits belonging to a group titled "Homenaje to Louisa" for strong evidence of a photographer who's listening to her own sense of beauty, soul, and grace.

SHORT LIST—**ARMAND AGRESTI**, Borden, 560 Broadway (through March 14); **ÉDOUARD-DENIS BALDUS** and **SUZANNE OPTON**, Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (through March 28); **FREDERIC BRENNER**, International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through April 19); **CLAUDE CAHUN**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 11); **ELLIOTT ERWITT**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through March 7); **RAY METZKER** and **WILLIAM EGGLESTON**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through April 4); **EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE**, International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through April 26); **NEIL WINOKUR**, Toll, 146 Greene St. (through March 7); **BRIAN WOOD**, Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (through March 14).

MUSIC

HERE is a pill for Italophiles to swallow: Italy created opera and developed its forms, but up to a certain point the works created in those forms which have seemed, to posterity, to be of enduring worth were mostly by *stranieri:* Handel, Gluck, Mozart. Yes, there is ample musical merit in the operas of Monteverdi, Vivaldi, Alessandro Scarlatti, and others (though the case for some has been overstated). But for sheer hardheaded musical content, for strength of counterpoint, resourcefulness in harmony, variety of form and phrase, dramatic command—the qualities we look for after melodic charm and rhythmic verve—the field belongs to the northerners.

Up to a certain point: and that point is the youthful career of Rossini. In all the qualities mentioned above he holds his own, and he had the strength to bend received forms in ways that others must follow, a chief indication of originality. Stendhal's famous comparison of Rossini with Napoleon was to the point: all Europe was at his feet. And it was Rossini who made Verdi possible—Verdi, who, alone among Italians, stands as an equal with the very greatest composers of all nations.

Rossini wasn't widely thought of in this way until fairly recently. Anglo-Teutonic scholarship smiled at his comedies or shook its head at him as a wasted talent. But over the past thirty years, with the revival of his serious operas and of musicological interest in his works, a new picture has emerged, both among musical thinkers and on the operatic stage—and the two camps have coöperated as never before. The upcoming Rossini-bicentennial celebration at Avery Fisher Hall reflects all of this. The program ranges widely through the Rossini canon; the soloists are not just stars, but veterans of other serious, estimable Rossini revivals, and the conspicuous newcomer to the field—Roger Norrington on the podium—is perhaps best known for bringing out the Rossini in Beethoven (though few of us have put it quite that way). Much to celebrate.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**RIGOLETTO**, with Ruth Ann Swenson, Richard Leech, and Matteo Manuguerra; conducted by Nello Santi. (Feb. 24 and Feb. 28 at 8.)... With Ruth Ann Swenson, Richard Leech, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. (March 4 at 8.)... **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA**, with Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, Stanford Olsen, Louis Quilico, and Samuel Ramey; Ralf Weikert. (Feb. 25 at 8 and Feb. 29 at 1.)... **TANNHÄUSER**, with Sharon Sweet, Waltraud Meier, Reiner Goldberg, and Andreas Schmidt; Christof Perick. (Feb. 26, Feb. 29, and March 3, all at 7:30.)... **DON CARLO**, Verdi's tragedy (via Schiller) of political, personal, amatory, and intergenerational conflict, with Aprile Millo, Dolora Zajick, Michael Sylvester, Leo Nucci, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. (Feb. 27 at 7.)... With Aprile Millo, Dolora Zajick, Michael Sylvester, Leo Nucci, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; James Levine. (March 2 at 7.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER OPERA COMPANY—Presenting staged performances of three one-act operas: Judith Weir's "King Harald's Saga," Dominick Argento's "The Andrée Expedition," and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Mozart and Salieri." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Feb. 28-29 at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857.)

JUILLIARD OPERA CENTER—Presenting scenes from more than a dozen twentieth-century operas; staged by Frank Corsaro, with Hal France conducting the Juilliard Opera Orchestra. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. Feb. 26 and Feb. 28 at 8, and March 1 at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 25 at 7:30: Kurt Masur conducts Franck's Symphony in D Minor and his symphonic poem "Les Éolides," as well as Brahms' Symphony in D Major (his Second).... ¶ Feb. 27 and Feb. 29 at 8, and Feb. 28 at 11 A.M.: Mr. Masur conducts Strauss's "Metamorphosen" and Beethoven's Third Symphony.... ¶ March 4 at 8: Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts Dvořák's Cello Concerto (featuring Heinrich Schiff) and Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (with soprano June Anderson).

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC—Lorin Maazel conducting. Feb. 27 at 8: Brahms' Symphony No. 3 and two works by Strauss: "Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche" and a suite from "Der Rosenkavalier."... ¶ Feb. 28 at 8: Mozart's Symphony No. 40 and Mahler's Symphony No. 5. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

"MOZART MASSES IN CONCERT"—The Cornell University Symphony Orchestra and Chorale perform, among other works, Mozart's "Missa Longa" in C Major (K. 262). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 28 at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Though Heinz Holliger is renowned as an oboist, audiences are less likely to be familiar with his work as a pianist, conductor, or composer. These latter talents will be on display when he sits at the keyboard to perform two late piano works of Liszt ("Nuages Gris" and "Unstern!"), and then ascends the podium to conduct his own transcriptions (actually very free elaborations) of both, for very large orchestra. He will also conduct Beethoven's First Symphony and Berg's Violin Concerto, with the latter featuring the Austrian violinist Thomas Zehetmair. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Feb. 28-29 at 8 and March 1 at 3.)

I CANTORI DI NEW YORK—Mark Shapiro directs Daniel Pinkham's "Saint Mark Passion" and a Stabat Mater by the eighteenth-century Czech composer František Tůma, among other works. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Feb. 29 at 8. For information about tickets, call 439-4758.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—John Daly Goodwin directs the choir and soloists in Kodály's Missa Brevis, Britten's "Rejoice in the Lamb," and Vaughan Williams' Mass in G Minor. (Alice Tully Hall. March 1 at 8.)

ROSSINI BICENTENNIAL CONCERT—Roger Norrington conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's in a celebration of the bicentennial of Rossini's birth (though, inasmuch as the composer was born on leap day, it will be only his forty-ninth birthday). The soloists include sopranos June Anderson and Deborah Voigt, mezzo-sopranos Marilyn Horne and Frederica von Stade, tenors Rockwell Blake and Chris Merritt, baritones Thomas Hampson and Jan Opalach, and bass Samuel Ramey. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 29 at 3 and March 2 at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directs the choir and a period-instrument orchestra in sacred works from the Italian Baroque, including Vivaldi's celebrated Gloria. Of special interest is a truncated Mass by Isabella Leonarda, who enjoyed success as both a nun (advancing to the rank of provincial mother superior) and a composer (leaving to posterity more than two hundred compositions in twenty printed collections). (Alice Tully Hall. March 3 at 8.)

VILLA-LOBOS ORCHESTRA—Alfred Heller conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 40 and Clarinet Concerto (with Andrea Corell) and Bach's Second "Brandenburg" Concerto, as well as seven orchestra-accompanied songs by Villa-Lobos (featuring tenor Marc Heller). (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Avenue at 90th St. March 4 at 8:45. For information about tickets, call 427-5103.)

RECITALS

Ax-Stern-Laredo-Ma Quartet—Pianist Emanuel Ax, violinist Isaac Stern, violist Jaime Laredo, and cellist Yo-Yo Ma perform chamber works by Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Feb. 24-25 at 8.)

Christopher Herrick—The organist performs music by Widor, Vierne, and others. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Feb. 26 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Rand Steiger leads the ensemble in works by Hindemith, Carter, Peter Maxwell Davies, and Joan Tower, as well as his own "Thirteen Loops." (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 26 at 8.)

Nicholas Goluses—The classical guitarist, who studied with Segovia and Manuel Barrueco before becoming the head of the guitar department at the Manhattan School of Music, performs transcriptions of two Bach sonatas as well as a pair of works by Giampaolo Bracali; a quintet (in which the American String Quartet assists) and the première of a sonata that is dedicated to Mr. Goluses. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 26 at 8.)

Bargemusic—French-horn player Stewart Rose is featured in chamber music by Brahms, Strauss, and John Harbison; assisted by violinist Ik-Hwan Bae and pianist David Oei (who also perform works by Amy Beach). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Feb. 27 at 7:30 and March 1 at 4.)

Ursula Oppens and the Arditti String Quartet—The pianist and the chamber group, both noted as champions of the avant-garde, perform premières of works by Julius Hemphill, Roger Reynolds, and Bun-Ching Lam, as well as compositions by Cage, Carter, and Sofia Gubaidulina. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 27 at 8.)

S. E. M. Ensemble—The four core members of the ensemble, plus twenty-six of their friends, present John Cage's three-hour-long orchestral conception "Atlas Eclipticalis," a 1961 work whose instrumental parts (according to the composer) are to be played in whole or in part, in any duration, by an ensemble of any disposition. (Willow Place Auditorium, 26 Willow Pl., Brooklyn. Feb. 29 at 7. For information about tickets, call 1-718 243-0964.)

Hermann Prey—The baritone is joined by pianist Leonard Hokanson in presenting a Schumann Liederabend comprising the cycle "Dichterliebe" and the Twelve Songs (Op. 35). (92nd Street Y. Feb. 29 at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—Performing quartets by Tchaikovsky, Turina (his "La Oración del Torero"), and Ginastera (his Third, assisted by soprano Lucy Shelton). (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 29 at 8.)

Continuum—Performing works by the Ukrainian-born composer Leonid Hrabovsky. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 29 at 8.)

Alban Berg String Quartet—Performing Berg's Quartet No. 3 and "Lyric Suite," as well as Janáček's Quartet No. 2. (Alice Tully Hall. March 1 at 2.)

Partita Chamber Ensemble—Presenting chamber works by Mozart (his Clarinet Quintet), Beethoven, Schumann, and Copland (his Sextet for Clarinet, Strings, and Piano). (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. March 1 at 2. For information about tickets, call 666-0165.)

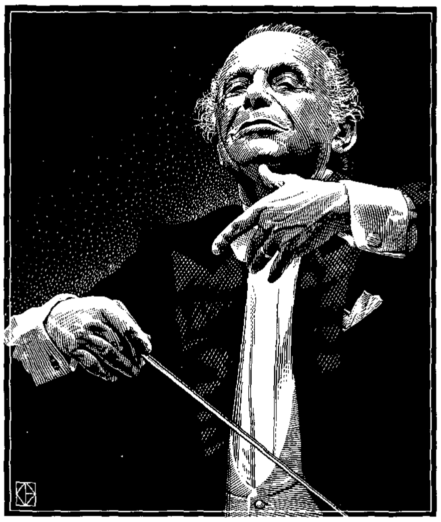
Richard Stoltzman—The clarinettist performs works by Brahms, Bernstein, and Peter Sculthorpe (assisted by pianist Irma Vallecillo), as well as Brahms' Clarinet Quintet (with the Tokyo String Quartet). (Avery Fisher Hall. March 1 at 3.)

Angeles String Quartet—Performing Beethoven's Quartet in D Major (Op. 18, No. 3), Janáček's Quartet No. 1, and Brahms' Quartet No. 3. (92nd Street Y. March 1 at 3.)

Israela Margalit—The pianist and numerous colleagues perform (and comment upon) chamber works by Brahms. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 1 at 3.)

Chamber Music from the Metropolitan Opera—Members of the Met's orchestra and its conductor, James Levine (appearing here as a pianist), perform works by Mozart and Schubert (his "Trout" Quintet); baritone Thomas Hampson joins them for Ravel's "Chansons Madécasses." (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. March 1 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Consort of Musicke—Lutenist Anthony Rooley directs six singers from the ensemble (including soprano Emma Kirkby) in music by Monteverdi. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. March 2 at 8.)



Lorin Maazel conducting the Vienna Philharmonic

Brahms Benefit—Clarinettist David Shifrin, pianist Misha Dichter, and the Emerson String Quartet perform an all-Brahms benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. March 2 at 8.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Performing trios by Beethoven (the "Ghost") and Tchaikovsky, as well as chamber works by Bach and Debussy. (92nd Street Y. March 3-4 at 8.)

Endellion String Quartet—The foursome plays quartets by Beethoven (in C Major, Op. 59, No. 3) and Haydn (in D Major, Op. 74, No. 2); and clarinettist Daniel McKelway joins them for Mozart's Clarinet Quintet. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. March 4 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Performing the Quartet No. 2 by the precocious nineteenth-century Spanish composer Juan Arriaga, the New York première of Rorem's Quartet No. 3, and (with the assistance of violist Ida Kavafian) Dvořák's Quintet in E-Flat. (Alice Tully Hall. March 4 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

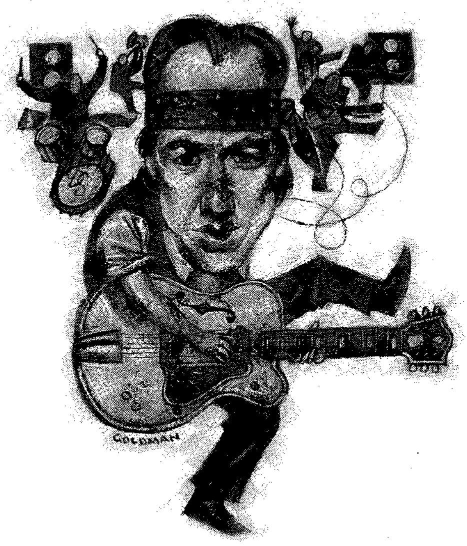
Dire Straits—Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 26 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Feb. 28 at 8.

Pura Fé—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. March 2 at 8.

James Brown—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 28 at 8:30.

American Jazz Orchestra—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Feb. 28 at 8. For information about tickets, call 353-4196.

Greenwich Village Folk Festival—Odetta, David Massengill, and Wendy Beckerman. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Feb. 29 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)



Mark Knopfler, of Dire Straits

Mel Tormé and Maureen McGovern—Lehman Center for the Performing Arts, the Bronx. 960-8833. March 1 at 2.

Randy Sandke & the Metatonal Band—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. March 3 at 8. No tickets necessary.

Andrew Cyrille and Lindsey Horner—Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway. March 4 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

"Cabaret Comes to Carnegie"—Adelaide Hall kicks off the series. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 4-5 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Rangers—Vs. the Chicago Black Hawks, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Vs. the Hartford Whalers, March 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Devils, March 4. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Devils, Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, March 3. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Minnesota North Stars, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, Feb 28. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, March 2. (Game time, 7:35.)

Knicks—Vs. the Minnesota Timberwolves, Feb. 29 at 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Dallas Mavericks, March 3 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Boston Celtics, Feb. 25 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Portland Trail Blazers, Feb. 27 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Knicks, March 1 at 6.

(The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

USA/Mobil Indoor Track & Field Championships—*Featuring Diane Dixon, Leroy Burrell, Noureddine Morceli, and Evelyn Ashford.* Feb. 28 at 11:15. Finals start at 6:30. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"Making Brooklyn Bloom"—A day of activities at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, all relating to the subject of urban gardening. Highlights include seminars by John Ameroso ("Compost: How to Make It"), Patti Hagan ("Meadow Gardening in the City"), and Ken Druse ("Natural Shade Gardening"). (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. March 1, starting at 1. For more information and a complete schedule of events, call 1-718 941-4044, ext. 215.)

Readings—March 2 at 8: Elmore Leonard reads from his own prose. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ March 2 at 8: Mickey Friedman and Paco Ignacio Taibo read from their own mystery novels. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. For information about tickets, call 645-0905.). . . ¶ March 3 at 7: Nicholas Christopher, Mary Stewart Hammond, and John Ash read from their own poetry. (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ March 4 at 6:30: Jessica Hagedorn, Garrett Kaoru Hongo, David Mura, and John Yau in a reading and discussion. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ March 4 at 6:30: B. D. Wong, Maria Tucci, Mia Dillon, and Isaiah Sheffer read fiction by Daniel Menaker, Donald Barthelme, Ann Beattie, and Harold Brodkey. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Memoranda—The Art Show, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St., will be held on Feb. 27-28, from noon to 8, Feb. 29-March 1, from noon to 7, and March 2, from noon to 6. . . . ¶ Manhattan Antiques and Collectibles Triple Pier Expo is being held on Pier 88 (Twelfth Ave. at 48th St.), Feb. 29, from 11 to 6, and March 1, from 11 to 7; on Pier 90 (Twelfth Ave. at 50th St.), Feb. 29, from 9 to 6, and March 1, from 11 to 5; and on Pier 92 (Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St.), Feb. 29, from 10 to 6, and March 1, from 11 to 6.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	24	25	26	27	28	29
1	2	3	4			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Black Robe" (directed by Bruce Beresford), with Lothaire Bluteau.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "Madame Bovary" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert. From Feb. 28: "Amazon" (Mika Kaurismaki), with Robert Davi, Rae Dawn Chong, and Kari Väänänen.

Theatre 3: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 27: "My Own Private Idaho" (Gus Van Sant), with River Phoenix and Keanu Reeves. From Feb. 28: "Where Angels Fear to Tread" (Charles Sturridge), with Helena Bonham Carter, Judy Davis, Rupert Graves, Giovanni Guidelli, Barbara Jefford, and Helen Mirren.

Theatre 5: "Until the End of the World" (Wim Wenders), with William Hurt.

Theatre 6: "Secret Friends" (Dennis Potter), with Alan Bates, Gina Bellman, and Frances Barber.

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through Feb. 27: "Rocco and His Brothers" (1961, Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Alain Delon.

From Feb. 28: A program of short films by young black filmmakers and a program of films by Daniel Schmid.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup. From Feb. 28: "Gate II" (Michael Nankin).

Theatre 3: "Naked Lunch" (†).

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "JFK" (†).

Theatre 2: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, Joseph Mazzello, and Adam Baldwin.

Theatre 3: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 4: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Theatre 5: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 6: "High Heels" (†).

Theatre 7: Through Feb. 27: "Wayne's World." From Feb. 28: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (John Carpenter), with Chevy Chase, Daryl Hannah, and Sam Neill.

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "The Fisher King" (†).

Theatre 3: "Medicine Man" (†).

Theatre 4: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash).

Theatre 5: "Hear My Song" (Peter Chelsom), with Ned Beatty.

Theatre 6: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Theatre 7: "Paris Is Burning" (Jennie Livingston), a documentary; and "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron).

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).

Theatre 2: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson).

Theatre 3: "Boyz N the Hood" (†).

Theatre 4: "Freejack" (Geoff Murphy), with Emilio Estevez, Mick Jagger, Rene Russo, and Anthony Hopkins.

Theatre 5: Through Feb. 27: "Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup. From Feb. 28: "Gate II" (Michael Nankin).

Theatre 6: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Father of the Bride" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

Theatre 2: "Medicine Man" (†).

Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "The Fisher King" (†).

Theatre 4: "Bugsy" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 2: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, and Joseph Mazzello.

Theatre 3: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"The Fisher King" (†).

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Father of the Bride" (†).

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper), a documentary about the making of "Apocalypse Now."

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Grand Canyon" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Secret Friends" (Dennis Potter), with Alan Bates, Gina Bellman, and Frances Barber.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 27: "Hook" (†). From Feb. 28: "Gate II" (Michael Nankin).

Theatre 2: "For the Boys" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country" (Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).

Theatre 2: "This Is My Life" (Nora Ephron), with Julie Kavner, Samantha Mathis, and Gaby Hoffmann.

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Theatre 2: "Medicine Man" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

Theatre 2: "Falling from Grace" (John Mellencamp), with Mellencamp and Mariel Hemingway.

Theatre 3: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, Joseph Mazzello, and Adam Baldwin.

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 27: "Radio Flyer." From Feb. 28: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (John Carpenter), with Chevy Chase, Daryl Hannah, and Sam Neill.

Theatre 5: "Naked Lunch" (†).

Theatre 6: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 2: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Feb. 27: "At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (Hector Babenco), with Tom Berenger.

From Feb. 28: "Under Suspicion" (Simon Moore), with Liam Neeson and Laura San Giacomo.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "The Prince of Tides" (†). From Feb. 28: "The Mambo Kings" (Arne Glimcher), with Armand Assante, Antonio Banderas, and Cathy Moriarty.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Hear My Song" (Peter Chelsom), with Ned Beatty.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"JFK" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Feb. 27: "The Fisher King" (†).

From Feb. 28: "Gate II" (Michael Nankin).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

Theatre 2: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

LOEWS ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Theatre 2: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 27: "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film. From Feb. 28: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (John Carpenter), with Chevy Chase, Daryl Hannah, and Sam Neill.

Theatre 4: "Wayne's World."

Theatre 5: "Bugsy" (†).

Theatre 6: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, and Joseph Mazzello.

Theatre 7: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through March 3: "Step Across the Border" (1990, directed by Nicolas Humbert and Werner Penzel). From March 4: "Titicut Follies" (1967, Fred Wiseman), a documentary made at the state prison for the criminally insane at Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "35 Up" (Michael Apted), a documentary.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.

Theatre 2: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

Theatre 2: "Grand Canyon" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "The Restless Conscience" (Hava Kohav Beller), a documentary

Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian).

Theatre 3: "Life Is Sweet" (Mike Leigh).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 27: "Close My Eyes" (Stephen Poliakoff), with Alan Rickman, Saskia Reeves, and Clive Owens. From Feb. 28: "Paper Mask" (Christopher Morahan), with Amanda Donohoe and Paul McGann.

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "Grand Canyon" (†).

Theatre 3: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).

Theatre 4: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, and Joseph Mazzello.

Theatre 5: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 6: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 7: Through Feb. 27: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith. From Feb. 28: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (John Carpenter), with Chevy Chase, Daryl Hannah, and Sam Neill.
Theatre 8: "Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).
Theatre 9: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "JFK" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "The Prince of Tides" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Beauty and the Beast" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Boyz N the Hood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cape Fear" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Prince of Tides" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Black Robe" (Bruce Beresford), with Lothaire Bluteau.
Theatre 6: "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper), a documentary about the making of "Apocalypse Now."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, Joseph Mazzello, and Adam Baldwin.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Inner Circle" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Tom Hulce.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Naked Lunch" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "Madame Bovary" (Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert. From Feb. 28: "Where Angels Fear to Tread" (Charles Sturridge), with Helena Bonham Carter, Judy Davis, Rupert Graves, Giovanni Guidelli, Barbara Jefford, and Helen Mirren.

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Kafka" (Steven Soderbergh), with Jeremy Irons.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Meeting Venus" (István Szabó), with Glenn Close and Niels Arestrup.

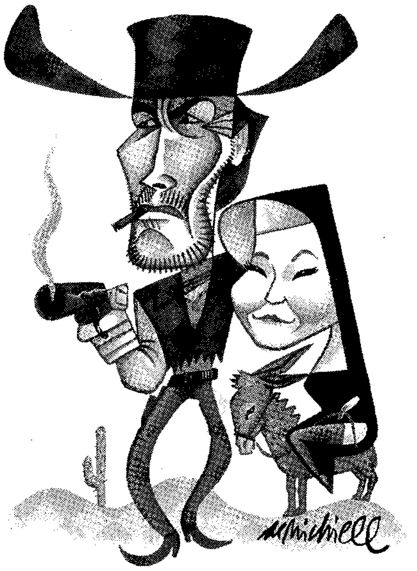
Loews Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"JFK" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Grand Canyon" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Voyager" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Sam Shepard and Julie Delpy.
Theatre 2: "High Heels" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Double Life of Véronique" (Krzysztof Kieslowski, in French and Polish), with Irène Jacob and Philippe Volter.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Fried Green Tomatoes" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 27: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere and Kim Basinger. From Feb. 28: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (John Carpenter), with Chevy Chase, Daryl Hannah, and Sam Neill.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 27: "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†). From Feb. 28: "The Mambo Kings" (Arne Glimcher), with Armand Assante, Antonio Banderas, and Cathy Moriarty.
Theatre 4: "Radio Flyer" (Richard Donner), with Lorraine Bracco, John Heard, Elijah Wood, and Joseph Mazzello.
Theatre 5: "Medicine Man" (†).
Theatre 6: "Bugsy" (†).



At MOMA, Clint Eastwood and Shirley MacLaine in "Two Mules for Sister Sara"

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "The Prince of Tides" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 27: (Matinées only) "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and (evenings only) "Father of the Bride" (†). From Feb. 28: "Gate II" (Michael Nankin).
Theatre 2: "Hook" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Hook" (†).
Theatre 2: "Freejack" (directed by Geoff Murphy), with Emilio Estevez, Mick Jagger, Rene Russo, and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 3: "Bugsy" (†).
Theatre 4: "Final Analysis" (Phil Joanou), with Richard Gere, Kim Basinger, Uma Thurman, and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 5: Through Feb. 27: "The Last Boy Scout" (Tony Scott), with Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans. From Feb. 28: "Memoirs of an Invisible Man" (John Carpenter), with Chevy Chase, Daryl Hannah, and Sam Neill.
Theatre 6: "Love Crimes" (Lizzie Borden), with Sean Young and Patrick Bergin.
Theatre 7: Through Feb. 27: "Into the Sun" (Fritz Kiersch), with Anthony Michael Hall and Michael Paré. From Feb. 28: "Gate II" (Michael Nankin).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Medicine Man" (†).
Theatre 2: "Juice" (Ernest R. Dickerson), with Omar Epps.
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of the Great Mouse Detective," a Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Father of the Bride" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Wayne's World" (Penelope Spheeris), with Mike Myers, Dana Carvey, and Rob Lowe.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Shining Through" (David Seltzer), with Michael Douglas and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: "Stop! or My Mom Will Shoot" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sylvester Stallone, Estelle Getty, and JoBeth Williams.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Le Cinematographe, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
Through Feb. 27: "L'Atalante" (1934, directed by Jean Vigo; in French), with Jean Dasté, Dita Parlo, Michel Simon, and Louis Lefèvre.
From Feb. 28: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Feb. 25: "A Better Tomorrow" (1986, John Woo; in Chinese) and "God of Gamblers" (1989, Wong Jing; in Chinese).
Feb. 26-27: "Pauline at the Beach" (1982, Eric Rohmer; in French); and "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" (1988, Rohmer; in French).
Feb. 28-29: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (1986, Stephen Frears), with Roshan Seth, Saeed Jaffrey, Gordon Warnecke, and Daniel Day-Lewis; and "Another Country" (1984, Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.
March 1: "Strangers Kiss" (1984, Matthew Chapman), with Peter Coyote and Victoria Tennant; and "Privates on Parade" (1982, Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.
March 2-3: "Full Moon in Paris" (1984, Eric Rohmer; in French); and "Summer" (1986, Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.
From March 4: "A Month in the Country" (†); and "Life and Nothing But" (1990, Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
"Andrei Roublev" (1969, Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 24: "Day for Night" (1973, François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973, Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont.
Feb. 25: "Blonde Venus" (1932, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and "Shanghai Express" (1932, Sternberg), with Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong.
Feb. 26: "Dark Victory" (1938, Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Now, Voyager" (1942, Irving Rapper), with Davis, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains.
Feb. 27: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983, Terry Jones); "The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom" (†).
Feb. 28-29: "Interiors" (1978, Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Mary Beth Hurt, Sam Waterston, and E. G. Marshall; and "Love and Death" (1975, Allen), with Allen and Keaton.
March 1: "Walkabout" (1971, Nicolas Roeg); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975, Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts.
March 2: "Masculine Feminine" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "A Married Woman" (1965, Godard; in French), with Macha Méril.
March 3: "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965, Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Oskar Werner; and "The Man Who Never Was" (1956, Ronald Neame), with Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame, and Robert Flemyng.
March 4: "Blazing Saddles" (1974, Mel Brooks), with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "Silent Movie" (1976, Brooks), with Brooks, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Sid Caesar.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Feb. 25 at 2:30: "Bashful Ballerina" (1937, directed by Al Christie), with Imogene Coca; "The Chorus Girl's Romance" (1920, William C. Dowlan; a United States film, with Portuguese intertitles), with Viola Dana. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 3 and 6: "Heaven & Earth Magix Feature" (1961, Harry Smith), an animated film. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 6: "A Clouded Name" (1923, Austin O. Huhn; silent), with Norma Shearer. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2:30 and Feb. 29 at 5: "Two Mules for Sister Sara" (1970, Don Siegel), with Shirley MacLaine and Clint Eastwood. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 6: "Cane Toads: An Unnatural History" (1987, Mark Lewis), "Goodbye Mr. Germ" (1943, Edgar G. Ulmer), and "Once Too Often" (1950, Charles L. Turner). . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2:30: "Trick for Trick" (1933, Hamilton MacFadden), with Ralph Morgan, Victor Jory, and Sally Blane. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 3 and Feb. 29 at 5: Academy Award-nominated short-subject documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 6 and Feb. 29 at 2: "The Hand" (see page 19). . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 6 and Feb. 29 at 2:30: Academy Award-nominated animated and live-action short films. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2: "Rebecca" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2:30 and March 2 at 6: A program of four short films by Tony De Nonno. . . . ¶ March 1 at 5 and March 3 at 2:30: "César" (1936, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, Orane Démazis, and Charpin. . . . ¶ March 1 at 5 and March 2 at 3: "One Simple Story" (1958, Marcel Hanoun; in French), with Micheline Bezancon. . . . ¶ March 2 at 2:30 and March 3 at 6: "Souls for Sale" (1923, Rupert Hughes; silent), with Eleanor Boardman, Mae Busch, and Richard Dix. . . . ¶ March 2 at 6: "Le Corbeau" ("The Raven"; 1943, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Pierre Fresnay and Ginette

ANOTHER GLORIOUS TRADITION

CAME ASHORE ON

KIAWAH ISLAND LAST YEAR.

From the Ryder Cup Matches played along The Ocean Course and the pageantry and excitement of our reclaiming the Cup. To much cherished memories shared by father and son. From families and good friends enjoying the charms of living near Charleston on an incredibly beautiful sea island. To the exhilarating, confounding game of golf along four of America's highly acclaimed courses, Kiawah is the ideal setting to bring ashore traditions of your own.

Kiawah Island

The Beach Is Only The Beginning

NAME ADDRESS

CITY/STATE ZIP PHONE NY1

Golf by Nicklaus, Player, Fazio and Dye • Ten Miles of Sun-Splashed Beach • For Real Estate Information on Homes and Homesites at Kiawah Island, Write P.O. Box 12001 • Charleston, SC 29422 • Or Call (803) 768-3400 • 800-277-7008

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Void where prohibited by law. A Statement and Offering Statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the Offering Statement is available, upon request, from the subdivider. (NYA 91-163). This project is registered with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission. Registration does not constitute an endorsement of the merits or value of the project. Obtain and read the N.J. Public Offering Statement and read it before signing anything. (NJ Reg #89/15-175/1)

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Leclerc. . . . ¶ March 3 at 3 and 6: "Clearcut" (1991, Richard Bugajski), with Graham Greene, Ron Lea, and Michael Hogan.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Feb. 24 at 2 and 9:30, Feb. 26 at 7:15, and Feb. 27 at 9:15: "The Life of Mozart" (1967, Hans Conrad Fischer). . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 4:45 and 7 and Feb. 26 at 2: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969, Sydney Pollack), with Jane Fonda, Michael Sarrazin, Gig Young, Susannah York, Bonnie Bedelia, and Bruce Dern. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2 and 9:15: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (1986, Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner, Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 4:30: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (1991, James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Linda Hamilton, Edward Furlong, and Robert Patrick. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 6:45: "Return of the Jedi" (1983, Richard Marquand), with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, and Carrie Fisher. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 4:30 and Feb. 29 at 7:15: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 26 and 29 at 9:30: "Star Wars" (1977, George Lucas), with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing, and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2, Feb. 28 at 4:15, March 1 at 4, and March 2 at 6:30: "Pennies from Heaven" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 4:15, Feb. 28 at 6:30, and March 1 at 2: "Huey Long" (1986, Ken Burns). . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2, March 1 at 6:15 and 9:45, and March 2 at 4: "Thieves Like Us" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 9 and Feb. 29 at 4:30: Scott Ross talk about special visual effects. . . . ¶ Feb. 29 at 2: "The Challengers" (1991, Eric Till). . . . ¶ March 2 at 2 and 8:45 and March 3 at 4:15 and 9:15: "French Cancan" (1954, Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Maria Felix, and Edith Piaf. . . . ¶ March 3 at 2 and 6:30: "Dirty as an Angel" (1991, Catherine Breillat; in French). . . . ¶ March 4 at 2 and 6:30: "I Don't Hear the Guitar Anymore" (1991, Philippe Garrel; in French). . . . ¶ March 4 at 4 and 9: "Lola Montès" (1955, Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, Anton Walbrook, Oskar Werner, Ivan Desny, and Will Quadflieg.

Judy Davis in "Where Angels Fear to Tread"

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—A Dennis Potter retrospective. Feb. 27 at 5:30, Feb. 28 at 6, and Feb. 29 at 2:30: "Lay Down Your Arms" (1970, London Weekend Television), with Nikolas Simmonds and Leonard Trolley; and "Blue Remembered Hills" (1979, BBC), with Helen Mirren, Colin Welland, Robin Ellis, and Michael Elphick. . . . ¶ March 1 at 2:30: "Follow the Yellow Brick Road" (1972, BBC), with Denholm Elliott, Billie Whitelaw, Michele Dotrice, and Dennis Waterman; and "Double Dare" (1976, BBC), with Alan Dobie and Kika Markham.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Feb. 29 and March 1 at 2: Two different programs of short films shown on "Saturday Night Live."

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Feb. 26 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Les Violons du Bal" ¶ (1974, Michel Drach; in French). . . . March 4 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Wild Child" (1970, François Truffaut; in French).

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (873-3400)—Feb. 27 at 6:30: "Five Graves to Cairo" (†).

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—March 2 at 6:30: "The Decameron" (1971, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. . . . ¶ March 2 at 8:30: "The Arabian Nights" (1973, Pasolini; in Italian).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Feb. 26-27 at 8 and Feb. 28 at 10: "The Laserman" (1988, Peter Wang). . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 9:30: "23rd Psalm Branch" (1966, Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 9:30: A program of films by Bruce Conner and Tony Conrad. . . . ¶ Feb. 28-29 at 8: Two different programs of films by Joe Marzano. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 9:30 and Feb. 29 at 6: "Luther T. Jones" (1991, George Lamboy), with James Dickson. . . . ¶ Feb. 29 at 10: A program of three short films by James Broughton.

Asia House, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films by Zhang Yimou, cinematographer. Feb. 28 at 6: "Yellow Earth" (1984, Chen Kaige; in Mandarin). . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 8:30: "One and Eight" (1984, Zhang Junchao; in Mandarin).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—From Feb. 26: "The Local Stigmatic" (1992, David Wheeler), with Al Pacino, Paul Guilfoyle, and Joe Maher. Showings Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 1 and 3 and Thursdays at 2, 4, and 6:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Beauty and the Beast—It's got storytelling vigor and clarity, bright, eclectic animation, and a frisky musical wit. In this Disney version of the fairy tale, Belle (the voice of Paige O'Hara) is a book-reading French provincial girl—a virtuous sort of Mademoiselle Bovary. She dreams of a Prince Charming but gets more than she bargains for when she becomes hostage to the buffalolike Beast (the surprisingly orotund Robby Benson). Underneath his fang-gnashing glower, he's a prisoner of adolescence—unlike Peter Pan, he wants to grow up. He's the opposite of Belle's lunkheaded village suitor, Gaston (Richard White), a narcissistic macho man. Throughout, the Howard Ashman–Alan Menken score is clever and fluid in the best Lerner and Loewe manner, with flashes of oddball humor that keep everything light and bouncy. (Gaston's theme song trumps "C'est Moi," from "Camelot.") There's a great cast of supporting utensils at the Beast's enchanted castle, led by Jerry Orbach in an ebullient vocal turn as the Chevalier-like candleholder, Lumiere. David Ogden Stiers is Cogsworth, the mantel clock; Angela Lansbury is Mrs. Potts, the teapot; and Jo Anne Worley is the Wardrobe. There isn't anything particularly haunting, and not all the script's variations are fresh. But this is easily the zippiest Disney cartoon feature in the thirty years since "101 Dalmatians." Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise directed the screenplay by Linda Woolverton.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Cinema I, and Guild. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Feb. 27, matinées only.)

The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom (1968)—A stage-bound whimsey about Harriet Blossom (Shirley MacLaine), the wife of a bra manufacturer (Richard Attenborough). Mrs. Blossom keeps a lover (James Booth) in the attic. Joe McGrath directed this frivolous comedy with an uncertain hand; some sequences are wayward and kinky in a way that works, but when the kinkiness doesn't work the picture is just harmlessly stupid. Based on a play by Alec Coppel.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 27.)

Boyz N the Hood—The writer and director, John Singleton, is a twenty-three-year-old graduate of the U.S.C. film school. This movie, his first, is a classically constructed—and therefore rather predictable—coming-of-age drama about young black men growing up on the mean streets of south central Los Angels. The picture conveys a vivid sense of the dangers, both physical and emotional, of day-to-day existence in this ravaged urban enviroment. Even the quietest domestic scenes are charged with a kind of battlefront tension: there's always the ominous metronomic beat of police helicopters in the background, and sudden sputters of gunfire seem to intrude on every moment of calm or relection. Singleton's evocation of real people's struggles to find some measure of peace and sanity in these grim urban circumstances is heartfelt and often moving, and the movie provides a welcome corrective to the dehumanizing sensationlism of the local-news version of inner-city life. But the young filmmaker's professionalism and precocious self-assurance sometimes work against his best instinct. Singleton's plot is disappointingly conventional; it obeys screenwriting-class rules: The experience he's dealing with here deserves something more than the tidy dramatic structure that he has imposed on it. We get glimpses of what the movie might have been in the complex, magnetic performance of Ice Cube, a rap star (formerly of N.W.A.), who plays a neighborhood gangster type named Doughboy. Also with Cuba Gooding, Jr., Larry Fishburne, Nia Long, Tyra Ferrell,and Angela Bassett.—T.R. (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Bugsy—This opulent period gangster movie, written by James Toback and directed by Barry Levinson, is largely a showcase for the old-fashioned star magnetism of Warren Beatty, who plays the legendary Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel. The screenplay portrays Bugsy as a charming, mercurial psychopath with a rather touching taste for glamour; it concentrates on the last few years of the hero's life, when he became a Hollywood celebrity and built the first hotel-casino in Las Vegas. He's a vivid, unpredictable, one-of-a-kind guy, and the filmmakers seem to realize that they can't take their eyes off him for a second. Siegel is a fascinating monster; we don't want to take our eyes off him, either. This is a rich role for Beatty, and he tears into it hungrily. It's the best kind of star performance: Beatty seems entirely himself, but in a new way. He's ferociously, mesmerizingly funny. Annette Bening plays Bugsy's lover, the tough, wily, independent-minded mob courtesan Virginia Hill, and she more than holds her own in her scenes with the star. And the movie is filled with pungent, memorable supporting performances. Ben Kingsley brings a surprisingly dry, elegant sense of comic timing to his portrait of sober Meyer Lansky (one of the hero's partners in the New York mob). Harvey Keitel, as Mickey Cohen, Bugsy's right-hand man in Los Angeles, spits out his profane lines as if they were live firecrackers. Elliott Gould plays the tiny role of Harry Greenberg, an aging, flabby mob schlemiel, and he's absolutely inspired; he plays this dazed character as a Willy Loman who has wandered too far from the old territory. Despite its lavish surface, this is essentially a movie of small, lovingly crafted pleasures. It's smart, swanky fun.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/30/91.) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, 23rd Street East Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Cape Fear—Martin Scorsese's new film is a remake of a bluntly effective 1962 thriller about a middle-class family—husband, wife, teen-age daughter—who are terrorized by a devious, implacable psychopath. The original (which was based on a pulp novel by John D. MacDonald and directed by J. Lee Thompson) had the straight-ahead construction of a horror movie, and it never pretended that what it was doing was good for us. The remake muddies the waters with self-consciousness: Scorsese and the screenwriter, Wesley Strick, have loaded the movie with apparent moral ambiguities, facile ideas about guilt and redemption, and explicit attempts to portray the scuzzy villain as a mythic nemesis. This picture is much flashier and more assaultive than the original. But the Christian/mythological subtext that Scorsese dredges up and places in the foreground has the effect of increasing our emotional distance from the story. Besides, it isn't true subtext; it's stuff that has been imposed on, rather than discovered in, the material. This is still, at heart, a picture whose sole aim is to give its audience huge, bowel-loosening shocks. It's Scorsese's worst picture—an ugly, incoherent piece of work. With Robert De Niro (frenetic but thoroughly uninteresting as the villain), Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis, and Illeana Douglas. Joe Don Baker, playing the small part of a private detective, gives the liveliest performance. The stars of the 1962 version, Robert Mitchum and Gregory Peck, make brief appearances, and the score is a reorchestration of Bernard Herrmann's original music.—T.R. (12/2/91) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

Father of the Bride—This scene-by-scene remake, with Steve Martin in the Spencer Tracy role of the father racking up debts to give his daughter a big marital sendoff, is less credible and crunchy than the 1950 Vincente Minnelli production. The story was always just a mildly satirical ode to middle-class patriarchy and the idea of Daddy's Little Girl (Elizabeth Taylor then, Kimberly Williams now). But Minnelli knew how to use Tracy's weathered mug and stout, combative stance to get laughs and to suggest real experience. The old movie has a plush-covered deadpan. The Disney/Touchstone update, by the team of Charles Shyer and Nancy Meyers (he directs, they co-wrote), is sappier and sillier. Martin doesn't only play straight, he plays square. (For those who loved him in "Parenthood," here's "Daddyhood.") He turns into a scowler, while Diane Keaton, as his wife, is a beamer. She switches from high beams to low beams, and sometimes gets stuck in between. The Shyer/Meyers additions explain or fudge the retro material: Martin is a conservative sneaker manufacturer who brags that his town hasn't changed in twenty-five years; Williams shoots hoops and vows that she won't become a fifties housewife. Still, the movie peddles expensive nostalgia. Martin Short is surprisingly wearisome as a wedding coordinator.—M.S. (Gramercy, and Sutton. . . . ¶ Embassy. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Feb. 27, evenings only.)

The Fisher King—This hundred-and-thirty-seven-minute endurance test is the story of a former New York City "shock jock" (Jeff Bridges) who befriends a schizoid former medievalist (Robin Williams) and joins his quest for the Holy Grail. The gonzo filigree of the director, Terry Gilliam, surrounds this fable of redemption with pseudo-originality. The allusion-mongering of the writer, Richard LaGravenese, gives it delusions of grandeur. At heart, the film is no different from a whole string of Hollywood movies centering on mysterious madmen who may be legendary heroes. As usual for this drippy kind of film, Williams' throwback character, Parry—short for Parsifal—is supposed to inspire everybody with his virtuous whimsies. But Gilliam doesn't know how to give the fantasy any sentimental charm, and he's hell on the actors, including Mercedes Ruehl as Bridges' earthy lover and Amanda Plummer as Williams' gawky amorous ideal. They mug; Gilliam takes mug shots. The movie is a peculiarly irritating failure—a leaden piece of uplift.—M.S. (Eastside Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Village East Cinemas, and Murray Hill Cinemas. Evenings only. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Feb. 27.)

Five Graves to Cairo (1943)—Erich von Stroheim struts his stuff as Field Marshall Erwin Rommel in an ingeniously plotted melodrama about why the Germans lost at El Alamein. Billy Wilder, who directed and, with Charles Brackett, also wrote the script, based on a play by Lajos Biro, must have had something a little grander in mind; the cleverness lacks lustre. With Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, Peter Van Eyck, Akim Tamiroff, Miles Mander, Ian Keith, and Konstantin Shayne.—P.K. (New-York Historical Society; Feb. 27.)

For the Boys—Bette Midler plays Dixie Leonard, a singer-dancer-comedienne who becomes famous in the early days of the Second World War, when she teams up with an established star named Eddie Sparks (James Caan, who gives the movie's best performance). Framed by an award ceremony at which Dixie and Eddie are to be honored for their many years of entertaining troops on U.S.O. tours, the story is told in a series of flashbacks. Most of the big sequences take place in wartime: in London and North Africa during the Second World War; in Korea in the early fifties; in Vietnam in 1969. This structure allows Midler to perform musical numbers from different eras and to attempt the acting tour de force of playing a character at several distinct stages of life. She piles persona on top of persona on top of persona for two and a half hours in an effort to overwhelm us with the sheer force and infinite variety of herself: she is the world. In the Second World War sequences, the picture has a certain trashy charm, but the Korea and Vietnam scenes feature "realistic" combat footage and glib antiwar sentiments. Bette Midler begins as a red-hot mama and winds up as Mother Courage. And this vanity production is such an ordeal that it turns into a demonstration of a startling thesis: war is bad, but entertainment is hell. Also with George Segal, Christopher Rydell, and Arye Gross. Directed by Mark Rydell, from a screenplay by Marshall Brick-

---

After winning an Oscar for the Turkey-bashing screenplay of "Midnight Express," Oliver Stone adapted Marc Brandel's horror novel "The Lizard's Tail" and used it as a vehicle for his first directing job on a big-star Hollywood film. Everything went wrong, starting with the new, B-movie title: "The Hand." (Inexplicably, the Museum of Modern Art is showing this 1981 fiasco, on February 28-29.) The Jamesian ghost at the center of Brandel's book is the Hand of a satirical cartoonist, which was shorn off in a freak car accident. Does the Hand live, and is it annihilating the anti-hero's enemies? Or is a tough prosthesis doing the dirty work? In the book, the only clues that the Hand might be on the prowl are its fingerprints. But the Hand is all over the movie, parting tall grass like a G.I. slogging through a swamp.

Stone, who co-scripted "Conan the Barbarian," remakes the Village Voice *satirist of the book in his own blood-and-guts image, as the creator of a sword-and-sorcery comic strip. (The artist's editor still compares him to Feiffer and Walt Kelly, though Hal Foster of "Prince Valiant" fame would be more fitting.) Brandel's relatively courtly protagonist becomes a sexually threatened jackass. Even Michael Caine can't keep an ironic distance from this flagrant role. In full bray, he makes you cringe; in his ragged haircut, he resembles a murderous old biddy from a Robert Aldrich horror flick. And the crawling-hand effects are disappointing. Why couldn't the Hand dance along on its fingertips? Why couldn't it have a personality? The movie never crosses the border into the sublimely ridiculous. Whenever the cartoonist leaves his house, you keep hoping the Hand will curl up in front of the tube and tune in to "The Muppet Show."*

AUCTIONS AT SWANN

March 5 at 10:30 a.m.
19th CENTURY LITERATURE
SETS & BINDINGS
PERFORMING ARTS
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Catalogue $10

March 12 at 10:30 a.m.
EARLY PRINTED BOOKS
THE OCCULT • EMBLEM BOOKS
INCUNABULA • JOHNSONIANA
Catalogue $10

March 26 at 10:30 a.m.
THE JACK GORLIN
COLLECTION OF BOOKS ON
FENCING & DUELLING

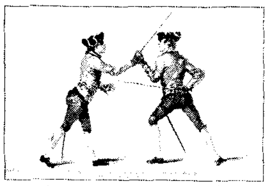
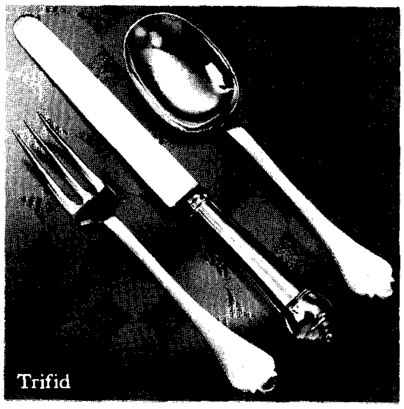


Plate from Domenico Angelo,
L'Ecole des Armes, London, 1763.
Catalogue $10

For Preview Hours and Newsletter please call (212) 254-4710.

SWANN GALLERIES
104 East 25 Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

Handmade Sterling Silver



Five pc. dinner setting—$700

*If you're happy with
ordinary flatware, fine.
If you want something
really outstanding,
have a look at our
handmade sterling silver.
We invite your visit
and comparison.*

James Robinson
15 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK 10022-2556
(212) 752-6166
Catalogue $3.00

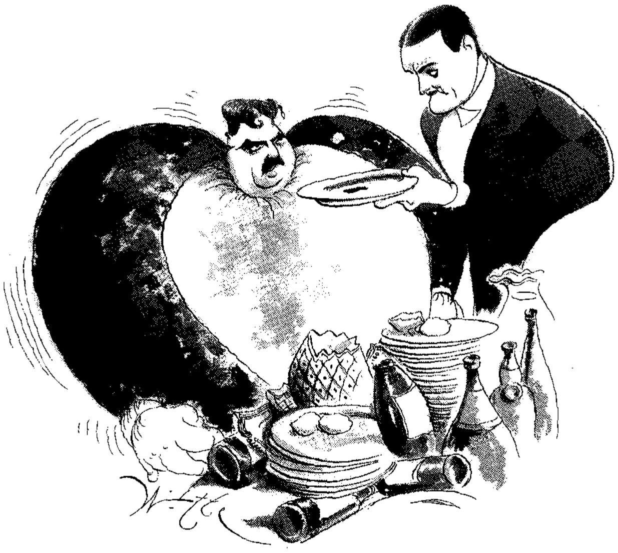
man, Neal Jimenez, and Lindy Laub.—T.R. (12/16/91) (Manhattan Twin.)

Fried Green Tomatoes—Cancer, wife-beating, burning crosses, barbecue, fat-lady jokes at the expense of Kathy Bates, wisdom dispensed by Jessica Tandy, and female bonding that stops just shy of lesbianism. That's the recipe for this clunky, fraudulent, yet apparently crowd-pleasing laugh- and tear-jerker. In the framing story, Tandy befriends Bates and inspires her with the Depression-era tale of tomboy Idgie (Mary Stuart Masterson) and pretty, demure Ruth (Mary-Louise Parker), who discover happiness when they found the Whistle Stop Café in Idgie's small Alabama home town. The director, Jon Avnet, drenches the palate with sweet sauce, then goes for the throat. The only good white males are run over by a train; in this feminist wish fulfillment, it isn't only tomatoes that get sliced. Written by Fannie Flagg (who has a bit role), Carol Sobieski, and, uncredited, Avnet, from Flagg's novel "Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Café."—M.S. (Baronet, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

Grand Canyon—Or, the self-importance of being earnest. Kevin Kline plays an L.A. immigration lawyer who lives as comfortably as a hot entertainment lawyer; Danny Glover plays the tow-truck driver who rescues Kline when his car conks out in a rough black section of the city. Kline plots to repay his savior by moving Glover's sister to a better neighborhood and fixing Glover up with Alfre Woodard. Meanwhile, Kline's wife (Mary McDonnell) surges with maternal ardor when she finds a babe in the shrubbery. The director, Lawrence Kasdan, who co-wrote the script with his wife, Meg, pretends to confront the chaos of contemporary urban life: free-floating anger and violence, racial abrasions, the fragility of family bonds. But he keeps breaking the characters' falls with mystical whoopee cushions—a blend of enriched-white-bread comedy and New Age uplift. By the end of the movie, Kline can do no wrong; even the secretary he once slept with (Mary-Louise Parker) lands on her feet. "Grand Canyon" is a liberal soap opera: it manufactures biodegradable suds. Steve Martin provides a few tart moments as a producer of violent action films, but Kasdan punishes the character by shooting him in the thigh.—M.S. (Gotham Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway.)

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle—This vengeful-nanny thriller has a catchy ad campaign: "Trust is her weapon. Innocence her opportunity. Revenge her only desire." The filmmakers, too, go after the trusting and innocent, but their desire is to make a killing at the box office. The twenty-eight-year-old screenwriter, Amanda Silver, spells out everything as if for the intelligence-impaired. Annabella Sciorra plays Claire, a devoted wife, mother, and, yes, botanist who blows the whistle on a lascivious gynecologist, catalyzing his suicide. Rebecca De Mornay is Peyton, the bad doctor's widow, who loses her own child and lies her way into Claire's nursery. And Ernie Hudson is the heroic, mentally challenged handyman who is wise with children: his name, of course, is Solomon. (Claire's husband, Michael, played by Matt McCoy, is a nonentity.) With its banal, docile household threatened by an enemy within., the film is like "The Stepfather" without wit or irony. De Mornay's Peyton gets off one campy verbal swipe at Solomon that's sure to be a favorite at high-school study halls, but Julianne Moore, as Michael's first love and Claire's friend, gives the performance of the movie. She's coiled and out there, like an exposed spring. She's also funny; she makes spikiness likable. Curtis Hanson directed, impersonally.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Feb. 27.)

High Heels—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie is featherweight postmodern camp. It's chic entertainment for the fashion-conscious, and it's even constructed like a designer's runway show—this season's collection of naughty notions and candy-colored visual conceits from the House of Almodóvar. As usual, he's trying to combine giddy farce with steamy, over-the-top melodrama. The main characters are a television newscaster named Rebeca (Victoria Abril) and her mother, the flamboyant singer-actress Becky del Páramo (Marisa Paredes). They're the prime suspects in the murder of Rebeca's caddish husband (Feodor Atkine), who is a former lover of Becky's. The movie also features several parodic musical numbers, a subplot involving a female impersonator called Femme Lethal (Miguel Bosé), and a tearjerker ending in which mother and daughter reconcile. The picture's comic inventiveness lacks a unifying idea, an overriding joke. One thing is about as good as another, and nothing is quite good enough. And Almodóvar's filmmaking audacity isn't as bracing as it used to be: it feels trivial. There's no urgency in his perversity here, no challenge in his dissonant effects, no real tension in his wildly intricate plot. This movie is the expression of a personality rather than a sensibility. Also with Mairata Obisiedo, who does a brief, hilarious turn as a police detective's hypochondriacal mother. In Spanish.—T.R. (2/10/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Lincoln Plaza.)



At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Terry Jones and John Cleese in "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life"

Hook—Steven Spielberg's film means to give a contemporary spin to J. M. Barrie's classic "Peter Pan." The movie is a failure in almost every way, but it's unmistakably of our time: its lack of conviction and its panicky eagerness to please are depressingly up-to-the-minute. The script, by Jim V. Hart and Malia Scotch Marmo, presents Peter Pan as a grown-up American family man named Peter Banning (Robin Williams). Banning, a yuppie corporate lawyer, has no idea that he was ever Peter Pan, and he's so wrapped up in making money that he neglects his wife and kids. The movie contrives to send him back to Neverland, where he rediscovers his former identity and does battle with his old nemesis, Captain Hook (Dustin Hoffman). The filmmakers use up their energy and our patience in scattershot attempts to appeal to every conceivable audience. The whole sorry spectacle turns out to be a kind of self-help fairy tale, an illustrated lecture on finding the inner child. The picture is full of special-effects "magic," but the tricks feel strained; we're constantly aware of the anxiety and the backbreaking effort it's taking to produce them, and that's no kind of magic at all. The movie seems drenched in flop sweat. In this version of "Peter Pan," the imagination feels like a burden—a terrible, crushing obligation. Also with Maggie Smith, Julia Roberts, Bob Hoskins, Dante Basco, Caroline Goodall, Charlie Korsmo, and Amber Scott. The running time is two hours and fifteen minutes.—T.R. (12/30/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Olympia, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through Feb. 27.)

JFK—Oliver Stone's movie means to demonstrate that the assassination of John F. Kennedy was not the act of a disturbed Marxist loner named Lee Harvey Oswald but the result of a vast, complex right-wing conspiracy. The screenplay, by Stone and Zachary Sklar, packs an extraordinary amount of assassination lore into three hours and eight minutes; it also includes a ton of speculative material about governmental misconduct, and quite a few invented characters. The movie is a thick gumbo of truths, half-truths, unverifiable hypotheses, and pure rant, and Stone ladles it out indiscriminately. In essence, the conspiracy theory argued here amounts to a series of inferential leaps proceeding from a speculation (that J.F.K. was killed because he wanted to pull out of Vietnam and end the Cold War). It's all bombast and misdirection, like a courtroom summation by a lawyer who knows that he can't win on the evidence. Stone comes on like a fearless radical, but his attitude toward the audience is firmly in the Hollywood tradition: he tries to bypass the intellect and go straight for the gut. The picture plays like an endless episode of "America's Most Wanted." Its hysterical manner and its slipshod handling of the facts actually have the effect of diminishing the credibility of the case for conspiracy. The clearest sounds we hear in this movie are those of Oliver Stone shooting himself in the foot. With Kevin Costner as New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, Sissy Spacek as his wife, Gary Oldman as Oswald, and an all-star cast of witnesses and conspirators: Tommy Lee Jones, Joe Pesci (an abominable performance), Donald Sutherland, Kevin Bacon, Jack Lemmon, Ed Asner, John Candy, Walter Matthau. Garrison himself does a brief turn as Chief Justice Warren.—T.R. (1/13/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews Tower East, 23rd Street West Triplex, and Loews Columbus Circle.)

Medicine Man—Sean Connery, in the title role of a botanist/biochemist who discovers a cure for cancer in the Amazon rain forest, plays the kind of droll grizzly who calls his helper/boss (Lorraine Bracco) Bronx even though she says she comes from Brooklyn. Doubtless Connery could come up with some appropriate one-syllable nicknames for this dead mass of a movie. He provides the only hint of amusement with his seemingly effortless and virile charm. Bracco lets all the perspiration show—and in the jungle that's a ton of sweat. Written by Tom Schulman ("Dead Poets Society") and Sally Robinson, from an original story by Schulman, the film is meant to be message entertainment. But any info it has to offer falls between the wisecracks, and as fun it fizzles. The director, John McTiernan, lets the audience get too far ahead of the protagonists. Viewers yell out the missing ingredient to the cancer cure long before Connery and Bracco cry eureka.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

A Month in the Country (1988)—Pat O'Connor's film, based on a novel by J. L. Carr, is intelligent and scrupulously made, but it never comes to life. Set in Yorkshire just after the First World War, it's about several kinds of restoration: A young veteran named Birkin (Colin Firth), emotionally blasted by the war, accepts a commission from a small country church to uncover a long-neglected mural by an unknown medieval artist. In the process of restoring this odd, apocalyptic tableau—a disturbing vision that the young man finds himself identifying with—Birkin somehow returns to a semblance of his prewar self: his stuttering and twitches gradually disappear. The themes are impeccably worked out in the script (by the playwright Simon Gray), though in ways that seem at odds with the story's emotional core. "A Month in the Country" is an attempt to restore something, too—the serene confidence of well-made nineteenth-century fiction—but the project has no conviction. After the Great War (as the film reminds us), a generation of Englishmen said goodbye to all that, and the filmmakers' very literary reaffirmation of faith feels hollow, wishful, even a little glib. The cast includes Kenneth Branagh, Patrick Malahide, and the wonderful Natasha Richardson.—T.R. (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 4.)

Naked Lunch—David Cronenberg's movie isn't really an adaptation of William S. Burroughs' famous novel. It's more like a brisk and well-organized tour of Burroughs Country. The movie is content to pay homage to the novel; Cronenberg's screenplay is an attempt to imagine where this bizarre, unaccountable work of genius might have come from, to get inside the mind of a writer caught in the unnatural act of making literature. The hero is a gaunt, ghostly-looking junkie called William Lee (Peter Weller)—a name Burroughs often used to designate his fictional alter ego. And the primary setting is a place called Interzone, a fever-dream rendering of Tangier, where much of the novel was written. The movie amounts to an ingeniously constructed myth of literary inspiration. Weller plays Lee as a dazed automaton and a kind of mystic, and that interpretation is perfectly suited to the movie's image of the artist as the helpless medium of an obscure higher power. Cronenberg accounts for the birth of Burroughs' novel by turning the author into a strung-out St. John of the Cross. This picture is an amazingly tight, coherent piece of work, and it's often funny, but the argument is too tidy and hermetic. Essentially, Cronenberg has made a weird comedy about writing—a narrow, limited subject. The film's striking imagery and peculiar sensibility are surprisingly easy to shrug off. This is a control freak's portrait of a wild man. Also with Judy Davis, Ian Holm, Julian Sands, Michael Zelniker, Nicholas Campbell, and Roy Scheider. Cinematography by Peter Suschitzky. The score, by Howard Shore, features sax solos by Ornette Coleman.—T.R. (2/10/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Pennies from Heaven (1981)—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and the voices on hit records of the thirties come out of them. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. There's something new going on—something thrilling—when the characters in a musical are archetypes yet are intensely alive. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross, who took a plunge but didn't go far enough. The material is conceived in terms of extremes—melodrama and pathos on one side and the dream world on the other. Normal life is excluded. Yet Ross keeps trying to sneak normal life back in: he treats the piled-on sentimental gloom tenderly, as if it were meant to be real. As a result, the picture doesn't come together (as "Cabaret" did). But it's extraordinary. (There are breathtaking recreations of paintings by Edward Hopper and Reginald Marsh and of famous photographs of the thirties.)—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 27-28 and March 1-2.)

The Prince of Tides—Barbra Streisand's film, adapted from Pat Conroy's 1986 novel, is a big, earnest psychoanalytic soap opera. It's a story in which people come to terms with their past, make peace with the demons that have haunted them since childhood, learn how to let go of the "dysfunctional" emotional patterns inflicted on them by their parents, and become sensitive, caring human beings. Streisand treats this banal material affectionately, even reverently, but it plays better on the screen than it does on the page. Her direction is smooth and canny, and she has distilled the novel to its corn-based essence. But the fumes of the book's terrible ideas linger in the air. After a while, everything begins to feel predictable. Conroy's narrative method (he co-wrote the screenplay, with Becky Johnston) consists of establishing characters who embody common stereotypes, setting them in motion around each other, and then watching them follow the courses that he's mapped for them: his message is one of change and liberation, but his characters' orbits are fixed. As the soul-searching hero, Tom Wingo, Nick Nolte bears the weight of all the movie's ambitions, and, for the most part, he carries his burden with miraculous grace. Streisand plays a sympathetic New York psychiatrist and never seems to get the hang of the role, but most of the cast performs heroically: Blythe Danner, as Tom's wife, and Kate Nelligan, as his mother, are wonderful. This is an admirably scrupulous job of literary adaptation; it's the material that's dysfunctional.—T.R. (1/27/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews Orpheum VII, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through Feb. 27.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his archenemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Phil Kaufman. "Raiders of the Lost Ark" was the first film of a trilogy; it was followed by "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (1984) and "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (1989).—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 26 and 29.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—Robert Altman finds a sure, soft tone in this movie and never loses it. His account of Coca-Cola-swigging young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of his films; it's sensuous right from the first pearly-green long shot, and it seems to achieve beauty without artifice. Keith Carradine is Bowie, the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers, Chicamaw and T-Dub (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is Keechie, the girl whose drunken father runs the gas station the convicts hide in. The film is adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the Nicholas Ray 1948 picture "They Live by Night." Although Calder Willingham gets a screen credit for the script, his script didn't have the approach Altman wanted, and Altman's former script girl, Joan Tewkesbury, devised another script, in collaboration with the director, which stays on Edward Anderson's narrative line and retains much of his dialogue. Made in the vegetating old towns of Mississippi, the movie has the ambience of a novel, yet it was also the most freely intuitive film Altman had made up to that time. Carradine and Duvall have the easy affinity that they showed in their much smaller roles in "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"; when Keechie and Bowie fall in love it's two-sided, equal, and perfect. As the heavy-drinking, half-mad Chicanaw, Schuck—who has a suggestion of bulldog in his face—gives a performance that in some scenes rivals Bogart's Fred C. Dobbs in "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre"; he has a comic, terrifying scene when he's in a home and insists on playacting a robbery with a couple of small children and then explodes in a murderous rage when the kids lose interest. Louise Fletcher is impressively strong as the kids' mother—the no-nonsense Mattie. Cinematography by Jean Boffety.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Feb. 28 and March 1-2.)

LOST:

1,000 BOTTLES A DAY.

THIS, OR THE EQUIVALENT is the evaporative loss through the sherry casks in which The Macallan lies, in aureate slumbers, maturing.

SUCH A FINANCIAL LEECHING WOULD BE DAUNTING BY ANY STANDARDS.

But the Macallan Directors, in their wisdom, have appointed a minimum time of 10 years before allowing their prodigy to enter public life – while their fiscal masochism extends to 12,18, even 25 years.

It would not be difficult to compute the staggering figure that this extra time in casks means in terms of lost revenue.

But your first sip will convince you that *their loss is your gain.*

THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING
THE MACALLAN CALL 1-800-447-6553 X 30129

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY
Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1991

Life is unpredictable.
Thankfully, the Accord is not.

Will the stock market make a meteoric rise? Will bell-bottom pants make a comeback? Does the guy driving next to you know what he's doing?

Maybe.

At Honda, we concentrate on the third question. Which is why the Accord is a safe car to drive.

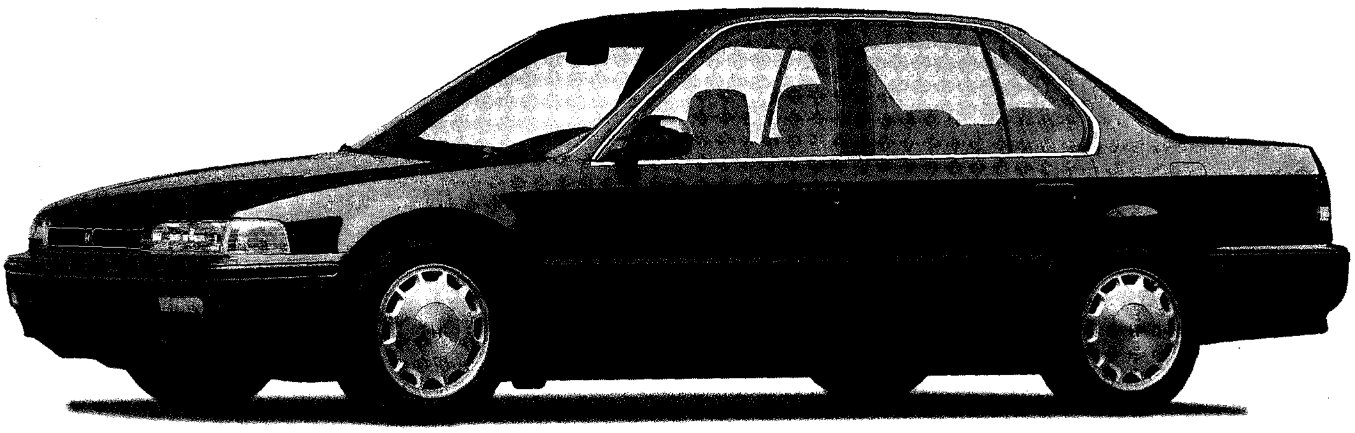
Settle in behind the wheel of the Accord and the first safety feature will be right in front of you. The driver's side airbag Supplemental Restraint System (SRS). It's standard on all 1992 Accords.

Take to the highway and there's a direct line of communication between you and the road, thanks to the 4-wheel double wishbone suspension. The result is extraordinary handling and control.

And, if life should toss you an unexpected turn in your Accord EX, underfoot are anti-lock brakes: one of the safest, most effective ways to stop a car. In panic situations, even under adverse conditions, they help prevent the wheels from locking up.

We could go on. The Accord's safety features are numerous. Rest assured, all are designed to give you peace of mind as you travel through life.

Which means that whatever tomorrow may bring, you're prepared in an Accord. A soothing fact that we know you'll be thankful for. HONDA



©1991 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Accord EX model shown and described.

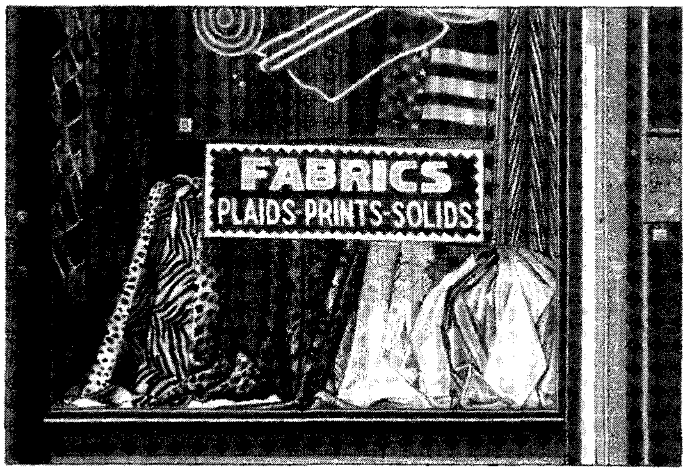
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NEW HAMPSHIRE has gone to the polls, and, as far as the horse race is concerned, we know essentially what we knew already. A lot of people, many of them Republicans, are angry about the economy and annoyed with George Bush—though not to an extent that threatens his grip on his party's nomination. On the Democratic side, a number of the usual suspects are sitting out the race, and a clear front-runner has yet to emerge. All in all, the New Hampshire story has told us less about the candidates themselves than about what people want from the political process, and how the public's agenda squares with that of the press. In that respect, the election campaign has taken an important step forward.

"Wham," "stun," "slam," and "whack" were some of the verbs with which the nation's headline-writers, dipping into the language of comic-book battles, portrayed the fate of President Bush. Such terms may be a more apt way of describing the blow administered to the press itself. For weeks, newspapers, news magazines, and TV news shows (to say nothing of supermarket tabloids) had been fixated on two "character stories" involving a single candidate, and when the journalists responsible for spreading these stories were asked to justify themselves they insisted that they had done so because the voters cared. But very few did. On Election Night, an ABC News exit poll indicated that despite all the coverage (in which ABC's "Nightline" had assumed a leading role) "character issues" had influenced the votes of only about eight per cent of the New Hampshire electorate. What was the main concern of the voters? "The most important quality in a candidate was that he had specific ideas," ABC's Lynn Sherr reported.



Three of the Democratic candidates had, in fact, put together elaborate booklets spelling out their programs, and, remarkably, these documents were hot items at public libraries around the state. Paul Tsongas, the eventual victor, stood out as the candidate with the weightiest blueprint—his eighty-six-page "Call to Economic Arms." Bill Clinton, who came in second, demonstrated an exceptional command of knotty policy issues. In the final days of the campaign, frustrated by his inability to focus attention on his proposals, he leapfrogged the press by submitting himself to long and freewheeling question-and-answer sessions with voters. In the same spirit, the Clinton people distributed twenty thousand copies of a campaign videotape door-to-door, and the candidate's pollsters later claimed that about half the people who received a video voted for him.

In the post-primary analysis, many journalists saluted New Hampshire's voters for their seriousness; this is probably as close as we can expect the media to come to offering an institutional apology for having so badly underestimated that seriousness. In any case, there are now grounds for hope that the press will take a more sober approach to the remainder of the campaign, allowing the candidates and the voters to decide what really matters. Perhaps reporters will begin to devote more of their attention to finding out, for example, what each of the candidates means by an "industrial policy," what a President can plausibly do for the nation's education system, and what sort of "infrastructure" America should be investing in.

That the voters proved resistant to the kind of distractions that have overwhelmed other recent elections is, of course, testimony to the acute condition of the American economy. The recession cannot be equated, in terms of suffering, with the Great Depression, but the New Hampshire primary suggests that the troubles of the nineteen-nineties might eventually yield—as those of the thirties did—the consolation of a heightened sense of national purpose. For that to happen, however, politicians and voters, as well as the press, will have to change their attitude toward not only campaigning but government itself; both have become so preoccupied with polls, flubs, and predictions that our politicians no longer seem capable of addressing the big picture or the long term. There has been talk on the campaign trail of where the United States is headed a decade or a generation from now, but if recent history is any guide the next President—whatever his party or avowed concerns—may quickly become a flighty creature no more able to discern the over-all direction of the country than, to borrow an analogy from the naturalist Stephen Jay Gould, a butterfly can comprehend the growth of a tree.

It is reassuring to think, after New Hampshire, that Americans may be interested in electing a President with a detailed economic plan; perhaps, with the press's help, the candidates' various proposals will now be examined and refined as the campaign progresses. But we need a President who comes equipped with another kind of plan as well—one for sticking with *any* responsible strategy in the face of all the daily pressures and temptations that the office is subject to. President Bush has been lambasted for abandoning, in the name of cutting the budget deficit, his "no new taxes" promise of four years ago, and, more recently, for embracing an economic-stimulus program that seems jarringly at odds with the budget-deficit agreement. But his inconsistencies can be seen as part of a broad pattern—a wearisome cycle of government, irrespective of party or ideology, in which a brief opportunity for meaningful action is followed by a period of increasing caution and popularity-consciousness, and, if circumstances require, a frantic search for diversions and quick fixes. Reporters looking for tough questions to raise might consider asking each candidate to tell us just how, if elected, he intends to maintain the current mood of seriousness into 1993 and beyond.

• •

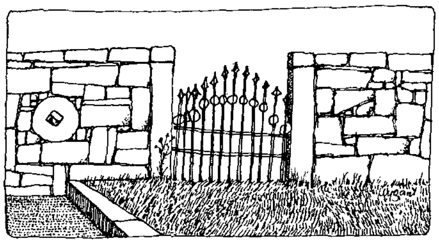
Hairless

WE recently dropped in at the Westminster Kennel Club's hundred-and-sixteenth annual dog show, at Madison Square Garden, to watch the champion Chinese cresteds strut their stuff. The Chinese crested has been around for at least five hundred years but was officially recognized as a breed by the American Kennel Club only in February of 1991, and this year is the first that the breed has competed in the show. The Chinese crested weighs from six to ten pounds and stands between eleven and thirteen inches tall. It comes in two varieties: the coated, or powder puff, with a long, straight silky coat that can flow halfway to the ground, and the hairless.

A hairless Chinese crested does, in fact, have some hair—a wisp at the end of its tail (called the plume), puffs on its feet (called the socks), a bit of hair on its cheeks and ears, and a spiky crest that erupts from the dome of the head and travels down the back of the neck, like a horse's mane. The rest of the dog is bald. The skin is generally a mottled pink and gray—though there are blue, lavender, and cream-and-white Chinese cresteds—and it is lightly wrinkled. The Chinese crested has prehensile front paws. It can grasp a pencil, or it can sit up and hold a piece of food in its paws, like a raccoon, and—for a dog—it can climb uncommonly well.

In the Garden, at the benching area for the Chinese cresteds, an excited crowd of owners, handlers, and onlookers was milling around the dogs, which sat in travel cages or rested confidently in their owners' arms, waiting for the judging to begin. Some of the owners were moisturizing their hairless champions, rubbing Neutrogena or Vaseline Intensive Care lotion into every inch of the dogs' skin, hoping to make it feel soft and smooth to the judge's touch.

In the densest part of the crowd, we encountered Simon Dickerson, who is known as Dick. A large man of middle years, he is a noted breeder of Chinese cresteds and the president of the American Chinese Crested Club. Mr. Dickerson has a long history of emotional involvement with tiny dogs. He told us that when he was a boy, growing up in Nashville, he was a Chihuahua enthusiast. "I was a third-generation member of the Chihuahua Club of America," he said. At the age of fifteen, he saw his first Chinese crested at a dog show, and it transformed his life. "I had to have one of them," he said. He learned that a woman named Debra Woods was breeding them in Florida. "I wasn't old enough to drive, so my parents put me on a train from Nashville with a suitcase full of food," he said. "I got a powder puff from Mrs. Woods. I called him Fido. His real name was Amber. I bought my next Chinese cresteds from Gypsy Rose Lee. Yes, *the* Gypsy Rose Lee. One was Suzie Wong—a little chocolate-colored female powder puff. The other was Gypsy—a little blue female hairless, with white spots. Gypsy Rose Lee had got her first Chinese crested from her sister, the actress June Havoc." That dog, from whom many of today's Chinese cresteds are descended, was a male hairless named Fu Manchu. He had been taken off a ship in New York Harbor, and June Havoc found him in an animal shelter. "Gypsy Rose Lee used to say, 'A naked dog for a naked lady,' " Mr. Dickerson told us.



A stout fellow in his early forties named Mark Jann, who wore a ponytail and had a toothpick in his mouth, was admiring the dogs. Mr. Jann told us that he breeds Chinese cresteds in his apartment, in the East Village. "It's fun when I take my hairless dogs for a walk. They stop traffic," he said. "Right now, I have five cresteds in my apartment. Nobody is going to break into my apartment, there's so much noise coming out of it. Even the Jehovah's Witnesses run when they hear my dogs." Mr. Jann introduced us to Champion Gingery's Truffles 'N' Cream, a female hairless, and he said, "You haven't had the experience until you've felt one."

We ran our hand over Truffles 'N' Cream. Her skin was warm and very soft, and baglike, sliding easily over her muscles. "It's a living hot-water bottle," Mr. Jann said. The dog's skin, uniformly bald, was pinkish and speckled with brown pigment, and articulated with tiny wrinkles and bumps. "It feels like a person's elbow," Mr. Jann said.

Mr. Jann explained that the dog's skin can change color and pattern rapidly, like a chameleon's. The dogs are prone to sunburn, he said, especially the pink ones, so you should rub them with sunscreen before taking them out into bright sunlight. "Their skin turns a different color in summer," he said. "They get dark very fast in the sun. Some of the paler pink dogs are always changing their spots. They can have polka dots, but as the dog gets older the polka dots can turn into a kind of lightning flash."

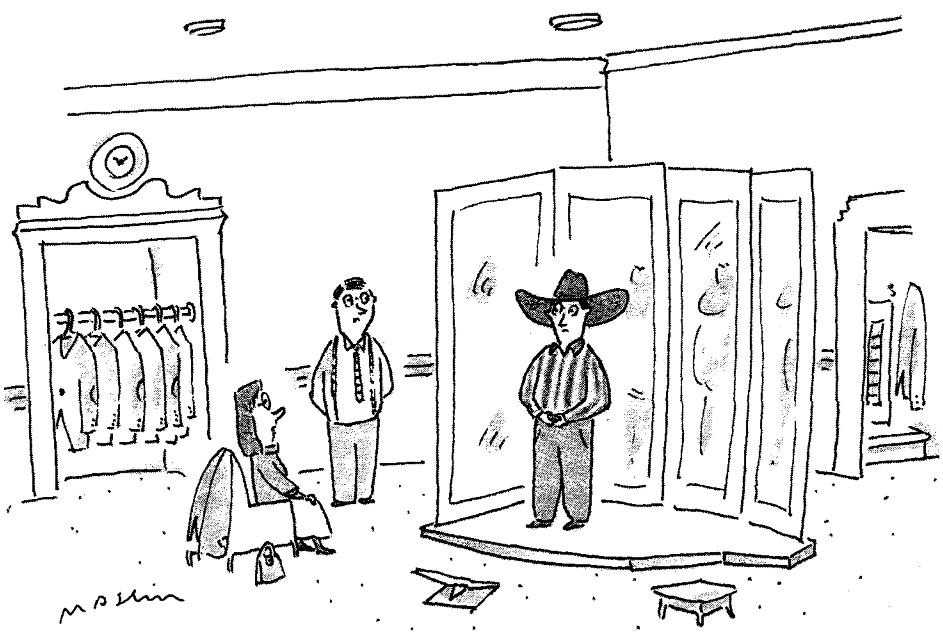
We followed Mr. Jann up to the spectators' seats, to observe the judging. The judge, Mrs. Sari Brewster

Tietjen, watched as thirty or so champion Chinese cresteds were led around the ring by their handlers. "They're gaiting the dogs," Mr. Jann explained. Only four of the dogs were powder puffs; the others were hairless. Before our eyes passed the nobility of the crested world: Champion Eric's Crescentmoon Omen of Oz, Champion Vanderpool Dickerson's Wolf Man, Champion Razzmatazz Piece of Cake, Champion Darshire Sun Nee Dal of Luvan.

The judge began examining the dogs, one by one, as they were placed on a small table. She scrutinized each dog and ran her hands over its head, neck, withers, chest, legs, and tail, checking the dog's conformation to the standard of the breed, and, in the case of the hairless ones, feeling the texture of the skin. "Some people really grease their dogs for the judge," Mr. Jann said. Then each dog was walked alone, while the judge noted its gait and spirit. Eventually, the judge made her choice, and to many people's surprise she chose one of the four powder puffs as best of breed. The dog was a male named Champion Gingery's Maple Syrup, owned by Arlene Butterklee, a prominent breeder from Long Island. The judge picked as best of opposite sex Champion NG Dynasty's She Devil Pumpkin, a minute hairless. There was an outburst of cheering, and the crowd dispersed while a canine photographer took pictures of Maple Syrup and She Devil Pumpkin.

We found Dick Dickerson back at the benching area, eating a pretzel and looking pleased. "It was heavy, keen competition," he said. "The judge was courageous to put a powder puff up."

As he spoke, we became acquainted with Darshire Passion, a female hairless that was wriggling in the arms of her owner, and we patted the dog on the back. Darshire Passion seemed to enjoy being touched. She placed one paw on our finger. The paw was pink, had a few sparse hairs, and was as delicate as a monkey's hand. Then she gripped our finger.



"We couldn't know the Garth Brooks look wouldn't suit you if we hadn't tried."

• •

Run-Through

A FRIEND in the dance world writes:

Down in the depths of SoHo is a low tenement of floor-through lofts. It doesn't look like much from the street, but when you read the names of the residents, by the street-door buzzer, you find that stacked one on top of another, like so many bamboo rice cookers, are the studios of some of the most respected postmodern dancemakers in the world. On the second floor are the couple David Gordon and Valda Setterfield. On three is Douglas Dunn; on four is Lucinda Childs; on five is Trisha Brown. Over the past decade, I've visited them all—to attend rehearsals and to watch full-scale performances.

The other afternoon, I arrived at the building to see a run-through, in the Gordon-Setterfield loft, of a piece that Mr. Gordon had made for the White Oak Dance Project, a smallish group of stellar dancers which Mikhail Baryshnikov directs. The piece would pair Mr. Baryshnikov and Ms. Setterfield and would feature White Oak dancers I much admire, beginning with Kate Johnson and Rob Besserer. And the work itself was hot from the oven—transitions were being adjusted, and the cast was still considering how the movement looked and felt.

The near wall of the loft, to the left of the door, was lined with some metal folding chairs, as well as with the usual tables, bins crammed with videotapes, and dance bags overflowing with clothing. More visitors arrived, seven or eight in all. The dancers outnumbered us, and the whole event felt exclusive, even imperial, as if *we* had gathered *them* to entertain us at a command performance.

The run-through wasn't scheduled to start for some fifteen minutes, so we got to watch the dancers rehearse. Ms. Setterfield, who wore a bell-shaped skirt over her leotard and tights, was going over and over a quick sequence of steps; Mr. Besserer carried a prop shaped like a dog bone; and Mr. Baryshnikov was practicing how to swing a soft truncheon over his head. A portable puppet theatre leaning against a wall was hefted by two dancers and put back against the wall. Mr. Gordon—dressed, as he often is, in black shoes, black pants, and black T-shirt, and running his fingers through his familiar mane of black hair—stood near a tape recorder. Then an assistant to Mr. Gordon, a young woman wearing a "David Gordon/Pick UP Company" T-shirt, said to Ms. Johnson, "Do you want to practice your death now?" While Ms. Johnson did that, Mr. Baryshnikov moved to the center of the studio, trying out some moves. Suddenly, it seemed as if everyone else had drifted off to the sides, and I was watching the rest of the room watch Mr. Baryshnikov watch himself dance.

The air had become thick and crackly. Mr. Baryshnikov was at work. He practiced making grotesque faces—a sad face for one second, a surprised face for one second, an enraged face for one second—slicing off each expression with the efficiency of a machine. Then he checked out a few little dance steps. Should his elbow point here or there? Should he fall at this millisecond or at that one? The world around him could have been on the other side of a television screen. I've never been so close to an artist of Mr. Baryshnikov's calibre while he was in the act of analyzing his dancing this way. The effect of his total concentration was simply magnetizing. His electric quality is as much a matter of what his mind is able to shut out as of what his body is able to deliver. I spent the rehearsal learning how to look at him without going blind.

Mr. Gordon called a short break, and Ms. Setterfield came up to say hello. "It's a hard piece for all of us," she said. "There's a lot of split-second timing and hitting." I noticed that the nearer I got to her the less tense I felt—exactly the opposite of my sensation vis-à-vis Mr. Baryshnikov. "Valda," Mr. Baryshnikov said. "Let's go over that part where I almost get you." Then he went after her with his truncheon, as Mr. Gordon watched. Ms. Setterfield's platinum cool boiled into a molten fury. The chase was on.

Eventually, Mr. Gordon went to the center of the room and announced that we were going to see a twenty-two-minute piece about Punch and Judy, and that the score would consist mostly of music by Carl Stalling, an influential music director for Disney and Warner Brothers cartoons. Then Mr. Gordon stepped back, the tape was turned on, and the dancers danced.

When the run-through ended, I walked over to Ms. Setterfield and instinctively hugged her. "You see how hard it was?" she said. I told her exactly what was on my mind—that I could see how fine she had been. Mr. Baryshnikov needed no one to tell him that he had acted like a demon and danced like a house afire. As I walked toward the stairs, thinking ineffable thoughts about Artists and Art, I saw Ms. Johnson on the floor, beside an empty shoebox; on her left foot was a new dance boot, of a soft black leather. Ms. Setterfield noticed the boot, too, and, for the first time that afternoon, her face lit up. "I like this style," she said to Ms. Johnson, and added, "A shoe made for a human foot, at last!"

Victory

ANOTHER friend writes:

My pal Trudy works for a famous producer. One of her fringe benefits is that she gets to attend a lot of events that most of us only read about. Recently, she was given an extra invitation to the New York première and party for the movie "The Mambo Kings," and she asked me to go with her. I thought it sounded like fun, even though all I knew about the film was that it had been adapted from a prize-winning book with a really long title and that I wouldn't have to pay seven dollars and fifty cents to see it.

The day of the première, Trudy called and asked what I was going to wear. She had told me that it was going to be a really glitzy affair. "I thought I'd wear my sequins," I told her.

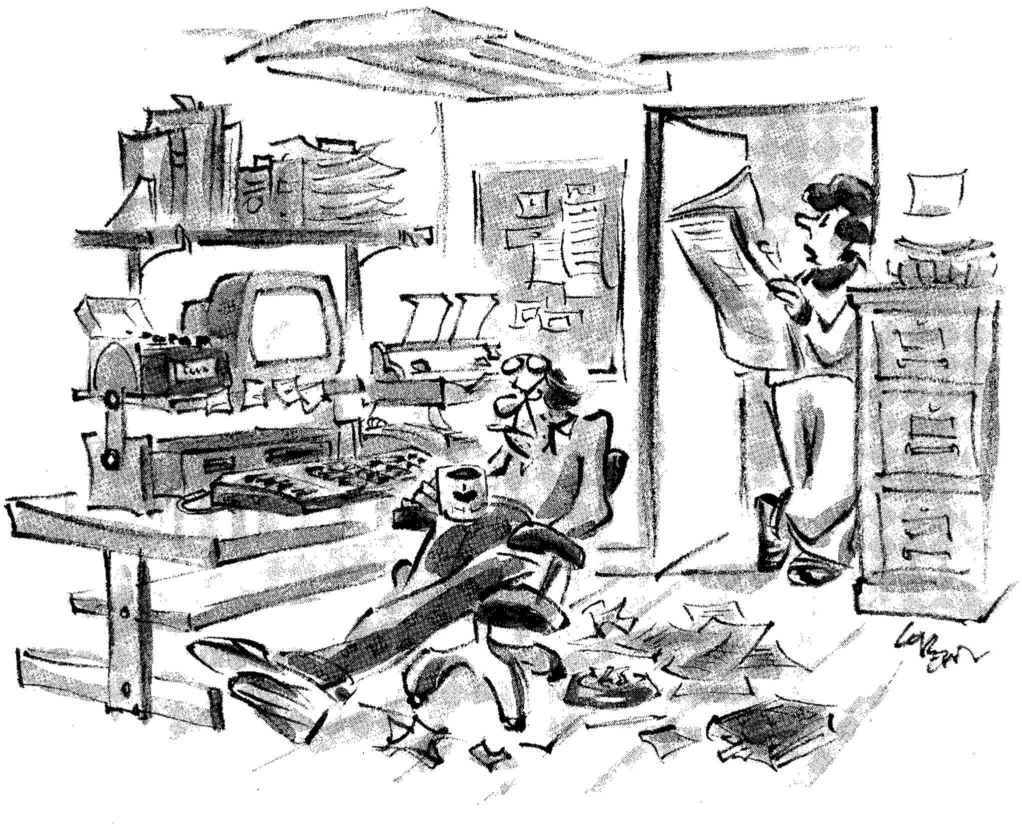
"I was afraid of that," Trudy said. "It's a good thing I got you. I know I told you it was dressy, but only the stars should dress up. It's kind of pretentious when the regular people do it. Wear something that makes you look like you're coming from an office," she added with authority.

The première was at the Ziegfeld Theatre. When we got there, a red carpet had been laid out, and rows of photographers with huge flashbulbs stood on either side of the entranceway. When the couple ahead of us moved out of range, most of the photographers assumed relaxed attitudes, but one man pushed forward and dropped to his knee.

"They're no one," a voice said apathetically. The man who had started to take our picture pulled himself up and shot us a dirty look, as if we had deliberately tried to trick him.

The upper lobby of the theatre was packed. Everyone was looking around for recognizable faces. Since Trudy and I were late, the only seats left were in the front three rows. There were quite a few empty seats in the center of the theatre, but they were reserved for all the people the photographers had been waiting for.

The movie started without coming attractions, public-service ads, or the stuff about being courteous. As soon as the title came up on the screen, everyone applauded and whistled. They did this throughout the opening credits, too. The first actor who appeared on the screen received a loud round of



"I see here Richard Nixon has another book out."

applause. *Every* new face received applause. Actors who were unknown got smaller hands but louder whistles. I asked Trudy if people clapped through entire movies. "They do it out of support. These are their friends," she said impatiently. Yet when Cathy Moriarty first came on the screen there was complete silence. "Doesn't Cathy have any friends here?" I asked. Trudy ignored me. From that point on, the theatre was quiet until the end of the movie.

As the closing credits began, I rushed to the lobby to get to a phone before a line formed, but I was too late. A man was standing in front of me. Since he had his back to the phone, I started to ask if he was in line. As soon as I opened my mouth, though, I realized that he was Bill Murray. I was afraid that if I spoke to him he would think I was trying to get fresh because he was Bill Murray. So I didn't say anything and just tried to act as if I didn't know who he was.

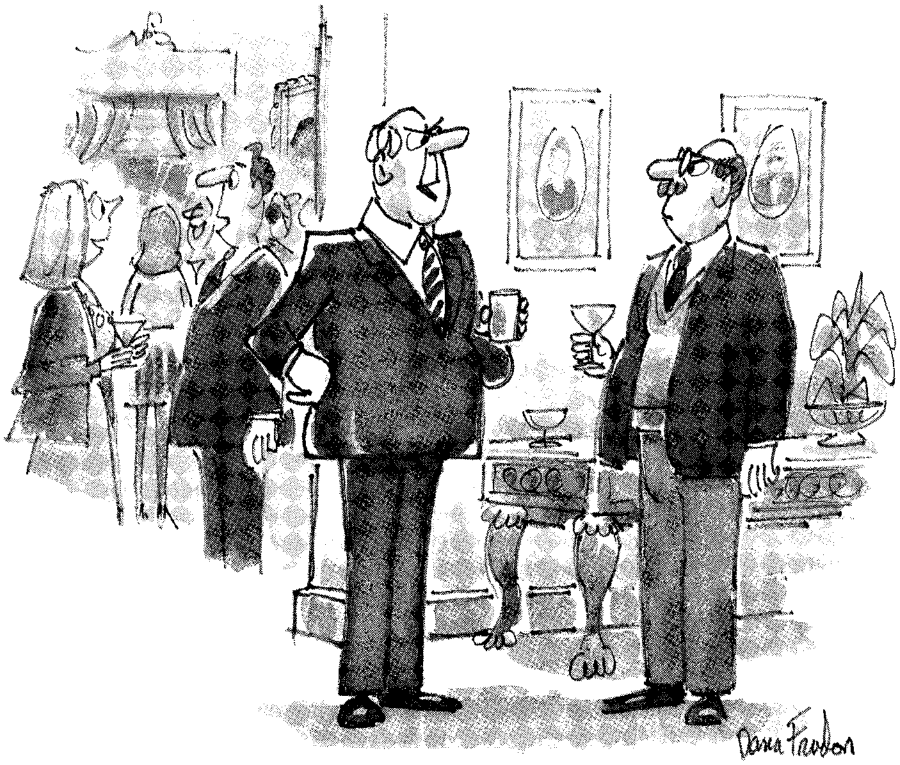
While I waited in the lobby for Trudy to get into and out of the ladies' room, I saw a lot more stars. Barbara Walters, for instance, was surrounded by three men who looked very interested in what she was saying. And I kept running into Bill Murray, whom I was now trying to avoid, figuring that he would think I was stalking him.

Finally, Trudy was ready to leave. We walked to the post-première party, at nearby Roseland, with a guy who had a small part in the movie, as a relative of the Mambo Kings. Trudy knew him from a job she had once had with a casting agent. As we walked, he talked about the movie. "It was a rare experience, because everyone was so committed to it," he said. "The director had never directed a movie before, so he gave the actors a lot of credit. He let us do what we thought was right. I think the people liked it. What do you think?"

I wondered if actors were given a script of what to say *after* their movie as well as during it.

Roseland was already crowded by the time we arrived. Photographers were lined up behind the center seating and the dance-floor area. A woman kept asking them hysterically, "Have you seen Bill Murray? Where's Bill Murray? Did you get Bill Murray?"

I was just hoping I wouldn't run into him.



"It's like this. If the rich have money, they invest. If the poor have money, they eat."

• •

Everything was decorated in a Latin theme. A salsa band was playing, and Tito Puente, who had been in the movie, was scheduled to entertain later. The bartenders and people serving food were wearing shirts with huge puffed sleeves, layered with ruffles.

I counted seven tables set up with food, a separate dessert table, a table where men were making fresh banana Daiquiris, and six bars, where you could get any other kind of liquor you wanted. There were giant shrimps with scallops and hearts of palm, handmade pastries filled with sausages or beef. There were stews and pastel-colored soups, and coconut-cream pies, and a lot of desserts I couldn't recognize. Almost nobody was eating.

After a while, the stars of the movie showed up. Tito Puente went onstage, and Armand Assante joined him on the timbales—to prove that he really was the one playing in the movie. The director took the microphone and directed everyone to keep quiet. He gave a speech about how nobody thought this movie could be made, and with a loud crescendo proclaimed, "Who else but a Jewish art dealer could have done it!" Afterward, a lot of the cast gathered for a long session of "Guantanamera."

Through all this, Trudy kept poking me in the back, saying, "It's Madonna. . . . It's Spike Lee. . . . It's Madonna. . . . It's Kim Basinger."

Every time I'd look over, I would see someone who wasn't that particular famous person but who obviously liked to make people think he was. Or she was. Tagging these look-alikes was Trudy's favorite game.

At eleven-thirty, Trudy told me that the stars and insiders had probably gone. "If they come to these parties at all, they never stay long. Once they're gone, the place gets a little shabbier. The food will get taken away soon."

As we were walking out, Trudy poked me in the side and whispered excitedly, "Look! Robert Duvall. Omigod, Robert Duvall. I can't believe that's him. Look what he's wearing! He looks like a shoe salesman."

To stop Trudy from nudging me, I looked over. It *was* Robert Duvall. He was wearing slacks and a light rust-colored checked sports jacket that seemed a little tight on him, and the sleeves were too short.

"It . . . smells . . . like victory," Trudy said, doing a perfect impression of Duvall's character, hunkering down on a beach, in "Apocalypse Now."

WINTER BARLEY

1. THE STORM

NIGHT; a house in northern Scotland. When October gales blow in off the Atlantic, one thinks of sodden sheep huddled downwind and of oil cowboys on bucking North Sea rigs. Even a large, solid house like this one feels temporary tonight, like a hand cupped around a match. Flourishes of hail, like bird shot against the windows; a wuthering in the chimneys, the sound of an army of giants charging over the hilltops in the dark.

In the kitchen a man and a woman sit eating a pig's foot. Edo and Elizabeth. Together their years add up to ninety, of which his make up two-thirds. Edo slightly astonished Elizabeth by working out this schoolboy arithmetic when they first met, six months ago. He loves acrostics and brain teasers, which he solves with the fanatical absorption common to sportsmen and soldiers—men used to long, mute waits between bursts of violence. Edo has been both mercenary and white hunter in the course of an unquiet life passed mainly between Italy and Africa, between privilege and catastrophe. He is a prince, one of a swarm exiled from an Eastern European kingdom now extinct, and this house, his last, is a repository of fragments from ceremonial lives and the web of cousinships that link him to most of the history of Europe.

The house is full of things that seem to need as much care as children: pieces of Boulle and Caffiéri scattered among the Scottish furniture bought at auction, a big I.B.M. computer programmed to trace wildfowl migrations worldwide, gold flatware knobby with crests, an array of retrievers with pernickety stomachs in the dog run outside, red Venetian goblets that for washing require the same intense concentration one might use in restoring a Caravaggio. In the afternoons Edo likes to sit down with a glass—a supermarket glass—of vermouth and watch reruns of "Fame" magically sucked from the wild Scottish air by the satellite dish down the hill. With typical thoroughness he has memorized the names and dispositions of the characters from Manhattan's High School of Performing Arts and has his favorites: the curly-haired musical genius, the beautiful dance instructor he calls "la mulâtresse." The television stands in a thicket of silver frames that hold photographs of men who all resemble Edward VII, and women with the oddly anonymous look of royalty. Often they pose with guns and bearers on swards blanketed with dead animals, and their expressions, like Edo's, are invariably mild.

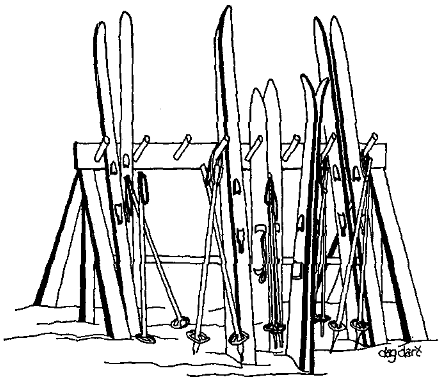
To Elizabeth, Edo's kitchen looks unfairly like a men's club: brown, cavernous, furnished with tattered armchairs, steel restaurant appliances, charts of herbs, dogs in corners, Brobdingnagian pots for feeding hungry grouse shooters, and green baize curtains, which, as they eat tonight, swell and collapse slowly with the breath of the storm. The pig's foot is glutinous and spicy, cooked with lentils, the way Romans do it at Christmastime. Edo cooked it, as he cooks everything. When Elizabeth visits, he doesn't let her touch things in the kitchen—even the washing up is done in a ritual fashion by the housekeeper, a thin Scottish vestal.

"These lentils are seven years old," he announces, taking another helping.

"Aren't you embarrassed to be so stingy?"

Dried legumes never go bad, he tells her, and it's a vulgar trait to disdain stinginess. His mother fed her children on rice and coffee during the war, even though they crossed some borders wearing vests so weighted with hidden gold pieces that he and his sisters walked with bent knees. Edo grew up with bad teeth and an incurable hunger, like the man in the fairy tale who could eat a mountain of bread. He has a weakness for trimmings and innards, the food of the poor.

Elizabeth knows she adopts an expression of intense comprehension whenever Edo reminisces; it pinches her features, as if they were strung on tightening wires. Still, she doesn't want to be one of those young women befuddled by lives lived before their own. She grew up in Dover, Massachusetts, went to Yale, and hopes that one day she'll believe in more than she does now. At the same time she has a curiously Latin temperament—not the tempestuous but the fatalistic kind—for someone with solid layers of Dana and Hallowell ancestors behind her. This trait helps her at work; she is a vice-president at an American bank in Rome. Tonight under a long pleated skirt she is wearing, instead of the racy Italian underwear she puts on at home, a pair of conventual white underpants and white cotton stockings held up with the kind of elastic garters her grandmother's Irish housemaid might have worn. Edo has been direct, and as impersonal as someone ticking off a laundry list, about what excites him. She is excited by the attitude in itself: an austere erotic vocabulary far removed from the reckless sentiment splashed around by the men she knows in Rome, Boston, and Manhattan.



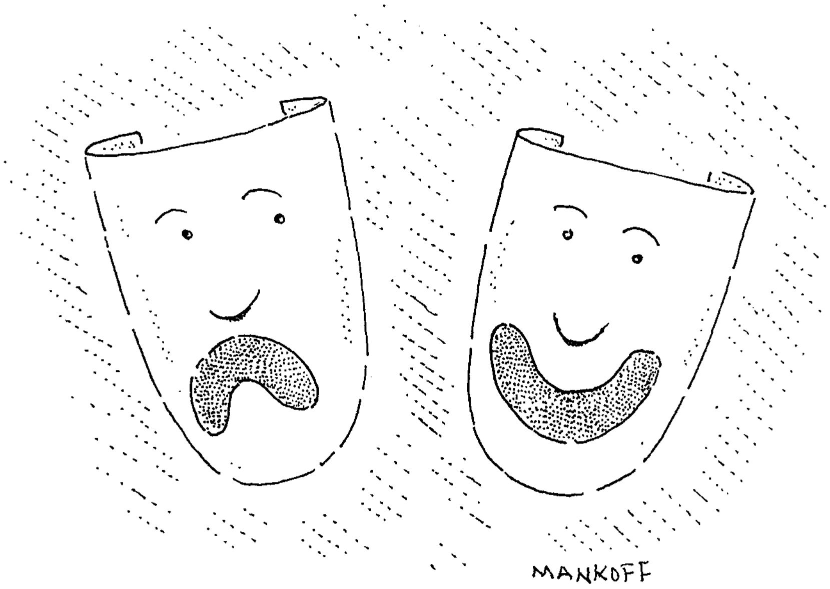
Elizabeth discovered early on that the world of finance, far from moving like clockwork, is full of impulse and self-indulgence, which extend into private life. When she met Edo she had just come out of a bad two years with a married former client from Milan, full of scenes and abrupt cascades of roses, and a cellular phone trilling at all hours. In contrast, this romance is orderly. She supposes it is an idyll when she thinks about it, which, strangely, is almost never; it flourishes within precise limits of ambition, like a minor work of art. The past he sets before her in anecdotes—for he is a habitual raconteur, though rarely a tedious one—keeps the boundaries clear.

AFRICA; dust-colored Tanzania. Edo is telling her how his mother once got angry on safari, blasted a rifle at one of the bearers, missed, and hit a small rhinoceros. Under a thatch of eyebrows Edo's hooded blue eyes glow with a gentle indifference, as if to him the story means nothing; the fact is that he couldn't live without invoking these memories, which instead of fading or requiring interpretation have grown more vivid and have come to provide a kind of textual commentary on the present. His hair is white, and he has a totemic Edwardian mustache. His cheeks are eroded from years of shooting in all weathers on all continents. It's the face of a crusty old earl in a children's book, of Lear, and he is appropriately autocratic, crafty, capricious, sentimental.

He watches Elizabeth and thinks that her enthusiasm for the gluey pig's foot and the rhino story both grow out of a snobbish American need to scrabble about for tradition. Americans are romantics, he thinks—"romantic" for him is the equivalent of "middle-class"—and she is no exception, even if she does come from a good family. Accustomed to judging livestock and listening to harebrained genetic theories at gatherings of his relatives, he looks at her bone structure with the eye of an expert. She is beautiful. Her posture has the uncomplicated air of repose which in Europe indicates a well-born young girl. But there is an unexpected quality in her—something active, resentful, uncertain, desirous. He likes that. He likes her in white stockings.

She says something in a low voice. "Speak up!" he says, cupping his ear like a deaf old man. He is in fact a bit deaf, from years of gunpowder exploding beside his ear. He often claims it turned his hair prematurely white and permanently wilted his penis, but only the first is true. "You're a gerontophile," he tells her.

She'd said something about storms on Penobscot Bay. The rattling windows here remind her of the late August gales that passed over Vinalhaven, making her grandmother's summer house as isolated from the world outside as a package wrapped in gray fabric. She recalls the crystalline days that came after a storm, when from the end of the dock she and her cousins, tanned Berber color and feverish with crushes, did therapeutic cannonballs into the frigid water. She sees her grandmother in long sleeves and straw hat, for her lupus, dashing down a green path to the boathouse with a hammer in her hand: storm damage. In the island house, as in Edo's, is a tall clock whose authoritative tick seems to suspend time.



"Oh, yeah? Well, I think you're the one with the biochemical imbalance."

Elizabeth and Edo finish the pig's foot and stack the dishes in the sink. Then they go upstairs and on his anchorite's bed make love with a mutual rapacity that surprises both of them, as it always does. Each one has the feeling that he is stealing something from the other, snatching pleasure with the innocent sense of triumph a child has in grabbing a plaything. Each feels that this is a secret which must be kept from the other, and this double reserve gives them a rare harmony.

Later Edo lies alone, under the heavy linen sheets, his lean body bent in a frugal half crouch evolved from years of sleeping on cots and on bare, cold ground. He sent out the dogs for a last pee beside the kitchen door, and now they sleep, twitching, in front of the embers in his fireplace. He has washed down the sleeping pill with a glass of Calvados that Elizabeth left for him and lies listening to a pop station from Aberdeen and feeling the storm shuddering through the house, through his bones. He imagines Elizabeth already asleep in the bedroom with the Russian engravings, or—hideous American custom—having a bedtime shower. He has never been able to share a bed with a woman, not during his brief marriage, not during love affairs with important and exigent beauties. It gives him a peculiar sense of squalor to think of all the women who protested or grew silent when he asked them to leave or got up and left them. Alone among them, Elizabeth seems to break away with genuine pleasure; her going is a blur of white legs flashing under his dressing gown. Attractive.

After immersion in that smooth body, he feels not tired but oddly tough, preserved. An old salt cod, he says to himself, but for some reason what he envisions instead is a burl on a tree. At Santa Radegonda, a vast country house in Gorizia that nowadays exists only in the heads of a few old people, there was in the children's garden an arbor composed of burled nut trees trained together for centuries. The grotesque, knobby wood, garish with green leaves, inspired hundreds of nursemaids' tales of hobgoblins. Inside were a rustic table and chairs made of the same arthritic wood. The quick and the dead. A miracle of craft in the garden of a house where such miracles were common—and all of them grist for Allied and German bombs. He seems to see that arbor with something inside flashing white, like Elizabeth's legs, but then the Tavor takes hold and he sleeps.

2. REMEMBERING EASTER

The storm has blown itself out into a brilliant blue morning, and Elizabeth lies in bed below an engraving of a cow-eyed Circassian bride and reads the diary of Virginia Woolf. Volume II, 1920-1924. She imagines Bloomsbury denizens with long faces and droopy, artistic clothes making love with the lighthearted anarchy of Trobriand islanders. Through the window she can hear Edo talking in his surprisingly awful English to the gardener about damage to *Cruciferae* in the kitchen plot. Rows of broccoli, brussels sprouts, and a rare black Tuscan cabbage have been flattened. The gardener replies in unintelligible Scots, and Elizabeth laughs aloud. She finds it shocking that she can feel so happy when she is not in love.

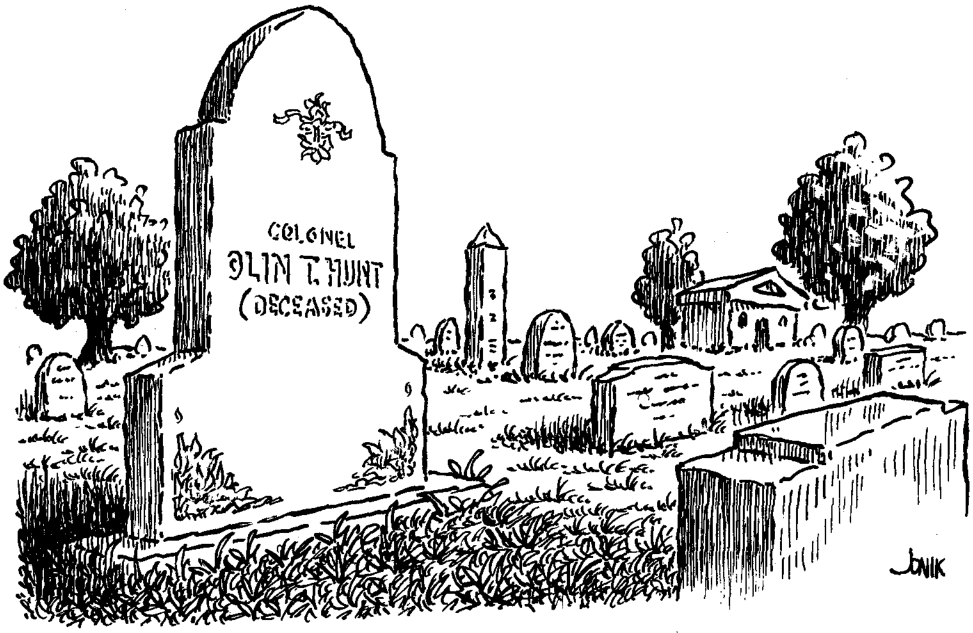
They met when she was depressed over the terrible, commonplace way things had ended with her married lover from Milan, with all her friends' warnings coming true one by one like points lighting up on a pinball machine. She had sworn off men—Italians in particular—when a gay friend of hers, Nestor, who spoke Roman dialect but was really some kind of *aristocratic mongrel, invited her to* Scotland to spend Easter with him and some other friends at the house of a mad old uncle of his. Nestor and the others didn't show up for their meeting at Gatwick, so Elizabeth bought a pair of Argyle socks at the airport shop and took the flight up to Aberdeen on her own. It didn't feel like an adventure, more like stepping into a void. After the tawny opulence of Rome, the obstinate cloud cover through which she caught glimpses of tweed-colored parcels of land far below suggested a mournful Protestant thrift even in scenery. She listened to the Northern British accents around her and recalled her mother's tales of a legendary sadistic Nanny MacKenzie. In her head ran a rhyme from childhood:

> There was a naughty boy,
> And a naughty boy was he
> He ran away to Scotland,
> Scotland for to see.

Nestor was not in Aberdeen, had left no word, and the mad uncle was disconcerting: white-haired, thin-legged, with the pitiless eyes of an old falcon. He was exquisitely unsurprised about her coming alone, as if it were entirely usual for him to have unknown young women appear for Easter weekend. Jouncing along with her in a green Land Rover, he smoked one violent, unfiltered cigarette after another as she talked to him about Rome, trying to conceal her embarrassment and her anger at Nestor. Air of a near-polar purity and chilliness blew in through the window and calmed her, *and she saw in the dusk that the* landscape wasn't bundles of tweed but long, rolling waves of woodland, field, and pasture under a sky bigger than a Colorado sky, a glassy star-pricked dome that didn't dwarf the two of them but rather conferred on them an almost ceremonial sense of isolation. No other cars appeared on the road. They passed small granite villages and plowed fields full of clods the size of a child's head, and Elizabeth felt the man beside her studying her without haste, without real curiosity, his cold gaze occasionally leaving the road and passing over her like a beam from a lighthouse.

Edo was wondering whether his young jackass of a nephew had for once done him a favor. But he himself had offered no kindness that merited return, and Nestor was ungenerous, like the rest of Edo's mother's family. Perhaps the girl's arriving like this was a practical joke: he remembered the time in Rome when a half-clothed Cinecittà starlet had appeared on his terrace at dawn, sent by his friends but claiming to have been transported there by group telekinesis during a séance. But Elizabeth's irritation, barely lacquered with politeness, was genuine, and lent a most profound resonance to her odd entrance. In the half-light he admired the gallant disposition of her features below her short, fair hair, the way she talked in very good Italian, looking severely out of the window, from time to time throwing her neck to one side in her camel-hair collar, like a young officer impatient with uniforms.

"We're on my land now," he said after forty minutes, and she observed ridges of pleated dark forest and a jumble of blond hills. Down a slope behind a wall of elms was the house—a former grange, two hundred years old, long and low, with wings built on around a courtyard. With windows set deeply below an overhanging slate roof, it looked defensive and determined to endure; on each wing, black support beams of crudely lapped pine gave it the air of an archaic fortification. When Edo opened the Land Rover's door for her and she stepped out onto the gravel, the air struck her lungs with a raw freshness that was almost painful.



"WHY do you live here?" Elizabeth had changed from jeans into a soft, rust-colored wool dress that she wore to the bank on days when she felt accommodating and merciful. She stood in front of the fire with one of the red Venetian goblets in her hand, feeling the airiness of the crystal, balancing it like a dandelion globe she was about to blow, watching the firelight reflecting on all the small polished objects in the long, low-ceilinged room so that they sparkled like the lights of a distant city. She knew the answer: gossipy Nestor had gone on at length about Byzantine inheritance disputes, vengeful ex-wives, and drawn-out tantrums in climacteric princes. However, with Edo standing before her so literally small and slight but at the same time vibrant with authority, so that one noticed his slightness almost apologetically—with him playing host with immaculate discretion, yet offering, subtly, an insistent homage—she felt strangely defenseless. She felt, in fact, that she had to buy time. Already she was deliberately displaying herself, as the fire heated the backs of her legs. Before she let everything go she wanted to understand why suddenly she felt so excited and so lost and so unconcerned about both.

"Why do I live here? To get clear of petty thieves," he said with a smile. "The daily sort, the most sordid kind—family and lovers. When I got fed up with all of them a few years ago, it occurred to me that I didn't have to go off to live in Geneva like some dismal old fool of an exile. Africa was out, because after a certain age one ends up strapped to a gin bottle there. So I came up here among the fog and the gorse. I like the birds in Scotland, and the people are tightfisted and have healthy bowels, like me." He paused, regarding her with the truculent air of a man accustomed to being indulged as an eccentric, and Elizabeth looked back at him calmly. "Are you hungry?" he asked suddenly.

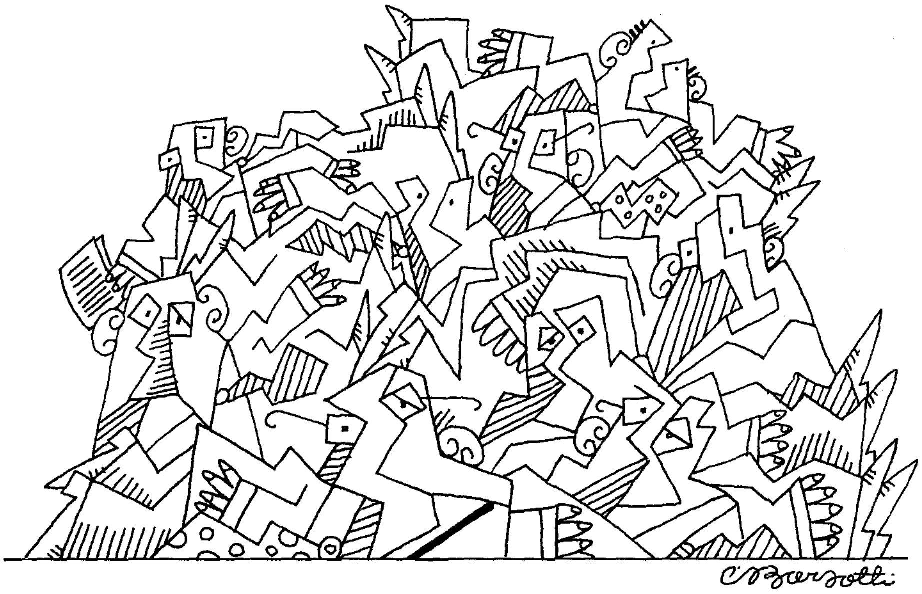
"I'm very hungry. Since breakfast I've only had a horrible scone."

"Horrible scones are only served in this house for tea. I have something ready which I'll heat up for you. No, I don't want any help; I'll bring it to you as you sit here. It will be the most exquisite pleasure for me to wait on you. There is some snipe that a nephew of mine, not Nestor, shot in Sicily last fall."

"What do you think happened to Nestor?" asked Elizabeth. "Could you call him?"

"I'd never call that bad-mannered young pederast. He was offensive enough as an adolescent flirting with soldiers. Now he's turned whimsical."

When Edo went off to the kitchen Elizabeth walked back and forth, glancing at photographs and bonbonnières, touching a key on the computer, looking over the books on cookery and game birds, the race-car magazines, the worn, pinkish volumes of the *Almanach de Gotha;* and she smiled wryly at how her heart was beating. In the kitchen Edo coated the small bodies of the snipe in a syrupy, dark sauce while from her corner the Labrador bitch looked at him beseechingly. His thought was: How sudden desire makes solitude—not oppressive but unwieldy, and slightly ludicrous. It was a thought that had not come to him in the last few years—not since his last mistress had begun the inevitable transformation into a sardonic and too knowledgeable friend. Randy old billy goat, he said genially to himself, employing the words of that outspoken lady; and with the alertness he used to follow trails or sense changes in weather he noted that his hand was unsteady as he spooned the sauce.



"Wentworth, could I take another look at that reorganization plan?"

• •

THE next day, Good Friday, they drove a hundred miles to Loch Ness and stood in the rain on a scallop of rocky shore. Edo broke off a rain-battered narcissus and handed it to Elizabeth in silence. He was wearing a khaki jacket with the collar turned up, and suddenly she saw him as he must have been forty years earlier: a thin, big-nosed young man with a grandee's posture—an image now closed within the man in front of her, like something in a reliquary.

On the drive back, he asked her abruptly whether she knew who he was, told her that his curious first name (Edo was the third in a procession) had set a prewar fashion for hundreds of babies whose mothers wanted to copy the choice of a princess. It was a rather pathetic thing to say, thought Elizabeth, who from Nestor knew all about him and the family, even down to alliances with various unsavory political regimes. Long beams of sunlight broke through over pastures where lambs jumped and ewes showed patches of red or blue dye on their backs, depending on which ram had covered them; shadows of clouds slid over the highlands in the distance. Edo drove her across a grouse moor and talked about drainage and pesticides and burning off old growth, about geese and partridge and snipe.

Then he said: "I want the two of us to have some kind of love story. Am I too old and deaf?"

"I don't know," said Elizabeth.

"I've quarrelled with nearly everyone, I'm solitary and selfish, and I understand dogs better than women. I have been extremely promiscuous, but I have no known disease. That's just to prevent any misunderstanding."

"It doesn't sound very appealing."

"No, but I have a foolish, optimistic feeling that it might appeal to you. The thing I like most is a girl from a good family who dresses vulgarly once in a while. Nothing flashy—just the cook's night out. And schoolgirl underclothes, the kind the nuns made my sisters wear. Do you think you'd be willing to do that for me?"

"I might." Elizabeth felt as if she were about to burst with laughter. Everything seemed overly simple—as it did, she knew, at the beginning of the most harrowing romances. Yet, laughing inside, she felt curiously tender and indulgent toward him and toward herself. Why not? she thought. During the rest of the trip home they traded stories about former lovers with a bumptious ease startling under the circumstances, as if they were already old friends who themselves had gotten over the stage of going to bed. His were all bawdy and funny: making love to a fat Egyptian princess on a bathroom sink, which broke; an actress who cultivated three long, golden hairs on a mole in an intimate place.

The telephone rang before dinner that night, and it was Nestor. He was in France, in some place where there were a lot of people and the line kept dropping; he wanted to know whether Elizabeth had arrived. His uncle swore at him and said that no one—male, female, fish, or fowl—had arrived and that he was spending Easter alone. Then Edo slammed the phone down and looked at Elizabeth. "Now you're out of the world," he told her. "You're invisible and free."

They stood looking out of the sitting-room windows toward the northwest, where a veil of daylight still hung over the Atlantic, and he told her that when seals came ashore on the town beaches people went after them with rifles. He came closer to her, felt desire strike his body like a blow, called himself an old fool, and began to kiss her face. Her hair had a bland fragrance like grain, which called up a buried recollection of a story told him by his first, adored nurse (a Croat with a cast in one eye), about a magic sheaf of wheat that used to turn into a girl, he couldn't remember why or how. Elizabeth remained motionless and experienced for the first time the extraordinary sensation she was to have ever after with Edo: of snatching pleasure and concealing it. "We won't make love tonight," he said to her. "I've already had you in a hundred ways in my mind; I want to know if I can desire you even more. Prolonging anticipation—it's a very selfish taste I have. But without these little devices, I'll be honest with you, things get monotonous too quickly."

Later he told her not to worry, and she said happily, "But I'm not at all worried. In a few months we'll be sick to death of each other."

This arrival at Easter has become currency in Elizabeth's sentimental imagination, but unlike other episodes with other men it doesn't pop up to distract her during work or even very often when she's not working. She has never been anxious about Edo, but she wants to see him often. Though he is never calm, he calms her. When he sends for her and she takes the now familiar flight up to Aberdeen, she feels her life simplified with every moment in the air. It's a feeling like clothes slipping off her body.

She thinks of it this morning as she sits in the sunlight with her knees up under the covers, and she takes possession, a habit of hers, of a phrase from the book she is reading. "So the days pass," she reads, half aloud, "and I ask myself whether one is not hypnotized, as a child by a silver globe, by life, and whether this is living."

3. SPORTSMEN

FOR the last ten minutes Elizabeth, the old prince, and three young men have been sitting around the table talking about farts. The young men are Nestor and two cousins of his, whom Elizabeth knows slightly from parties in Rome. All three are tall and thin, with German faces and resonant Italian double last names; they wear threadbare American jeans and faded long-sleeved knit shirts. They are here for a few days' shooting, and in the front hall stand their boots—magnificent boots the color of chestnuts, handmade, lace-up, polished and repolished into the wavering lustre of old furniture. The front hall itself is worth a description: wide, bare, pine boards, a worn, brocade armchair, antique decoys, a pair of antlers twenty thousand years old dug from a Hungarian bog, ten green jackets on wall pegs, exhaling scents of rubberized canvas and dog.

The three young men worship Edo—since their nursery days he has been a storybook rakehell uncle, wreathed in a cloud of anecdote unusually thick even for their family. They are also very interested in Elizabeth—two of them because she's so good-looking, and Nestor from a piqued curiosity

THE DELIVERY

I'm five. The petals of my timeless play
can unfurl while Mother hoes out other gardens.
The next-door child and I, alone with my toys,
confine to the dining room our discreet noise.
From the doorway: "*Betty, come here!*" The uprooted flower
falls dead with no warning. What had my friend done,
rolled a dime-store car over the tabletop,
stood on a chair to wave the little dust mop?
I will never know. She is tethered to Mother's hand
and Mother's voice begins the long scolding.
I start a soldier's march around and around
the table, stomping each foot to stomp out her sound.
Faster around I stomp until it is over,
Betty is gone and Mother takes hold of me.
"What's the *matter* with you? Why is your face so red?
Why, you're *crying*, your whole face is dripping wet!
Well, if that isn't silly I'd like to know what is!
I wasn't scolding *you*, I was scolding *Betty*."
She laughs. "Go wash your face." The room blears.
My hand wipes and finds all the unfelt tears.

Soon it is supper time. In the kitchen they feed
and talk, while I, invisible as I was
in high-chair days, silently sit on Sears,
wearing the weight of my big and bigger ears.
"Well, you'll never guess what your crazy kid did today—
if that wasn't the limit!" The story swells
into ache in my stomach, then Dad's laughter and hers
slice and tear like knives and forks and a worse
hurt is opening in my middle; in familiar

• •

smells and muddle of voices, mashed potatoes,
dimming light, hamburger, thick creamed corn,
the milk-white chill, a self is being born.

And is swept away through seething clots of minnow
in the nearly hidden creek that weeps through the meadow,
smeared with mud from its suckling roots of willow,
to tributary, to river, deep and slow,
whose soblike surges quietly lift her and carry
her unjudged freight clear to the mourning sea.
And there they are, all of the heavy others
(even Mother and Father), the floundering, floating, or sinking
human herd, whose arm strokes, frail, awry,
frantic, hold up their heads to inhale the sky,
which gilds the tongues of water or soothes them to stillness
with white silk covers strewn with onyx and pearl.
She is with them, inept dog-paddler that she is.
The heavens whirl and drift their weightless riches
through streaky splendors of joy, or bare unending
lodes of blazing or ice-blue clarity.
With them all, all, she is scraped by crusted rock,
wrenched by tides untrue to heart or to clock,
fighting the undertow to shapelessness
in smothering deeps, to what is insufferable.
If those she can reach go under she cannot save them—
how could she save them? Omnipotent dark has seized them.
She can only sink with each one as far as light
can enter, meet drowning eyes and flesh still spangled
with tiny gems from above (a sign of the rare
her watered eyes never need), pointing to where,
up, in the passionate strain, lives everything fair
before she flails back to the loved, the illumined, air.

—Mona Van Duyn

• •

mixed with sincere affection. She has stopped confiding in him since he mischievously threw her together with his uncle at Easter. He owns the condominium next to the one she rents in Via dei Coronari and knows that she has been using a lot of vacation time going up to Scotland; he assumes that the old skinflint is laying out money for the tickets and that they're sleeping together, but he can't understand what they do for each other, what they do with each other. She is not an adventuress (in his world they still talk about adventuresses), and she is clearly not even infatuated. Elizabeth's nonwhim, as he is starting to call it, only serves to confirm in Nestor's frivolous mind the impenetrable mystery that is America.

Elizabeth sits among them like a sphinx—something she learned from watching fashionable Italian women. But she feels conflicted, torn between generations. Edo feels a growing annoyance at seeing how her fresh face fits in among the fresh faces of the young men. Her presence makes the gathering effervescent and unstable, and all the men have perversely formed an alliance and are trying with almost touching transparency to shock her.

"It's a sixteenth-century gadget in copper called '*la péteuse*,' " continues Edo in a gleeful, didactic tone. "It consists of a long, flexible metal tube that was used to convey nocturnal flatus out from between the buttocks, under the covers of the seigneurial bed, into a pot of perfumed water where rose petals floated. I own three of them—one in Paris and the other two in Turin. I keep them with the chastity belts."

Everyone is crunching and sucking the tiny bones of larks grilled on skewers, larks that the guests brought in a neat, foil-wrapped parcel straight from Italy, it being illegal to shoot songbirds in Great Britain. They eat them with toasted strips of polenta, also imported. Elizabeth hates small birds but is determined this evening to hold up the female side; she draws the line at the tiny, contorted heads, which make her think of holocausts and Dantean hells. Game, she thinks, is high in the kind of amino acids that foster gout and aggressive behavior.

"The worst case of flatulence I know of," Edo says, "was the Countess Pentz, a lady-in-waiting to my mother. She was a charming woman with nice big breasts, but she was short and ugly, and farted continuously. It was funny at receptions to see everyone pretending not to notice. I believe she used to wear a huge pair of padded bloomers that muffled the noise to a rumble like distant thunder."

They go on to discuss Hitler and meteorism. One of Nestor's cousins, Giangaleazzo, sends Elizabeth a swift glance of inquiry, perhaps of apology. There is something sweet about that look. Edo sees it and glowers. Elizabeth seizes the opportunity to contribute, mentioning—she realizes it's a mistake the minute she does—Chaucer. Blank looks from the men, although only Edo is truly uneducated. Edo says: "The middle classes always quote literature. It makes them feel secure."

Elizabeth has lived in Rome long enough to be able to throw back a cold-blooded barb of a retort, the kind they don't expect from an American woman. She knows that the young men aren't even surprised by Edo's remark, since it seems to be a family tradition to savage one another like a pack of wolf cubs. But she is looking at the row of restaurant knives and cleavers stuck in back of the long, oiled kitchen counter, and she is imagining the birds heaped in the freezer—small, gnarled bodies the color of cypress bark. She decides that she would like not simply to kill Edo but to gut him swiftly and surgically, the way she has watched him so many times draw a grouse.

When they have finished the larks and the young men are eating Kit Kat bars and drinking whiskey, they complete the fraternal atmosphere by launching into a *canzone goliarda*, a bawdy student song. This one has nearly twenty verses and is about a monk who confesses women on a stormy night and the various obscene penances he has them perform:

> Con questa pioggia, questo vento,
> Chi è chi bussa a mio convento?

Between verses Edo looks at her without remorse. He's thinking, She's tough, she holds up—which is one of his highest compliments. "You look like a wild animal when you get angry," he tells her, and she hates herself for the way her heart leaps. Just before midnight she lies in bed wondering whether he will come down to her. She will not go to him; she wants him to come to her room so she can treat him badly. She lies there feeling vengeful and willfully passive, imagining herself a Victorian servant girl waiting for the master to descend like Jove; at any minute she expects the doorknob to turn. But he doesn't come, and she falls asleep with the light on. At breakfast the next morning he greets her with great tenderness and tells her that he sat up till dawn with Nestor, discussing fishing rights on a family property in Spain.

4. HALLOWEEN

BENT double, Edo and Elizabeth creep through a stand of spindly larch and bilberry toward the pond where the wild geese are settling for the night. It is after four on a cold, clear afternoon, with the sun already behind the hills and a concentrated essence of leaf meal and wet earth rising headily at their footsteps—an elixir of autumn. Edo moves silently ahead of Elizabeth, never breaking a twig. His white head is drawn down into the collar of his green jacket, and his body is relaxed and intent, the way he has held it stalking game over the last fifty years in Yugoslavia, Tanzania, Persia.

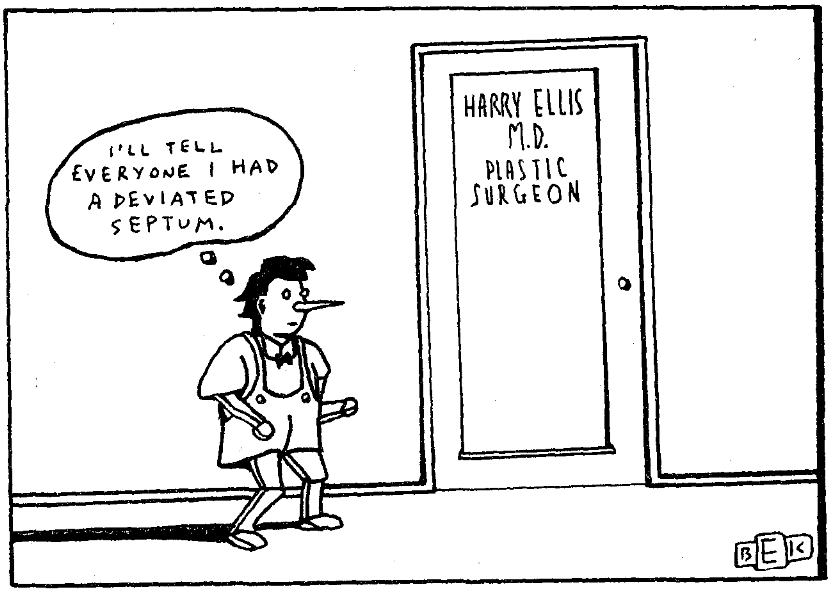
Even before they could see the pond, when they were still in the Land Rover, chivying stolid Hertfordshire cows, and then on foot working open a gate that the tenant farmer had secured sloppily with a clothesline and a piece of iron bedstead—even then the air reverberated with the voices and wingbeats of the geese. The sound created a live force around the two of them, as if invisible spirits were bustling by in the wind. Now, from the corner of the grove, Edo and Elizabeth spy on two or three hundred geese in a crowd as thick and raucous as bathers on a city beach: preening, socializing, some pulling at sedges in the water of the murky little pond, others arriving from the sky in unravelling skeins, calling, wheeling, landing. Sometimes during the great fall and spring migrations, over two thousand at a time stop at Edo's pond.

He brought them here himself, using his encyclopedic knowledge of waterfowl to create a landscape he knew would attract them. He selected the unprepossessing, scrubby countryside after observation of topography and migratory patterns, and enlarged the weedy pond to fit an exact mental image of the shape and disposition needed to work together in a kind of sorcery to pull the lovely winged transients, pair by pair, out of the sky. After three years, the visiting geese have become a county curiosity. Local crofters have lodged repeated complaints. Edo doesn't shoot the geese; he watches them. This passion for the nobler game birds is the purest, most durable emotion he has known in his life; it was the same when he used to lie in wait for hours in order to kill them. Now he's had enough shooting, but the passion remains.

He grips Elizabeth's arm as he points out a pair of greylags in the garrulous crowd on the water. His hand on her arm is like stone, and Elizabeth, who loves going to watch the geese, nevertheless finds something brittle and old-maidish in the fixity of his interest. Crouching beside him, she experiences an arid sense of hopelessness, of jealousy—she isn't sure of what. Casting about, she thinks of his ex-lovers who sometimes call or visit—European women near his own age who seem to have absorbed some terrible erotic truth that they express in throaty laughter and an inhuman poise in the smoking of cigarettes and in the crossing of their still beautiful legs. They are possessive of Edo, and they make her feel raw as a nursery child brought out on display. But she knows they aren't the real reason that she feels cold around the heart.

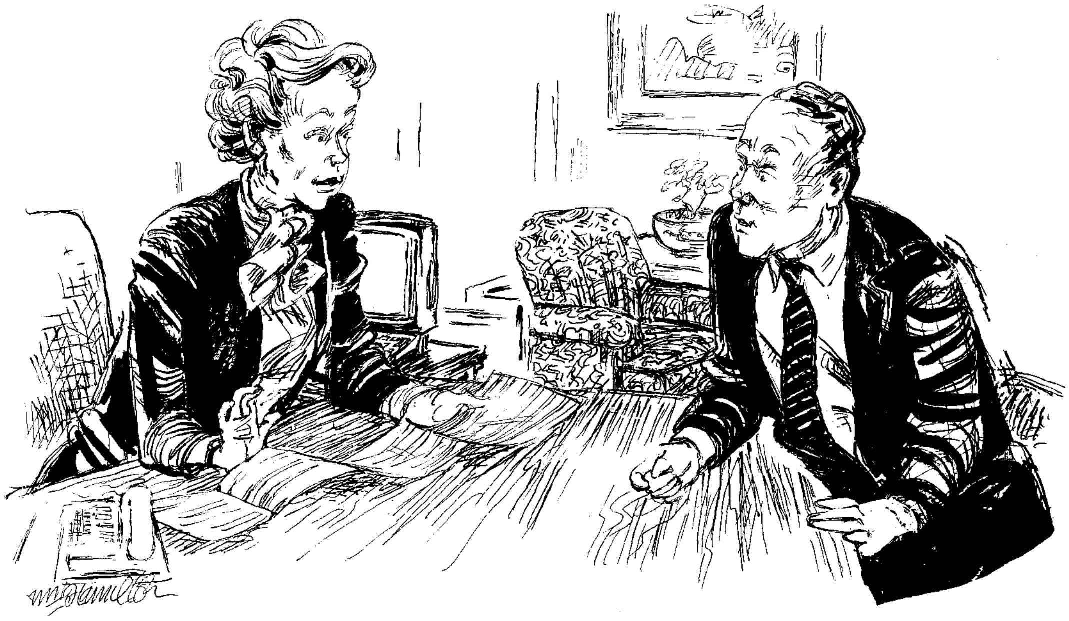
"You're not interested in getting married, are you?" He says it abruptly, once they have returned to the Land Rover. He says it in French, his language for problems, reasoning, and resolution. He hears his own terror and looks irritably away from her. It is six months since they met.

"No, I'm not," replies Elizabeth. She is embarrassed by the fatuous promptness with which the words bound out, like a grade-school recitation. Yet she hadn't prepared them. She hadn't prepared anything. They are bouncing across stubble, and to the west, where the evening light is stronger, a few green patches shine with weird intensity among the autumn browns: barley fields planted this month to be harvested in January or February. On the horizon, below a small, spiky gray cloud, a bright planet regards them equably. Without another word, Edo stops the motor and reaches over to unzip her jacket and unbutton her shirt. With the same rapt, careful movements he used in approaching the geese, he bends his head and kisses her breasts. Then he straightens up and looks at her and a strange thing happens: each understands that they've both been stealing pleasure. For a second they are standing face-to-face in a glass corridor; they see everything. It's a minor miracle that is over before they can realize that it is the most they


I'LL TELL EVERYONE I HAD A DEVIATED SEPTUM.
HARRY ELLIS M.D. PLASTIC SURGEON
BEK

PINOCCHIO FINALLY TAKES THE PLUNGE.

will have together. Instantly afterward, there is only the sense of a bright presence already departed, and the two of them faltering near the edge of an indefinable danger. As Elizabeth buttons her shirt and Edo turns the ignition key, they are already engaged in small, expert movements of denial and retreat. The jeep pulls out onto the darkening road, and neither finds a further word to say.



"Hey, relax, Ron—the big cutback I'm talking about implementing around here is my chocolate."

• •

A TUMULT of wind and dogs greets them as they pull up ten minutes later to the house. Dervishes of leaves spin on the gravel beside the rented Suzuki that Nestor and his cousins used to get to that day's shoot, near Guthrie. Both Elizabeth and Edo stare in surprise at the kitchen windows, where there is an unusual glow. It looks like something on fire, and for an instant Edo has the sensation of disaster—a conflagration not of his house, nothing so real, but a mirage of a burning city, a sign transplanted from a dream.

"What have they gotten up to, the young jackasses?" he says, climbing hurriedly out of the jeep. But Elizabeth sees quite clearly what Nestor and his cousins have done and, with an odd sense of relief, starts to giggle. They've carved four pumpkins with horrible faces, put candles inside, and lined them up on the windowsills. She interprets it as a message to her, since yesterday she and Giangaleazzo, who went to Brown, had been talking about Halloween in New England. "It's Halloween," she says, in a voice pitched a shade too high. She feels a sudden defensive solidarity with the jumble of young men in the kitchen, who are drinking Guinness and snuffing like hungry retrievers under the lids of the saucepans.

"Jackasses," repeats Edo, who at the best of times defines as gross presumption any practical joke he hasn't thought up himself. In this mood, his superstitious mind is shaken, and he can't cast off that disastrous first vision. He hurries inside, telling her to follow him.

Instead, Elizabeth lets the door close and lingers outside, looking at the glowing vegetable faces and feeling the cold wind shove her hair back from her forehead. She wills herself not to think of Edo. Instead she thinks of a Halloween in Dover when she was eight or nine and stood for a long time on the doorstep of her own house after her brothers and everyone else had gone inside. The two big elms leaned over the moon, and the jack-o'-lantern in the front window had a thick dribble of wax depending from its grin, and she had had to pee badly, but she had kept standing there, feeling the urine pressing down in her bladder, clutching a cold hand between her legs where the black cheesecloth of her witch costume bunched together. She'd stood there feeling excitement and terror at the small, dark world she had created around herself simply by holding back. It's an erotic memory that she has always felt vaguely ashamed of, but at the moment it seems curiously appropriate, a pleasure she'd enjoyed without guessing its nature.

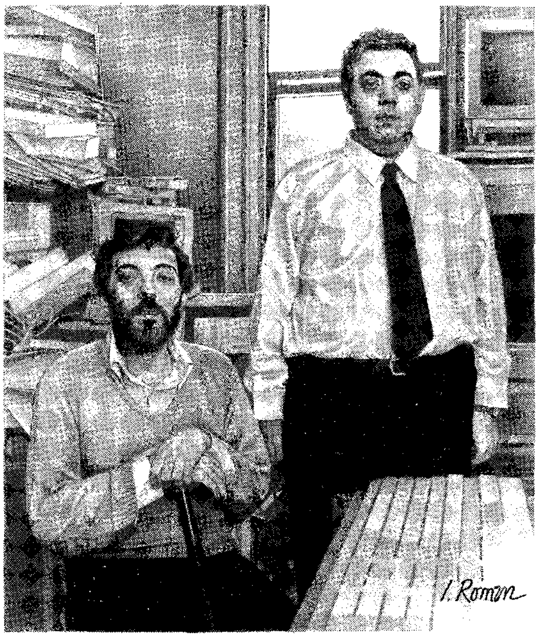
Edo opens the kitchen door and calls her, and she comes toward him across the gravel. For a moment before he can see her clearly, he has the idea that there is a difference in the way she is moving, that her face may hold an expression that will change everything. Once, thirty years ago, in Persia, he and his brother Prospero saw a ball of dust coming toward them over the desert, a ball of dust that pulled up in front of them and turned into a Rolls-Royce, with a body made, impossibly, of wicker, and, inside, two young Persian noblemen, their friends, laughing, with falcons on their wrists. He and his brother and the gunbearers had stood there as if in front of something conjured up by djinns. He watches Elizabeth come with the same stilling of the senses as he had that afternoon in the desert. When she gets closer, though, the dust, as it were, settles, and his wavering perspective returns to normal, there on the doorstep of his last, his favorite house, in the cold October night. He thinks of the unspoken bargain she has kept so magnificently for a woman of her age, for any woman, and he says to himself, Very well. He has studied nature too long to denigrate necessity. Then why the word thudding inside him, first like an appeal, then a pronouncement: "Never, never, never"? Never, then.

Laughter comes from behind him. His nephews to summon him have launched into the ribald student song from the other night. When Elizabeth reaches him he doesn't look anymore but takes her arm firmly, draws her inside, and shuts the door.

—ANDREA LEE

PROFILES

THE MOUNTAINS OF PI



GREGORY VOLFOVICH CHUDNOVSKY recently built a supercomputer in his apartment from mail-order parts. Gregory Chudnovsky is a number theorist. His apartment is situated near the top floor of a run-down building on the West Side of Manhattan, in a neighborhood near Columbia University. Not long ago, a human corpse was found dumped at the end of the block. The world's most powerful supercomputers include the Cray Y-MP C90, the Thinking Machines CM-5, the Hitachi S-820/80, the nCube, the Fujitsu parallel machine, the Kendall Square Research parallel machine, the NEC SX-3, the Touchstone Delta, and Gregory Chudnovsky's apartment. The apartment seems to be a kind of container for the supercomputer at least as much as it is a container for people.

Gregory Chudnovsky's partner in the design and construction of the supercomputer was his older brother, David Volfovich Chudnovsky, who is also a mathematician, and who lives five blocks away from Gregory. The Chudnovsky brothers call their machine m zero. It occupies the former living room of Gregory's apartment, and its tentacles reach into other rooms. The brothers claim that m zero is a "true, general-purpose supercomputer," and that it is as fast and powerful as a somewhat older Cray Y-MP, but it is not as fast as the latest of the Y-MP machines, the C90, an advanced supercomputer made by Cray Research. A Cray Y-MP C90 costs more than thirty million dollars. It is a black monolith, seven feet tall and eight feet across, in the shape of a squat cylinder, and is cooled by liquid freon. So far, the brothers have spent around seventy thousand dollars on parts for their supercomputer, and much of the money has come out of their wives' pockets.

Gregory Chudnovsky is thirty-nine years old, and he has a spare frame and a bony, handsome face. He has a long beard, streaked with gray, and dark, unruly hair, a wide forehead, and wide-spaced brown eyes. He walks in a slow, dragging shuffle, leaning on a bentwood cane, while his brother, David, typically holds him under one arm, to prevent him from toppling over. He has severe myasthenia gravis, an auto-immune disorder of the muscles. The symptoms, in his case, are muscular weakness and difficulty in breathing. "I have to lie in bed most of the time," Gregory once told me. His condition doesn't seem to be getting better, and doesn't seem to be getting worse. He developed the disease when he was twelve years old, in the city of Kiev, Ukraine, where he and David grew up. He spends his days sitting or lying on a bed heaped with pillows, in a bedroom down the hall from the room that houses the supercomputer. Gregory's bedroom is filled with paper; it contains at least a ton of paper. He calls the place his junk yard. The room faces east, and would be full of sunlight in the morning if he ever raised the shades, but he keeps them lowered, because light hurts his eyes.

You almost never meet one of the Chudnovsky brothers without the other. You often find the brothers conjoined, like Siamese twins, David holding Gregory by the arm or under the armpits. They complete each other's sentences and interrupt each other, but they don't look alike. While Gregory is thin and bearded, David has a stout body and a plump, clean-shaven face. He is in his early forties. Black-and-gray curly hair grows thickly on top of David's head, and he has heavy-lidded deep-blue eyes. He always wears a starched white shirt and, usually, a gray silk necktie in a foulard print. His tie rests on a bulging stomach.

The Chudnovskian supercomputer, m zero, burns two thousand watts of power, and it runs day and night. The brothers don't dare shut it down; if they did, it might die. At least twenty-five fans blow air through the machine to keep it cool; otherwise something might melt. Waste heat permeates Gregory's apartment, and the room that contains m zero climbs to a hundred degrees Fahrenheit in summer. The brothers keep the apartment's lights turned off as much as possible. If they switched on too many lights while m zero was running, they might blow the apartment's wiring. Gregory can't breathe city air without developing lung trouble, so he keeps the apartment's windows closed all the time, with air-conditioners running in them during the summer, but that doesn't seem to reduce the heat, and as the temperature rises inside the apartment the place can smell of cooking circuit boards, a sign that m zero is not well. A steady stream of boxes arrives by Federal Express, and an opposing stream of boxes flows back to mail-order houses, containing parts that have bombed, along with letters from the brothers demanding an exchange or their money back. The building superintendent doesn't know that the Chudnovsky brothers have been using a supercomputer in Gregory's apartment, and the brothers haven't expressed an eagerness to tell him.

The Chudnovskys, between them, have published a hundred and fifty-four papers and twelve books, mostly in collaboration with each other, and mostly on the subject of number theory or mathematical physics. They work together so closely that it is possible to argue that they are a single mathematician—anyway, it's what they claim. The brothers lived in Kiev until 1977, when they left the Soviet Union and, accompanied by their parents, went to France. The family lived there for six months, then emigrated to the United States and settled in New York; they have become American citizens.

The brothers enjoy an official relationship with Columbia University: Columbia calls them senior research scientists in the Department of Mathematics, but they don't have tenure and they don't teach students. They are really lone inventors, operating out of Gregory's apartment in what you might call the old-fashioned Russo-Yankee style. Their wives are doing well. Gregory's wife, Christine Pardo Chudnovsky, is an attorney with a midtown law firm. David's wife, Nicole Lannegrace, is a political-affairs officer at the United Nations. It is their salaries that help cover the funding needs of the brothers' supercomputing complex in Gregory and Christine's apartment. Malka Benjaminovna Chudnovsky, a retired engineer, who is Gregory and David's mother, lives in Gregory's apartment. David spends his days in Gregory's apartment, taking care of his brother, their mother, and m zero.

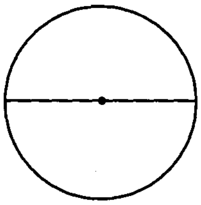
When the Chudnovskys applied to leave the Soviet Union, the fact that they are Jewish and mathematical attracted at least a dozen K.G.B. agents to their case. The brothers' father, Volf Grigorevich Chudnovsky, who was severely beaten by the K.G.B. in 1977, died of heart failure in 1985. Volf Chudnovsky was a professor of civil engineering at the Kiev Architectural Institute, and he specialized in the structural stability of buildings, towers, and bridges. He died in America, and not long before he died he constructed in Gregory's apartment a maze of bookshelves, his last work of civil engineering. The bookshelves extend into every corner of the apartment, and today they are packed with literature and computer books and books and papers on the subject of numbers. Since almost all numbers run to infinity (in digits) and are totally unexplored, an apartmentful of thoughts about numbers holds hardly any thoughts at all, even with a supercomputer on the premises to advance the work.

The brothers say that the "m" in "m zero" stands for "machine," and that they use a small letter to imply that the machine is a work in progress. They represent the name typographically as "m0." The "zero" stands for success. It implies a dark history of failure—three duds (in Gregory's apartment) that the brothers now refer to as negative three, negative two, and negative one. The brothers broke up the negative machines for scrap, got on the telephone, and waited for Federal Express to bring more parts.

M zero is a parallel supercomputer, a type of machine that has lately come to dominate the avant-garde in supercomputer architecture, because the design offers succulent possibilities for speed in solving problems. In a parallel machine, anywhere from half a dozen to thousands of processors work simultaneously on a problem, whereas in a so-called serial machine—a normal computer—the problem is solved one step at a time. "A serial machine is bound to be very slow, because the speed of the machine will be limited by the slowest part of it," Gregory said. "In a parallel machine, many circuits take on many parts of the problem at the same time." As of last week, m zero contained sixteen parallel processors, which ruminate around the clock on the Chudnovskys' problems.

The brothers' mail-order supercomputer makes their lives more convenient: m zero performs inhumanly difficult algebra, finding roots of gigantic systems of equations, and it has constructed colored images of the interior of Gregory Chudnovsky's body. According to the Chudnovskys, it could model the weather or make pictures of air flowing over a wing, if the brothers cared about weather or wings. What they care about is numbers. To them, numbers are more beautiful, more nearly perfect, possibly more complicated, and arguably more real than anything in the world of physical matter.

The brothers have lately been using m zero to explore the number pi. Pi, which is denoted by the Greek letter π, is the most famous ratio in mathematics, and is one of the most ancient numbers known to humanity. Pi is approximately 3.14—the number of times that a circle's diameter will fit around the circle. Here is a circle, with its diameter:



Pi goes on forever, and can't be calculated to perfect precision: 3.1415926535897932384626433832795028841971693993751. . . . This is known as the decimal expansion of pi. It is a bloody mess. No apparent pattern emerges in the succession of digits. The digits of pi march to infinity in a predestined yet unfathomable code: they do not repeat periodically, seeming to pop up by blind chance, lacking any perceivable order, rule, reason, or design—"random" integers, ad infinitum. If a deep and beautiful design hides in the digits of pi, no one knows what it is, and no one has ever been able to see it by staring at the digits. Among mathematicians, there is a nearly universal feeling that it will never be possible, in principle, for an inhabitant of our finite universe to discover the system in the digits of pi. But for the present, if you want to attempt it, you need a supercomputer to probe the endless scrap of leftover pi.

Before the Chudnovsky brothers built m zero, Gregory had to derive pi over the telephone network while lying in bed. It was inconvenient. Tapping at a small keyboard, which he sets on the blankets of his bed, he stares at a computer display screen on one of the bookshelves beside his bed. The keyboard and the screen are connected to Internet, a network that leads Gregory through cyberspace into the heart of a Cray somewhere else in the United States. He calls up a Cray through Internet and programs the machine to make an approximation of pi. The job begins to run, the Cray trying to estimate the number of times that the diameter of a circle goes around the periphery, and Gregory sits back on his pillows and waits, watching messages from the Cray flow across his display screen. He eats dinner with his wife and his mother and then, back in bed, he takes up a legal pad and a red felt-tip pen and plays with number theory, trying to discover hidden properties of numbers. Meanwhile, the Cray is reaching toward pi at a rate of a hundred million operations per second. Gregory dozes beside his computer screen. Once in a while, he asks the Cray how things are going, and the Cray replies that the job is still active. Night passes, the Cray running deep toward pi. Unfortunately, since the exact ratio of the circle's circumference to its diameter dwells at infinity, the Cray has not even begun to pinpoint pi. Abruptly, a message appears on Gregory's screen:

LINE IS
DISCONNECTED.

"What the hell is going on?" Gregory exclaims. It seems that the Cray has hung up the phone, and may have crashed. Once again, pi has demonstrated its ability to give a supercomputer a heart attack.

GOOD TIMES

Once good times meant
a grand hotel,
where John Barrymore,
in the luckless role
of a penniless aristocrat,

lay, one evening,
with a wound deep in his skull,

his celebrated profile
steeped in blood

and Greta Garbo,
a divine ballerina
and the love of his life,

kept struggling
valiantly to rearrange
her phantasmagorical chain
of misery and magic,

her face, in her boudoir,
silvery in its fever,
her throat luminous

and Joan Crawford,
a bouncy stenographer,
with a cigarette idly dangling
out of the corner of her sultry mouth,

kept appealing
to yet another wry twist of fate,
or, at least, the sympathetic care
of a common clerk,
Lionel Barrymore,
an old gentleman near to death

whose employer, Wallace Beery,
an industrial magnate
with the soul of a Junker
and the head of a bull,

spat on the floor
of our Art Deco bar, at our grand hotel,
in a righteous disgust . . .

All this, of course, was late in Berlin,
that oddly cosmopolitan city,
shortly before the arrival of Hitler,

and was the rosy
underside of the Threepenny Opera,

full of the bottomless glitter
of the Weimar Republic

and, maybe, as well,
of the swan song of a playboy,
svelte among the greenery
over by the Tiergarten,

and grown deaf to history . . .

The good times
we none of us
shall ever know again

like the limo
at the end of the tale

carrying away Garbo
to a horizon of ashes

her eyes as grievous and fearful
as her heart was cold and eternal

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

• •

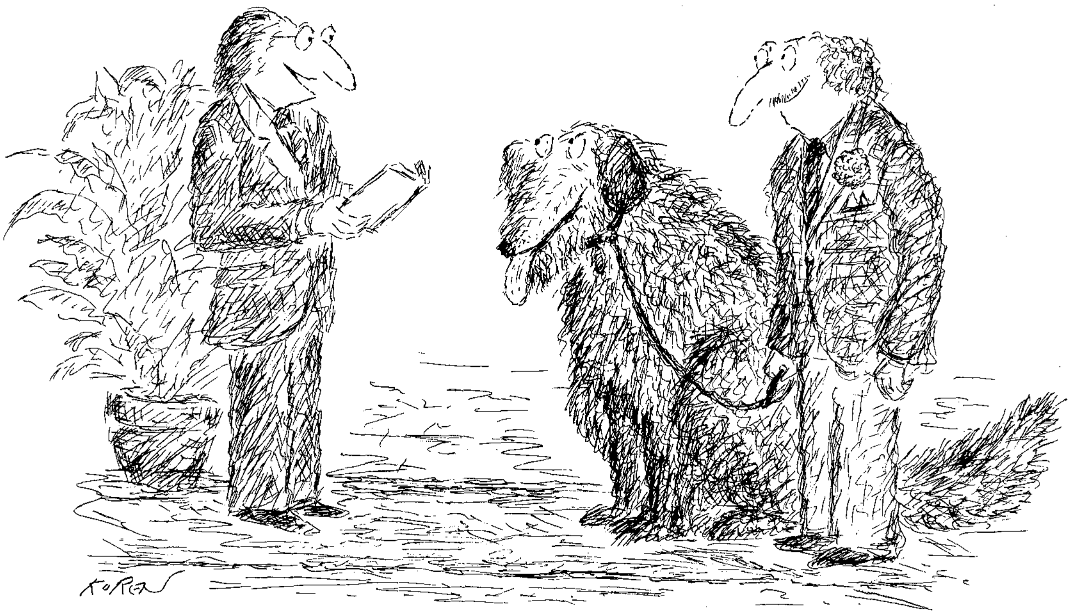
"MYASTHENIA GRAVIS is a funny thing," Gregory Chudnovsky said one day from his bed in the junk yard. "In a sense, I'm very lucky, because I'm alive, and I'm alive after so many years." He has a resonant voice and a Russian accent. "There is no standard prognosis. It sometimes strikes young women and older women. I wonder if it is some kind of sluggish virus."

It was a cold afternoon, and rain pelted the windows; the shades were drawn, as always. He lay against a heap of pillows, with his legs folded under him. He wore a tattered gray lamb's-wool sweater that had multiple patches on the elbows, and a starched white shirt, and baggy blue sweatpants, and a pair of handmade socks. I had never seen socks like Gregory's. They were two-tone socks, wrinkled and floppy, hand-sewn from pieces of dark-blue and pale-blue cloth, and they looked comfortable. They were the work of Malka Benjaminovna, his mother. Lines of computer code flickered on the screen beside his bed.

This was an apartment built for long voyages. The paper in the room was jammed into the bookshelves, from floor to ceiling. The brothers had wedged the paper, sheet by sheet, into manila folders, until the folders had grown as fat as melons. The paper also flooded two freestanding bookshelves (placed strategically around Gregory's bed), five chairs (three of them in a row beside his bed), two steamer trunks, and a folding cocktail table. I moved carefully around the room, fearful of triggering a paperslide, and sat on the room's one empty chair, facing the foot of Gregory's bed, my knees touching the blanket. The paper was piled in three-foot stacks on the chairs. It guarded his bed like the flanking towers of a fortress, and his bed sat at the center of the keep. I sensed a profound happiness in Gregory Chudnovsky's bedroom. His happiness, it occurred to me later, sprang from the delicious melancholy of a life chained to a bed in a disordered world that breaks open through the portals of mathematics

into vistas beyond time or decay.

"The system of this paper is archeological," he said. "By looking at a slice, I know the year. This slice is 1986. Over here is some 1985. What you see in this room is our working papers, as well as the papers we used as references for them. Some of the references we pull out once in a while to look at, and then we leave them somewhere else, in another pile. Once, we had to make a Xerox copy of a book three times, and we put it in three different places in the piles, so we would be sure to find it when we needed it. Unfortunately, once we put a book into one of these piles we almost never go back to look for it. There are books in there by Kipling and Macaulay. Actually, when we want to find a book it's easier to go back to the library. Eh, this place is a mess. Eventually, these papers or my wife will turn me out of the house."



"Do you, Daisy, promise to love, honor, and, in particular, obey Mr. Singer? To beg, sit, stay, heel, and roll over until death do you part?"

• •

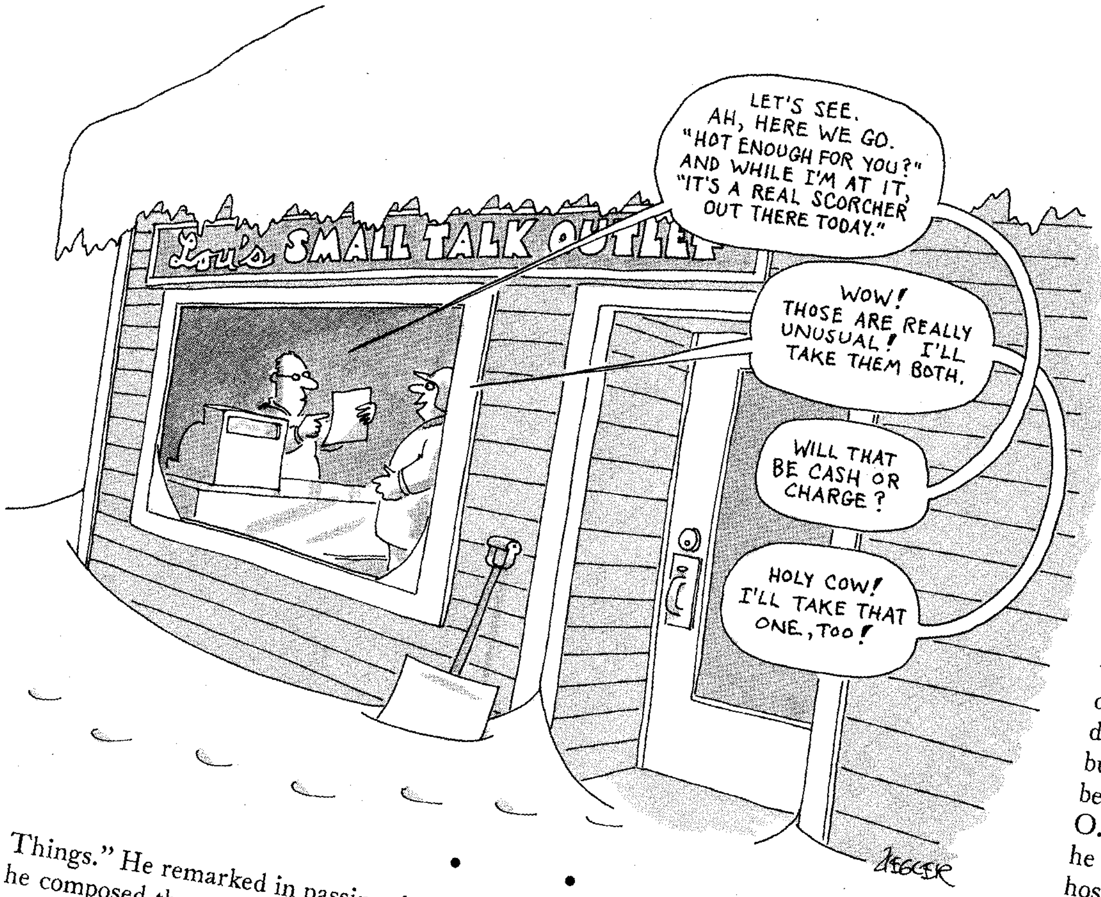
Much of the paper consists of legal pads covered with Gregory's handwriting. His holograph is dense and careful, a flawless minuscule written with a red felt-tip pen—a mixture of theorems, calculations, proofs, and conjectures concerning numbers. He uses a felt-tip pen because he doesn't have enough strength in his hand to press a pencil on paper. Mathematicians who have visited Gregory Chudnovsky's bedroom have come away dizzy, wondering what secrets the scriptorium may hold. Some say he has published most of his work, while others wonder if his bedroom holds unpublished discoveries. He cautiously refers to his steamer trunks as valises. They are filled to the lids with compressed paper. When Gregory and David used to fly to Europe to speak at conferences, they took both "valises" with them, in case they needed to refer to a theorem, and the baggage particularly annoyed the Belgians. "The Belgians were always fining us for being overweight," Gregory said.

Pi is by no means the only unexplored number in the Chudnovskys' inventory, but it is one that interests them very much. They wonder whether the digits contain a hidden rule, an as yet unseen architecture, close to the mind of God. A subtle and fantastic order may appear in the digits of pi way out there somewhere; no one knows. No one has ever proved, for example, that pi does not turn into nothing but nines and zeros, spattered to infinity in some peculiar arrangement. If we were to explore the digits of pi far enough, they might resolve into a breathtaking numerical pattern, as knotty as "The Book of Kells," and it might mean something. It might be a small but interesting message from God, hidden in the crypt of the circle, awaiting notice by a mathematician. On the other hand, the digits of pi may ramble forever in a hideous cacophony, which is a kind of absolute perfection to a mathematician like Gregory Chudnovsky. Pi looks "monstrous" to him. "We know absolutely *nothing* about pi," he declared from his bed. "What the hell does it mean? The definition of pi is really very simple—it's just the ratio of the circumference to the diameter—but the complexity of the sequence it spits out in digits is really unbelievable. We have a sequence of digits that looks like gibberish."

"Maybe in the eyes of God pi looks perfect," David said, standing in a corner of the room, his head and shoulders visible above towers of paper.

Pi, or π, has had various names through the ages, and all of them are either words or abstract symbols, since pi is a number that can't be shown completely and exactly in any finite form of representation. Pi is a transcendental number. A transcendental number is a number that exists but can't be expressed in any finite series of either arithmetical or algebraic operations. For example, if you try to express pi as the solution to an equation you will find that the equation goes on forever. Expressed in digits, pi extends into the distance as far as the eye can see, and the digits never repeat periodically, as do the digits of a rational number. Pi slips away from all rational methods used to locate it. Pi is a transcendental number because it transcends the power of algebra to display it in its totality. Ferdinand Lindemann, a German mathematician, proved the transcendence of pi in 1882; he proved, in effect, that pi can't be written on a piece of paper, not even on a piece of paper as big as the universe. In a manner of speaking, pi is indescribable and can't be found.

Pi possibly first entered human consciousness in Egypt. The earliest known reference to pi occurs in a Middle Kingdom papyrus scroll, written around 1650 B.C. by a scribe named Ahmes. Showing a restrained appreciation for his own work that is not uncommon in a mathematician, Ahmes began his scroll with the words "The Entrance Into the Knowledge of All Existing


Lou's SMALL TALK OUTLET
LET'S SEE. AH, HERE WE GO. "HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?" AND WHILE I'M AT IT, "IT'S A REAL SCORCHER OUT THERE TODAY."
WOW! THOSE ARE REALLY UNUSUAL! I'LL TAKE THEM BOTH.
WILL THAT BE CASH OR CHARGE?
HOLY COW! I'LL TAKE THAT ONE, TOO!
ZIEGLER

Things.” He remarked in passing that he composed the scroll “in likeness to writings made of old,” and then he led his readers through various mathematical problems and their solutions, along several feet of papyrus, and toward the end of the scroll he found the area of a circle, using a rough sort of pi.

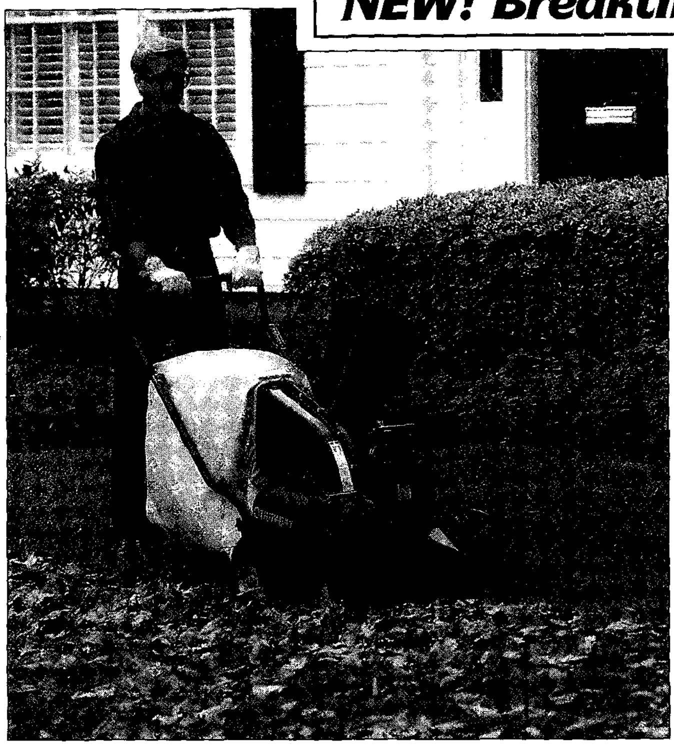
Around 200 B.C., Archimedes of Syracuse found that pi is somewhere between $3\,\frac{10}{71}$ and $3\,\frac{1}{7}$—that's about 3.14. (The Greeks didn't use decimals.) Archimedes had no special term for pi, calling it “the perimeter to the diameter.” By in effect approximating pi to two places after the decimal point, Archimedes narrowed the known value of pi to one part in a hundred. There knowledge of pi bogged down until the seventeenth century, when new formulas for approximating pi were discovered. Pi then came to be called the Ludolphian number, after Ludolph van Ceulen, a German mathematician who approximated it to thirty-five decimal places, or one part in a hundred million billion billion billion—a calculation that took Ludolph most of his life to accomplish, and gave him such satisfaction that he had the digits engraved on his tombstone, at the Ladies' Church in Leiden, in the Netherlands. Ludolph and his tombstone were later moved to Peter's Church in Leiden, to be installed in a special graveyard for professors, and from there the stone vanished, possibly to be turned into a sidewalk slab. Somewhere in Leiden, people may be walking over Ludolph's digits. The Germans still call pi the Ludolphian number. In the eighteenth century, Leonhard Euler, mathematician to Catherine the Great, called it *p* or *c*. The first person to use the Greek letter π for the number was William Jones, an English mathematician, who coined it in 1706 for his book “A New Introduction to the Mathematics.” Euler read the book and switched to using the symbol π, and the number has remained π ever since. Jones probably meant π to stand for the English word “periphery.”

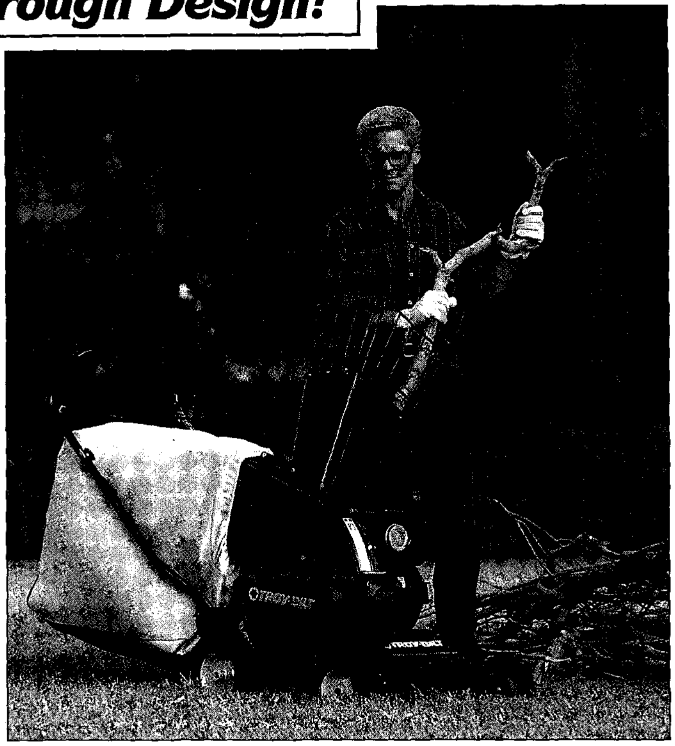
Physicists have noted the ubiquity of pi in nature. Pi is obvious in the disks of the moon and the sun. The double helix of DNA revolves around pi. Pi hides in the rainbow, and sits in the pupil of the eye, and when a raindrop falls into water pi emerges in the spreading rings. Pi can be found in waves and ripples and spectra of all kinds, and therefore pi occurs in colors and music. Pi has lately turned up in superstrings, the hypothetical loops of energy vibrating inside subatomic particles. Pi occurs naturally in tables of death, in what is known as a Gaussian distribution of deaths in a population; that is, when a person dies, the event “feels” the Ludolphian number.

It is one of the great mysteries why nature seems to know mathematics. No one can suggest why this necessarily has to be so. Eugene Wigner, the physicist, once said, “The miracle of the appropriateness of the language of mathematics for the formulation of the laws of physics is a wonderful gift which we neither understand nor deserve.” We may not understand pi or deserve it, but nature at least seems to be aware of it, as Captain O. C. Fox learned while he was recovering in a hospital from a wound sustained in the American Civil War. Having nothing better to do with his time than lie in bed and derive pi, Captain Fox spent a few weeks tossing pieces of fine steel wire onto a wooden board ruled with parallel lines. The wires fell randomly across the lines in such a way that pi emerged in the statistics. After throwing his wires eleven hundred times, Captain Fox was able to derive pi to two places after the decimal point, to 3.14. If he had had a thousand years to recover from his wound, he might have derived pi to perhaps another decimal place. To go deeper into pi, you need a powerful machine.

The race toward pi happens in cyberspace, inside supercomputers. In 1949, George Reitwiesner, at the Ballistic Research Laboratory, in Maryland, derived pi to two thousand and thirty-seven decimal places with the ENIAC, the first general-purpose electronic digital computer. Working at the same laboratory, John von Neumann (one of the inventors of the ENIAC) searched those digits for signs of order, but found nothing he could put his finger on. A decade later, Daniel Shanks and John W. Wrench, Jr., approximated pi to a hundred thousand decimal places with an I.B.M. 7090 mainframe computer, and saw nothing. The race continued desultorily, through hundreds of thousands of digits,

NEW! Breakthrough Design!





NOW...RECYCLE LEAVES, LIMBS & YARD DEBRIS...AS YOU WALK!

Introducing The Revolutionary New TROY-BILT® Chipper/Vac!

It's here! Total yard debris recycling — all from one machine! No more raking. No more pile-making. No more bagging. You simply walk behind this revolutionary new machine to pick up, shred and bag lawn clippings, leaves, sticks, etc. *without ever touching the debris*! Plus, the chipper accepts limbs and branches up to 3½" thick — no more tedious and time-consuming hand-feeding!

NEW PRODUCT
ANNOUNCEMENT
FROM TROY-BILT

Recycled yard debris is automatically bagged and ready to use as an attractive garden and landscaping mulch.

Now You Can Collect, Compact & Bag Your Yard Debris...Automatically!

It's as easy as mowing your lawn! Yard debris is vacuumed into the advanced new shredding chamber where it is automatically reduced to one-eighth its original volume, then instantly bagged, for easy, one-step collection!

TROY-BILT®

An American Legend Caring For The Land™

PLUS...Have All The Free Landscaping Mulch You Can Use!

Next to your lawn mower, this is the only machine you need for *complete* yard maintenance! It not only cleans up your entire lawn and garden areas, but it recycles your yard debris into valuable mulch and compost to spread around your garden and landscape plantings. You give your entire place a "professionally landscaped" look at a fraction of the cost!

FREE CATALOG! CALL TOLL-FREE:

1-800-643-5252

Dept. 3517

THE TROY-BILT® CHIPPER/VAC CATALOG

TROY-BILT Mfg. Co.
Dept. A3517
102nd St. and 9th Ave.
Troy, N.Y. 12180

☐**YES!** Please rush me information on the revolutionary New TROY-BILT® Chipper/Vac, including Models, Specs, and special Sale Prices now in effect! **3 76**

Name________________________

Address______________________

City__________________________

State/Zip______________________

Also Available in Canada © 1992 Garden Way Inc.

until 1981, when Yasumasa Kanada, the head of a team of computer scientists at Tokyo University, used a NEC supercomputer, a Japanese machine, to compute two million digits of pi. People were astonished that anyone would bother to do it, but that was only the beginning of the affair. In 1984, Kanada and his team got sixteen million digits of pi, noticing nothing remarkable. A year later, William Gosper, a mathematician and distinguished hacker employed at Symbolics, Inc., in Sunnyvale, California, computed pi to seventeen and a half million decimal places with a Symbolics workstation, beating Kanada's team by a million digits. Gosper saw nothing of interest.

The next year, David H. Bailey, at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, used a Cray 2 supercomputer and a formula discovered by two brothers, Jonathan and Peter Borwein, to scoop twenty-nine million digits of pi. Bailey found nothing unusual. A year after that, in 1987, Yasumasa Kanada and his team got a hundred and thirty-four million digits of pi, using a NEC SX-2 supercomputer. They saw nothing of interest. In 1988, Kanada kept going, past two hundred million digits, and saw further amounts of nothing. Then, in the spring of 1989, the Chudnovsky brothers (who had not previously been known to have any interest in calculating pi) suddenly announced that they had obtained four hundred and eighty million digits of pi—a world record—using supercomputers at two sites in the United States, and had seen nothing. Kanada and his team were a little surprised to learn of unknown competition operating in American cyberspace, and they got on a Hitachi supercomputer and ripped through five hundred and thirty-six million digits, beating the Chudnovksys, setting a new world record, and seeing nothing. The brothers kept calculating and soon cracked a billion digits, but Kanada's restless boys and their Hitachi then nosed into a little *more* than a billion digits. The Chudnovskys pressed onward, too, and by the fall of 1989 they had squeaked past Kanada again, having computed pi to one billion one hundred and thirty million one hundred and sixty thousand six hundred and sixty-four decimal places, without finding anything special. It was another world record. At that point, the brothers gave up, out of boredom.

If a billion decimals of pi were printed in ordinary type, they would stretch from New York City to the middle of Kansas. This notion raises the question: What is the point of computing pi from New York to Kansas? The question has indeed been asked among mathematicians, since an expansion of pi to only forty-seven decimal places would be sufficiently precise to inscribe a circle around the visible universe that doesn't deviate from perfect circularity by more than the distance across a single proton. A billion decimals of pi go so far beyond that kind of precision, into such a lunacy of exactitude, that physicists will never need to use the quantity in any experiment—at least, not for any physics we know of today—and the thought of a billion decimals of pi oppresses even some mathematicians, who declare the Chudnovskys' effort trivial. I once asked Gregory if a certain impression I had of mathematicians was true, that they spent immoderate amounts of time declaring each other's work trivial. "It is true," he admitted. "There is actually a reason for this. Because once you know the solution to a problem it usually is trivial."

Gregory did the calculation from his bed in New York, working through cyberspace on a Cray 2 at the Minnesota Supercomputer Center, in Minneapolis, and on an I.B.M. 3090-VF supercomputer at the I.B.M. Thomas J. Watson Research Center, in Yorktown Heights, New York. The calculation triggered some dramatic crashes, and took half a year, because the brothers could get time on the supercomputers only in bits and pieces, usually during holidays and in the dead of night. It was also quite expensive—the use of the Cray cost them seven hundred and fifty dollars an hour, and the money came from the National Science Foundation. By the time of this agony, the brothers had concluded that it would be cheaper and more convenient to build a supercomputer in Gregory's apartment. Then they could crash their own machine all they wanted, while they opened doors in the house of numbers. The brothers planned to compute *two* billion digits of pi on their new machine—to try to double their old world record. They thought it would be a good way to test their supercomputer: a maiden voyage into pi would put a terrible strain on their machine, might blow it up. Presuming that their machine wouldn't overheat or strangle on digits, they planned to search the huge resulting string of pi for signs of hidden order. If what the Chudnovsky brothers have seen in the Ludolphian number is a message from God, the brothers aren't sure what God is trying to say.

ON a cold winter day, when the Chudnovskys were about to begin their two-billion-digit expedition into pi, I rang the bell of Gregory Chudnovsky's apartment, and David answered the door. He pulled the door open a few inches, and then it stopped, jammed against an empty cardboard box and a wad of hanging coats. He nudged the box out of the way with his foot. "Look, don't worry," he said. "Nothing *unpleasant* will happen to you. We will not turn *you* into digits." A Mini Mag-Lite flashlight protruded from his shirt pocket.

We were standing in a long, dark hallway. The lights were off, and it was hard to see anything. To try to find something in Gregory's apartment is like spelunking; that was the reason for David's flashlight. The hall is lined on both sides with bookshelves, and they hold a mixture of paper and books. The shelves leave a passage about two feet wide down the length of the hallway. At the end of the hallway is a French door, its mullioned glass covered with translucent paper, and it glowed.

The apartment's rooms are strung out along the hallway. We passed a bathroom and a bedroom. The bedroom belonged to Malka Benjaminovna Chudnovsky. We passed a cave of paper, Gregory's junk yard. We passed a small kitchen, our feet rolling on computer cables. David opened the French door, and we entered the room of the supercomputer. A bare light bulb burned in a ceiling fixture. The room contained seven display screens: two of them were filled with numbers; the others were turned off. The windows were closed and the shades were drawn. Gregory Chudnovsky sat on a chair facing the screens. He wore the usual outfit—a tattered and patched lamb's-wool sweater, a starched white shirt, blue sweatpants, and the hand-stitched two-tone socks. From his toes trailed

The little ray and the schools of kids

At the end of the pier in Manhattan Beach, California, lies a rather unusual school. One of the favorite teachers has gills. And every year she gives over ten thousand kids a lesson in underwater life not available from any textbook. Recently, however, the Roundhouse Marine Studies Lab needed a temporary home. So people from a nearby refinery made room and built them one. So schools of kids could keep studying schools of fish. Do people believe learning about nature leads to caring about nature?

People Do.

Chevron

For more information, write: People Do-R, P.O. Box 7753,
San Francisco, CA 94120.

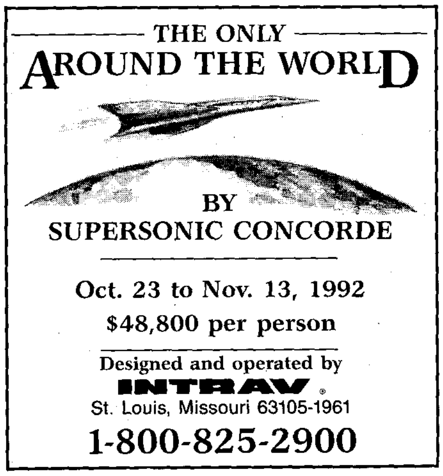
TRY A LITTLE Tenderness!

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS,
each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just $29.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

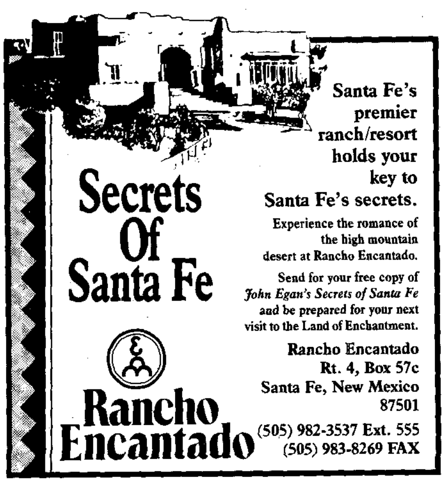
OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 3/31/92
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)

Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. AD2031 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127


THE ONLY
AROUND THE WORLD
BY
SUPERSONIC CONCORDE

Oct. 23 to Nov. 13, 1992
$48,800 per person

Designed and operated by
INTRAV®
St. Louis, Missouri 63105-1961
1-800-825-2900


Secrets Of Santa Fe

Santa Fe's premier ranch/resort holds your key to Santa Fe's secrets.

Experience the romance of the high mountain desert at Rancho Encantado.

Send for your free copy of John Egan's Secrets of Santa Fe and be prepared for your next visit to the Land of Enchantment.

Rancho Encantado
Rt. 4, Box 57c
Santa Fe, New Mexico
87501
(505) 982-3537 Ext. 555
(505) 983-8269 FAX

a pair of heelless leather slippers. His cane was hooked over his shoulder, hung there for convenience. I shook his hand. "Our first goal is to compute pi," he said. "For that we have to build our own computer."

"We are a full-service company," David said. "Of course, you know what 'full-service' means in New York. It means 'You want it? You do it yourself.' "

A steel frame stood in the center of the room, screwed together with bolts. It held split shells of mail-order personal computers—cheap P.C. clones, knocked wide open, like cracked walnuts, their meat spilling all over the place. The brothers had crammed special logic boards inside the personal computers. Red lights on the boards blinked. The floor was a quagmire of cables.

The brothers had also managed to fit into the room masses of empty cardboard boxes, and lots of books (Russian classics, with Cyrillic lettering on their spines), and screwdrivers, and data-storage tapes, and software manuals by the cubic yard, and stalagmites of obscure trade magazines, and a twenty-thousand-dollar computer workstation that the brothers no longer used. ("We use it as a place to stack paper," Gregory said.) From an oval photograph on the wall, the face of their late father—a robust man, squinting thoughtfully—looked down on the scene. The walls and the French door were covered with sheets of drafting paper showing circuit diagrams. They resembled cities seen from the air: the brothers had big plans for m zero. Computer disk drives stood around the room. The drives hummed, and there was a continuous whirr of fans, and a strong warmth emanated from the equipment, as if a steam radiator were going in the room. The brothers heat their apartment largely with chips.

Gregory said, "Our knowledge of pi was barely in the millions of digits—"

"We need many billions of digits," David said. "Even a billion digits is a drop in the bucket. Would you like a Coca-Cola?" He went into the kitchen, and there was a horrible crash. "Never mind, I broke a glass," he called. "Look, it's not a problem." He came out of the kitchen carrying a glass of Coca-Cola on a tray, with a paper napkin under the glass, and as he handed it to me he urged me to hold it tightly, because a Coca-Cola spilled into— He didn't want to think about it; it would set back the project by months. He said, "Galileo had to build his telescope—"

"Because he couldn't afford the Dutch model," Gregory said.

"And we have to build our machine, because we have—"

"No money," Gregory said. "When people let us use their computer, it's always done as a kindness." He grinned and pinched his finger and thumb together. "They say, 'You can use it as long as nobody *complains*.' "

I asked the brothers when they planned to build their supercomputer.

They burst out laughing. "You are sitting inside it!" David roared.

"Tell us how a supercomputer should look," Gregory said.

I started to describe a Cray to the brothers.

David turned to his brother and said, "The interviewer answers our questions. It's Pirandello! The interviewer becomes a person in the story." David turned to me and said, "The problem is, you should change your thinking. If I were to put inside this Cray a chopped-meat machine, you wouldn't know it was a meat chopper."

"Unless you saw chopped meat coming out of it. Then you'd suspect it wasn't a Cray," Gregory said, and the brothers cackled.

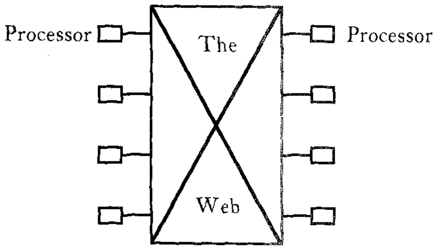
"In ten years, a Cray will fit in your pocket," David said.

Supercomputers are evolving incredibly fast. The notion of what a supercomputer is and what it can do changes from year to year, if not from month to month, as new machines arise. The definition of a supercomputer is simply this: one of the fastest and most powerful scientific computers in the world, for its time. The power of a supercomputer is revealed, generally speaking, in its ability to solve tough problems. A Cray Y-MP8, running at its peak working speed, can perform more than two billion floating-point operations per second. Floating-point operations—or flops, as they are called—are a standard measure of speed. Since a Cray Y-MP8 can hit two and a half billion flops, it is considered to be a gigaflop supercomputer. Giga (from the Greek for "giant") means a billion. Like all supercomputers, a Cray often cruises along significantly below its peak working speed. (There is a heated controversy in the supercomputer industry over how to measure the typical working performance of any given supercomputer, and there are many claims and counterclaims.) A Cray is a so-called vector-processing machine, but that design is going out of fashion. Cray Research has announced that next year it will begin selling an even more powerful parallel machine.

"Our machine is a gigaflop supercomputer," David Chudnovsky told me. "The working speed of our machine is from two hundred million flops to two gigaflops—roughly in the range of a Cray Y-MP8. We can probably go faster than a Y-MP8, but we don't want to get too specific about it."

M zero is not the only ultrapowerful silicon engine to gleam in the Chudnovskian œuvre. The brothers recently fielded a supercomputer named Little Fermat, which they designed with Monty Denneau, an I.B.M. supercomputer architect, and Saed Younis, a graduate student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Younis did the grunt work: he mapped out circuits containing more than fifteen thousand connections and personally plugged in some five thousand chips. Little Fermat is seven feet tall, and sits inside a steel frame in a laboratory at M.I.T., where it considers numbers.

What m zero consists of is a group of high-speed processors linked by cables (which cover the floor of the room). The cables form a network of connections among the processors—a web. Gregory sketched on a piece of paper the layout of the machine. He drew a box and put an "x" through it, to show the web, or network, and he attached some processors to the web:



"Each processor is connected to a high-speed switching network that connects it to all the others," he said. "It's like a telephone network—everybody is talking to everybody else. As far as I know, no one except us has built a machine that has this type of web. In other parallel machines, the processors are connected only to near neighbors, while they have to talk to more distant processors through intervening processors. Think of a phone system: it wouldn't be very pleasant if you had to talk to distant people by sending them messages through your neighbors. But the truth is that nobody really knows how the hell parallel machines should perform, or the best design for them. Right now we have eight processors. We plan to have two hundred and fifty-six processors. We will be able to fit them into the apartment."

He said that each processor had its own memory attached to it, so that each processor was in fact a separate computer. After a processor was fed some data and had got a result, it could send the result through the web to another processor. The brothers wrote the machine's application software in FORTRAN, a programming language that is "a dinosaur from the late fifties," Gregory said, adding, "There is always new life in this dinosaur." The software can break a problem into pieces, sending the pieces to the machine's different processors. "It's the principle of divide and conquer," Gregory said. He said that it was very hard to know what exactly was happening in the web when the machine was running—that the web seemed to have a life of its own.

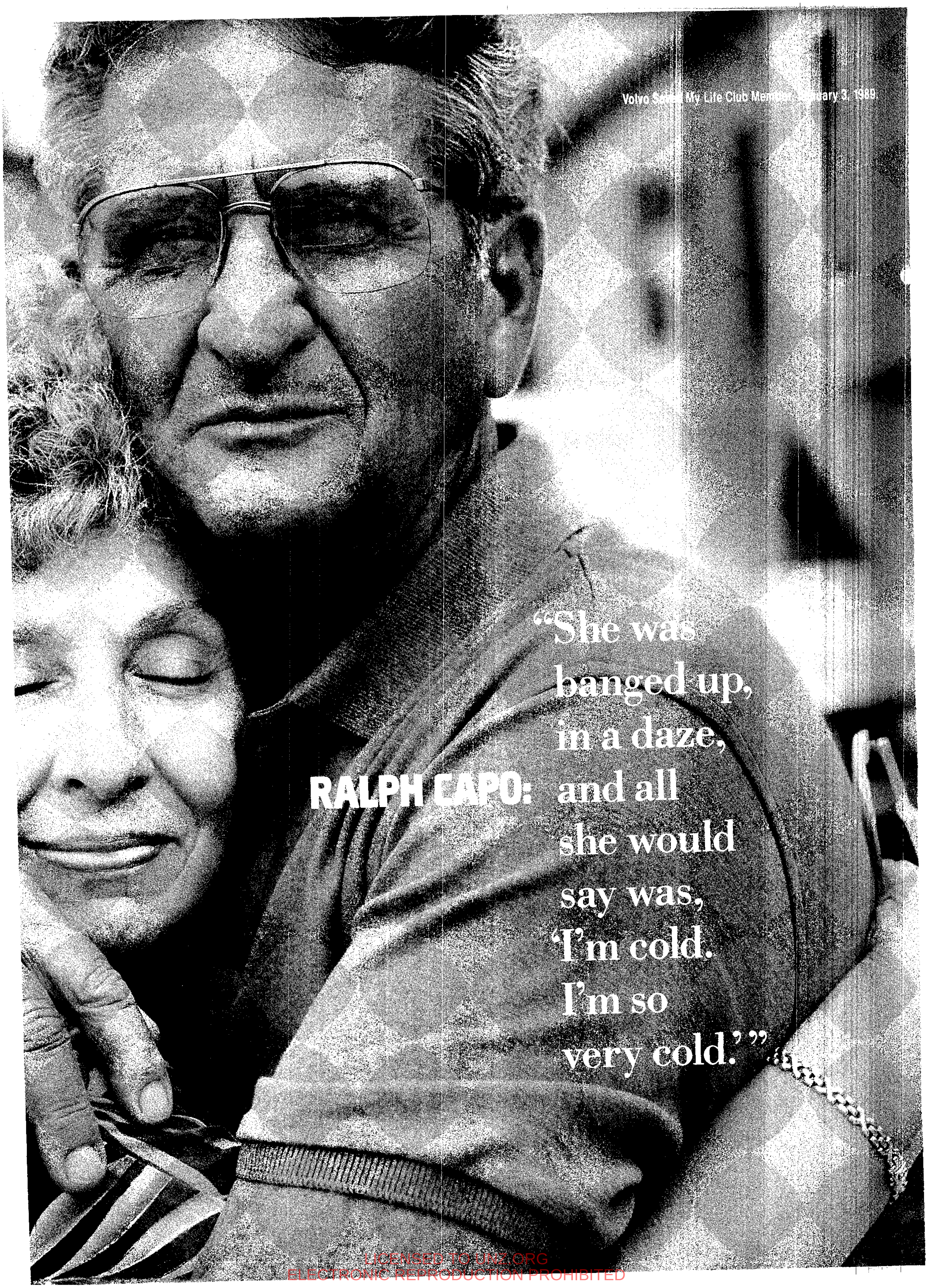
"Our machine is mostly made of connections," David said. "About ninety per cent of its volume is cables. Your brain is the same way. It is mostly made of connections. If I may say so, your brain is a liquid-cooled parallel supercomputer." He pointed to his nose. "This is the fan."

The design of the web is the key element in the Chudnovskian architecture. Behind the web hide several new findings in number theory, which the Chudnovskys have not yet published. The brothers would not disclose to me the exact shape of the web, or the discoveries behind it, claiming that they needed to protect their competitive edge in a worldwide race to develop faster supercomputers. "Anyone with a hundred million dollars and brains could be our competitor," David said dryly.

The Chudnovskys have formidable competitors. Thinking Machines Corporation, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, sells massively parallel supercomputers. The price of the latest model, the CM-5, starts at one million four hundred thousand dollars and goes up from there. If you had a hundred million dollars, you could order a CM-5 that would be an array of black monoliths the size of a Burger King, and it would burn enough electricity to light up a neighborhood. Seymour Cray is another competitor of the brothers, as it were. He invented the original Cray series of supercomputers, and is now the head of the Cray Computer Corporation, a spinoff from Cray Research. Seymour Cray has been working to develop his Cray 3 for several years. His company's effort has recently been troubled by engineering delays and defections of potential customers, but if the machine ever is released to customers it may be an octagon about four feet tall and four feet across, and it will burn more than two hundred thousand watts. It would melt instantly if its cooling system were to fail.

Then, there's the Intel Corporation. Intel, together with a consortium of federal agencies, has invested more than twenty-seven million dollars in the Touchstone Delta, a five-foot-high, fifteen-foot-long parallel supercomputer that sits in a computer room at Caltech. The machine consumes twenty-five thousand watts of power, and is kept from overheating by chilled air flowing through its core. One day, I called Paul Messina, a Caltech research scientist, who is the head of the Touchstone Delta project, to get his opinion of the Chudnovsky brothers. It turned out that Messina hadn't heard of them. As for their claim to have built a pi-computing gigaflop supercomputer out of mail-order parts for around seventy thousand dollars, he flatly believed it. "It can be done, definitely," Messina said. "Of course, seventy thousand dollars is just the cost of the components. The Chudnovskys are counting very little of their human time."

Yasumasa Kanada, the brothers' pi rival at Tokyo University, uses a Hitachi S-820/80 supercomputer that is believed to be considerably faster than a Cray Y-MP8, and it burns close to half a million watts—half a megawatt, practically enough power to melt steel. The Chudnovsky brothers particularly hoped to leave Kanada and his Hita-


Volvo Saved My Life Club Member. January 3, 1989.
RALPH CAPO:
"She was banged up, in a daze, and all she would say was, 'I'm cold. I'm so very cold.'"

It was raining and raining quite heavily.

It had been raining for some time as Ralph and Helen Capo made the long drive back from a vacation in Las Vegas to their home in El Segundo, California.

"We have some property out in Lancaster and we stopped by to check it on the way back," Ralph Capo begins, "We were driving back on Highway 14 just outside of Los Angeles."

The L.A. Police report says that at 3:50 PM on January 3, 1989, a pick-up truck with bald tires, driven by an unlicensed and uninsured driver, lost control and, hydroplaning across three lanes and a center divider, hit the Capo's Volvo 240 sedan travelling in the opposite direction.

The impact sent the Capos into the path of a tractor trailer which rear-ended their car, slamming it farther down the road into a ditch.

"I saw that pick-up coming across at me and there was nothing I could do but hit him broadside," Ralph Capo remembers, "I looked at him, he looked at me. His eyes were wide open. We both knew exactly what was going to happen."

The first impact was so severe the front of the Capo Volvo 240 crumpled right up to the passenger compartment. So severe, the pick-up, after hitting the Capo Volvo, ricocheted all the way back across the road, across the center divider, finally coming to rest in the far breakdown lane on the same side of the highway it had started.

The tractor trailer ("I didn't even know we were hit twice until after.") annihilated the trunk of the Volvo. Yet again, as in the first impact, there was considerable damage only up to the steel reinforced passenger section.

"After the accident, my first thoughts were of my wife. Was she okay, was she all right?"

Helen Capo was reading a paperback book as her husband was driving. Upon impact, both their heads hit together, the frame of his glasses cutting her forehead.

"She was banged up and dazed, she must have been in shock a little bit," he says. "When I ran around to the other side to help her, all she would say was, 'I'm cold, I'm so very cold.'"

Helen Capo was treated at Palmdale Medical Center and released. The driver of the pick-up truck, the Capos would find out later, died from the injuries sustained in the impact.

"The anger came afterwards. Not at anyone in particular, but at the hopelessness of the situation. No license. No insurance. Tires bald. And now a man was dead. How much worse could it be?"

Each year, over 40,000 Americans die in traffic accidents. To put this in perspective, over 57,000 Americans died in the nine years of the Vietnam War.

Yet how many people list safety as the major concern when purchasing a new car? One has to ask, what does it take to change people's priorities?

"I still wake up at night and I can see that man's face," says Ralph Capo, "that moment, that image is still very vivid. It changes you, it changes you in ways you cannot imagine."

No car manufacturer can guarantee you won't get injured or killed in a car accident. But what can be said is the car you drive can affect how well you and your passengers survive an accident.

When the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety released a study analyzing occupant death rates in thousands of accidents, they found death rates vary among makes and models as much as 800%. In that April, 1991 study (134 biggest selling 1984-88 models during 1985-89 calendar years), they found the car with the lowest fatality rate was the Volvo 240 wagon. Each year the IIHS has been analyzing accident statistics, Volvo has been at the top or near the top in their respective model categories.

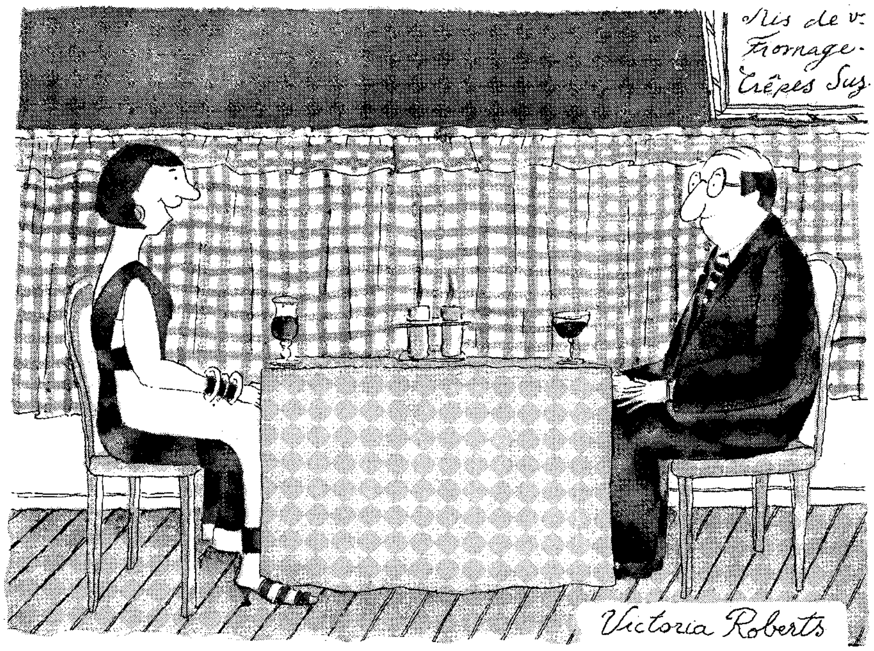
Ralph and Helen Capo have been married for over 40 years. They have three sons and two grandchildren. In most ways, they are not different from any of us. They've worked hard, raised a family. They're the kind of people nothing bad happens to, or should happen to.

Herein, hopefully lies the lesson.

"I drove for 40 years in my job. I taught driving at work. I never thought anything like this would happen. I'm a good driver."

Drive safely. **VOLVO**

'2. Volvo North America Corporation. Drive Safely is a trademark of Volvo North America Corporation.



"There are some strings. They're just not attached."

• •

chi in the dust with their mail-order funny car.

"We want to test our hardware," Gregory said.

"Pi is the best stress test for a supercomputer," David said.

"We also want to find out what makes pi different from other numbers. It's a business."

"Galileo saw the moons of Jupiter through his telescope, and he tried to figure out the laws of gravity by looking at the moons, but he couldn't," David said. "With pi, we are at the stage of looking at the moons of Jupiter." He pulled his Mini Mag-Lite flashlight out of his pocket and shone it into a bookshelf, rooted through some file folders, and handed me a color photograph of pi. "This is a piscape," he said. The photograph showed a mountain range in cyberspace: bony peaks and ridges cut by valleys. The mountains and valleys were splashed with colors—yellow, green, orange, violet, and blue. It was the first eight million digits of pi, mapped as a fractal landscape by an I.B.M. GF-11 supercomputer at Yorktown Heights, which Gregory had programmed from his bed. Apart from its vivid colors, pi looks like the Himalayas.

Gregory thought that the mountains of pi seemed to contain structure. "I see something systematic in this landscape, but it may be just an attempt by the brain to translate some random visual pattern into order," he said. As he gazed into the nature beyond nature, he wondered if he stood close to a revelation about the circle and its diameter. "Any very high hill in this picture, or any flat plateau, or deep valley, would be a sign of *something* in pi," he said. "There are slight variations from randomness in this landscape. There are fewer peaks and valleys than you would expect if pi were truly random, and the peaks and valleys tend to stay high or low a little longer than you'd expect." In a manner of speaking, the mountains of pi looked to him as if they'd been molded by the hand of the Nameless One, *Deus absconditus* (the hidden God), but he couldn't really express in words what he thought he saw and, to his great frustration, he couldn't express it in the language of mathematics, either.

"Exploring pi is like exploring the universe," David remarked.

"It's more like exploring underwater," Gregory said. "You are in the mud, and everything looks the same. You need a flashlight. Our computer is the flashlight."

David said, "Gregory—I think, really—you are getting tired."

A fax machine in a corner beeped and emitted paper. It was a message from a hardware dealer in Atlanta. David tore off the paper and stared at it. "They didn't ship it! I'm going to kill them! This a service economy. Of course, you know what that means—the service is terrible."

"We collect price quotes by fax," Gregory said.

"It's a horrible thing. Window-shopping in supercomputerland. We can't buy everything—"

"Because everything won't *exist*," Gregory said.

"We only want to build a machine to compute a few transcendental numbers—"

"Because we are not licensed for transcendental meditation," Gregory said.

"Look, we are getting nutty," David said.

"We are not the only ones," Gregory said. "We are getting an average of one letter a month from someone or other who is trying to prove Fermat's Last Theorem."

I asked the brothers if they had published any of their digits of pi in a book.

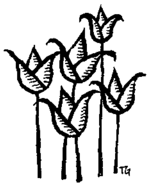
Gregory said that he didn't know how many trees you would have to grind up in order to publish a billion digits of pi in a book. The brothers' pi had been published on fifteen hundred microfiche cards stored somewhere in Gregory's apartment. The cards held three hundred thousand pages of data, a slug of information much bigger than the Encyclopædia Britannica, and containing but one entry, "Pi." David offered to find the cards for me; they had to be around here somewhere. He switched on the lights in the hallway and began to shift boxes. Gregory rifled bookshelves.

"Please sit down, Gregory," David said. Finally, the brothers confessed that they had temporarily lost their pi. "Look, it's not a problem," David said. "We keep it in different places." He reached inside m zero and pulled out a metal box. It was a naked hard-disk drive, studded with chips. He handed me the object. "There's pi stored on this drive." It hummed gently. "You are holding some pi in your hand. It weighs six pounds."

MONTHS passed before I visited the Chudnovskys again. The brothers had been tinkering with their machine and getting it ready to go for two billion digits of pi, when Gregory developed an abnormality related to one of his kidneys. He went to the hospital and had some CAT scans made of his torso, to see what things looked like, but the brothers were disappointed in the pictures, and persuaded the doctors to give them the CAT data on a magnetic tape. They took the tape home, processed it in m zero, and got spectacular color images of Gregory's torso. The images showed cross-sectional slices of his body, viewed through different angles, and they were far more detailed than any image from a CAT scanner. Gregory wrote the imaging software. It took him a few weeks. "There's a lot of interesting mathematics in the problem of imaging a body," he remarked. For the moment, it was more interesting than pi, and it delayed the brothers' probe into the Ludolphian number.

Spring came, and Federal Express was active at the Chudnovskys' building. Then the brothers began to calculate pi, slowly at first, more intensely as they gained confidence in their machine, but in May the weather warmed up and Con Edison betrayed the brothers. A heat wave caused a brownout in New York City, and as it struck, m zero automatically shut itself down, to protect its circuits, and died. Afterward, the brothers couldn't get electricity running properly through the machine. They spent two weeks restarting it, piece by piece.

Then, on Memorial Day weekend, as the calculation was beginning to progress, Malka Benjaminovna suffered a heart attack. Gregory was alone with his mother in the apartment. He gave her chest compressions and breathed air into her lungs, although David later couldn't understand how his brother didn't kill himself saving her. An ambulance rushed her to St. Luke's Hospital. The brothers were terrified that they would lose her, and the strain almost killed David. One day, he fainted in his mother's hospital room and threw up blood. He had developed a bleeding ulcer. "Look, it's not a problem," he said later. After Malka Benjaminovna had been moved out of intensive care, Gregory rented a laptop computer, plugged it into the telephone line in her hospital room, and talked to m zero at night through cyberspace, driving the supercomputer toward pi and watching his mother's blood pressure at the same time.



Malka Benjaminovna improved slowly. When St. Luke's released her, the brothers settled her in her room in Gregory's apartment and hired a nurse to look after her. I visited them shortly after that, on a hot day in early summer. David answered the door. There were blue half circles under his eyes, and he had lost weight. He smiled weakly and greeted me by saying, "I believe it was Oliver Heaviside, the English physicist, who once said, 'In order to know soup, it is not necessary to climb into a pot and be boiled.' But, look, if you want to be boiled you are welcome to come inside." He led me down the dark hallway. Malka Benjaminovna was asleep in her bedroom, and the nurse was sitting beside her. Her room was lined with bookshelves, packed with paper—it was an overflow repository.

"Theoretically, the best way to cool a supercomputer is to submerge it in water," Gregory said, from his bed in the junk yard.

"Then we could add goldfish," David said.

"That would solve all our problems."

"We are not good plumbers, Gregory. As long as I am alive, we will not cool a machine with water."

"What is the temperature in there?" Gregory asked, nodding toward m zero's room.

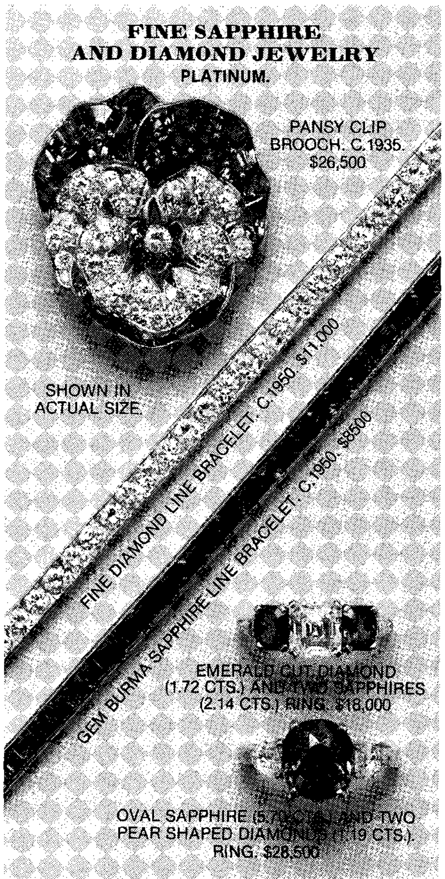
"It grows to thirty-four degrees Celsius. Above ninety Fahrenheit. This is not good. Things begin to fry."

David took Gregory under the arm, and we passed through the French door into gloom and pestilential heat. The shades were drawn, the lights were off, and an air-conditioner in a window ran in vain. Sweat immediately began to pour down my body. "I don't like to go into this room," Gregory said. The steel frame in the center of the room—the heart of m zero—had acquired more logic boards, and more red lights blinked inside the machine. I could hear disk drives murmuring. The drives were copying and recopying segments of transcendental numbers, to check the digits for perfect accuracy. Gregory knelt on the floor, facing the steel frame.

David opened a cardboard box and removed an electronic board. He began to fit it into m zero. I noticed that his hands were marked with small cuts, which he had got from reaching inside the machine.

"David, could you give me the flashlight?" Gregory said.

David pulled the Mini Mag-Lite



FINE SAPPHIRE
AND DIAMOND JEWELRY
PLATINUM.

PANSY CLIP
BROOCH. C.1935.
$26,500

SHOWN IN
ACTUAL SIZE.

FINE DIAMOND LINE BRACELET. C.1950. $11,000

GEM BURMA SAPPHIRE LINE BRACELET. C.1950. $8500

EMERALD CUT DIAMOND
(1.72 CTS.) AND TWO SAPPHIRES
(2.14 CTS.) RING. $18,000

OVAL SAPPHIRE (5.7[illegible] CTS.) AND TWO
PEAR SHAPED DIAMONDS (1.19 CTS.).
RING. $28,500

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617-266-1858)

WE DON'T JUST GIVE YOU A PLACE TO PUT YOUR MONEY... WE GIVE YOU A PLACE TO PUT YOUR VALUES.

Since 1973 South Shore Bank has been reviving struggling communities by making millions in loans. A miracle? No. Just a bank doing what banks were meant to do: show faith in good, hard-working people. If you share these values and have funds to invest, call us.

1-800-669-7725
71st & Jeffery Boulevard
Chicago, IL 60649 • Member FDIC

South Shore Bank

WHAT BANKING WAS MEANT TO BE.

The Adams Family's

Cartwright Hotel

San Francisco

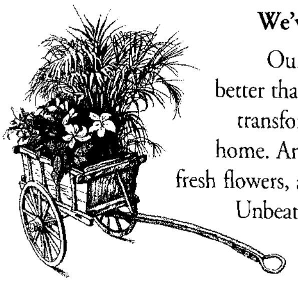
We've renovated!

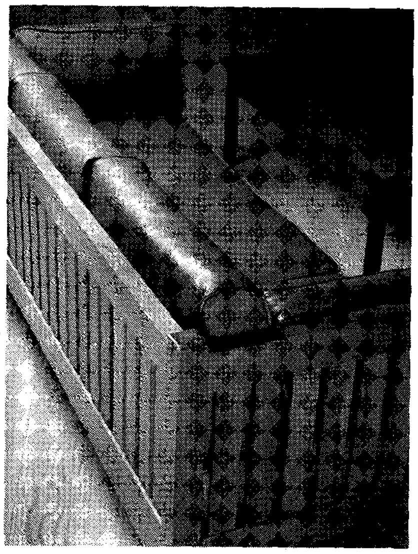
Our little hotel is better than ever. We've transformed it into a home. Antiques, robes, fresh flowers, afternoon tea. Unbeatable location.

$99 to $160

(800) 227-3844

One block from Union Square





Arts & Crafts Revisited.

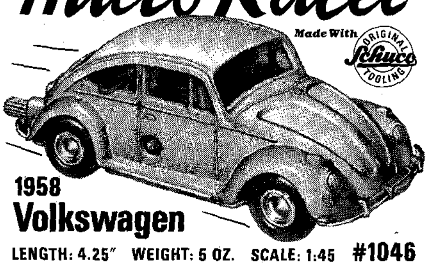
THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

ALEXANDRIA
703-548-3447

PHILADELPHIA
215-922-6440

CATALOG $9
415R CUMBERLAND AVE. PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791

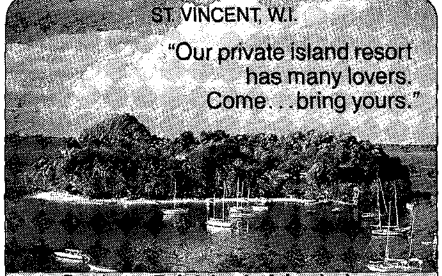
MicroRacer™



1958
Volkswagen

LENGTH: 4.25" WEIGHT: 5 OZ. SCALE: 1:45 #1046
The ubiquitous Beetle! The seventh in the MicroRacer series; the first "square rear window" model of 1958. *The car that we all went to college in.* **Featuring:** long running key-wind clockwork motor; green-tinted glass; clutch/brake lever; precision steering with knurled "tail-pipe"; rubber tires, and bumper inserts.
Colors: Red, Blue, Silver, Black, Ivory.
Relive your past!
$45
Shipping $6 ea. In NV add 6% tax. **Satisfaction Guaranteed.**
Pay by: Visa, MasterCard, American Express or check.
Lilliput Motor Co. Ltd. P.O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447
Call: 1-800-TIN-TOYS (846-8697) **Fax: 702-463-5581**

YOUNG ISLAND



ST. VINCENT, W.I.

"Our private island resort has many lovers. Come . . . bring yours."

Brochure: **Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.**
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

from his shirt pocket and handed it to Gregory. The brothers knelt beside each other, Gregory shining the flashlight into the supercomputer. David reached inside with his fingers and palpated a logic board.

"Don't!" Gregory said. "O.K., look. No! No!" They muttered to each other in Russian. "It's too small," Gregory said.

David adjusted an electric fan. "We bought it at a hardware store down the street," he said to me. "We buy our fans in the winter. It saves money." He pointed to a gauge that had a dial on it. "Here we have a meat thermometer."

The brothers had thrust the thermometer between two circuit boards in order to look for hot spots inside m zero. The thermometer's dial was marked "Beef Rare—Ham—Beef Med—Pork."

"You want to keep the machine below 'Pork,'" Gregory remarked. He lifted a keyboard out of the steel frame and typed something on it, staring at a display screen. Numbers filled the screen. "The machine is checking its memory," he said. A buzzer sounded. "It shut down!" he said. "It's a disk-drive controller. The stupid thing obviously has problems."

"It's mentally deficient," David commented. He went over to a bookshelf and picked up a hunting knife. I thought he was going to plunge it into the supercomputer, but he used it to rip open a cardboard box. "We're going to ship the part back to the manufacturer," he said to me. "You had better send it in the original box or you may not get your money back. Now you know the reason this apartment is full of empty boxes. We have to save them. Gregory, I wonder if you are tired."

"If I stand up now, I will fall down," Gregory said, from the floor. "Therefore, I will sit in my center of gravity. I will maintain my center of gravity. Let me see, meanwhile, what is happening with this machine." He typed something on his keyboard. "You won't believe it, Dave, but the controller now seems to work."

"We need to buy a new one," David said.

"Try Nevada."

David dialled a mail-order house in Nevada that here will be called Searchlight Computers. He said loudly, in a thick Russian accent, "Hi, Searchlight. I need a fifteen-forty controller. . . . No! No! No! I don't need anything else! Just the controller! Just a naked unit! Naked! How much you charge? . . . Two hundred and fifty-seven dollars?"

Gregory glanced at his brother and shrugged. "Eh."

"Look, Searchlight, can you ship it to me Federal Express? For tomorrow morning. How much? . . . *Thirty-nine dollars* for Fed Ex? Come on! What about afternoon delivery? . . . *Twenty-nine* dollars before 3 P.M.? *Relax*. What is your name? . . . Bob. Fine. O.K. So it's two hundred and fifty-seven dollars plus twenty-nine dollars for Federal Express?"

"Twenty-nine dollars for Fed Ex!" Gregory burst out. "It should be fifteen." He pulled a second keyboard out of the steel frame and tapped the keys. Another display screen came alive and filled with numbers.

"Tell me this," David said to Bob in Nevada. "Do you have thirty-day money-back guarantee? . . . No? Come on! Look, any device might not work."

"Of course, a part *might* work," Gregory muttered to his brother. "But it usually doesn't."

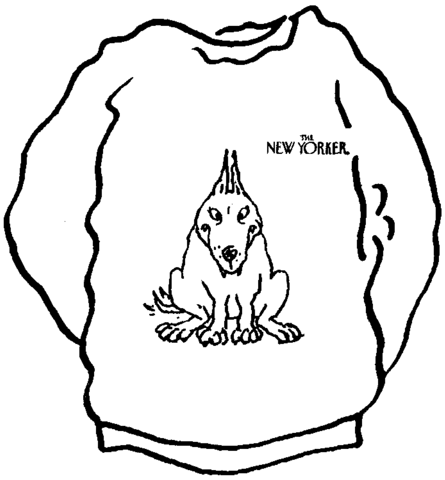
"Question Number Two: The Fed Ex should not cost twenty-nine bucks," David said to Bob. "No, nothing! I'm just asking." David hung up the phone. "I'm going to call A.K.," he said. "Hi, A.K., this is David Chudnovsky, calling from New York. A.K., I need another controller, like the one you sent. Can you send it today Fed Ex? . . . How much you charge? . . . Naked! I want a naked unit! Not in a shoebox, nothing!"

A rhythmic clicking sound came from one of the disk drives. Gregory remarked to me, "We are calculating pi right now."

"Do you want my MasterCard? Look, it's really imperative that I get my unit tomorrow. A.K., please, I really need my unit bad." David hung up the telephone and sighed. "This is what has happened to a pure mathematician."

"GREGORY and David are both extremely childlike, but I don't mean childish at all," Gregory's wife, Christine Pardo Chudnovsky, said one muggy summer day, at the dining-room table. "There is a certain amount of play in everything they do, a certain amount of fooling around between two

PUT ON THE DOG



Now you can wear all the personality and wit of The New Yorker. Our cotton sweatshirt and t-shirt feature the irascible bull terrier created by New Yorker artist George Booth.

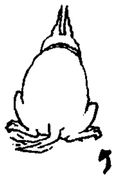
- -

671032

send order to:
New Yorker Wear™
P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336

please send me the following:

Booth dog sweatshirts @ $24.95
large ____ (111104) ex. large ____ (111112) $______
Booth dog t-shirts @ $14.95
large ____ (111013) ex. large ____ (111021) $______



sales tax* $______
shipping @ $2.50/shirt $______
check or money order enclosed $______

on back of shirt

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
UPS will not deliver to PO Box - use street address.
City ______________________
State & Zip ______________________

* Include sales tax in CA, CO, GA, IA, KY, MA, MI, NY
Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery. U.S. and Canada only.

brothers.” She is six years younger than Gregory; she was an undergraduate at Barnard College when she first met him. “I fell in love with Gregory immediately. His illness came with the package.” She is still in love with him, even if at times they fight over his heaps of paper. (“I don’t have room to put my things down,” she says to him.) As we talked, though, pyramids of boxes and stacks of paper leaned against the dining-room windows, pressing against the glass and blocking daylight, and a smell of hot electrical gear crept through the room. “This house is an example of mathematics in family life,” she said. At night, she dreams that she is dancing from room to room through an empty apartment that has parquet floors.

David brought his mother out of her bedroom, settled her at the table, and kissed her on the cheek. Malka Benjaminovna seemed frail but alert. She is a small, white-haired woman with a fresh face and clear blue eyes, who speaks limited English. A mathematician once described Malka Benjaminovna as the glue that holds the Chudnovsky family together. She was an engineer during the Second World War, when she designed buildings, laboratories, and proving grounds in the Urals for testing the Katyusha rocket; later, she taught engineering at schools around Kiev. She handed me plates of roast chicken, kasha, pickles, cream cheese, brown bread, and little wedges of The Laughing Cow cheese in foil. “Mother thinks you aren’t getting enough to eat,” Christine said. Malka Benjaminovna slid a jug of Gatorade across the table at me.

After lunch, and fortified with Gatorade, the brothers and I went into the chamber of m zero, into a pool of thick heat. The room enveloped us like noon on the Amazon, and it teemed with hidden activity. The disk drives clicked, the red lights flashed, the air-conditioner hummed, and you could hear dozens of whispering fans. Gregory leaned on his cane and contemplated the machine. “It’s doing many jobs at the moment,” he said. “Frankly, I don’t know what it’s doing. It’s doing some algebra, and I think it’s also backing up some pieces of pi.”

“Sit down, Gregory, or you will fall,” David said.

“What is it doing now, Dave?”

“It’s blinking.”

“It will die soon.”

“Gregory, I heard a funny noise.”

“You really heard it? Oh, God, it’s going to be like the last time—”

“That’s it!”

“We are dead! It crashed!”

“Sit down, Gregory, for God’s sake!”

Gregory sat on a stool and tugged at his beard. “What was I doing before the system crashed? With God’s help, I will remember.” He jotted a few notes in a laboratory notebook. David slashed open a cardboard box with his hunting knife and lifted out a board studded with chips, for making color images on a display screen, and plugged it into m zero. Gregory crawled under a table. “Oh, shit,” he said, from beneath the table.

“Gregory, you killed the system again!”

“Dave, Dave, can you get me a flashlight?”

David handed his Mini Mag-Lite under the table. Gregory joined some cables together and stood up. “Whoo! Very uncomfortable. David, boot it up.”

“Sit down for a moment.”

Gregory slumped into a chair.

“This monster is going on the blink,” David said, tapping a keyboard.

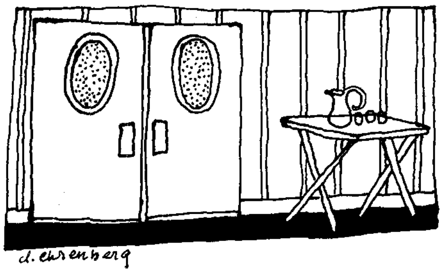
“It will be all right.”

On a screen, m zero declared, “The system is ready.”

“Ah,” David said.

The drives began to click, and the parallel processors silently multiplied and conjoined huge numbers. Gregory headed for bed, David holding him by the arm.

In the junk yard, his nest, his paper-lined oubliette, Gregory kicked off his gentleman’s slippers, lay down on the bed, and predicted the future. He said, “The gigaflop supercomputers of today are almost useless. What is needed is a teraflop machine. That’s a machine that can run at a trillion flops, a trillion floating-point operations per second, or roughly a thousand times as fast as a Cray Y-MP8. One such design for a teraflop machine, by Monty Denneau, at I.B.M., will be a parallel supercomputer in the form of a twelve-foot-wide box. You want to have at least sixty-four thousand processors in the machine, each of which has the power of a Cray. And the processors will be joined by a network that has the total switching capacity of the entire telephone network in the United States. I think a teraflop machine will exist by 1993. Now, a better machine is a petaflop machine. A petaflop is a quadrillion flops, a quadrillion floating-point operations per second, so a petaflop machine is a thousand times as fast as a teraflop machine, or a million times as fast as a Cray Y-MP8. The petaflop machine will exist by the year 2000, or soon afterward. It will fit into a sphere less than a hundred feet in diameter. It will use light and mirrors—the machine’s network will consist of optical cables rather than copper wires. By that time, a gigaflop ‘supercomputer’ will be a single chip. I think that the petaflop machine will be used mainly to simulate machines like itself, so that we can begin to design some *real* machines.”



IN the nineteenth century, mathematicians attacked pi with the help of human computers. The most powerful of these was Johann Martin Zacharias Dase, a prodigy from Hamburg. Dase could multiply large numbers in his head, and he made a living exhibiting himself to crowds in Germany, Denmark, and England, and hiring himself out to mathematicians. A mathematician once asked Dase to multiply 79,532,853 by 93,758,479, and Dase gave the right answer in fifty-four seconds. Dase extracted the square root of a hundred-digit number in fifty-two minutes, and he was able to multiply a couple of hundred-digit numbers in his head during a period of eight and three-quarters hours. Dase could do this kind of thing for weeks on end, running as an unattended supercomputer. He would break off a calculation at bedtime, store everything in his memory for the night, and resume calculation in the morning. Occasionally, Dase had a system crash. In 1845, he bombed while trying to demonstrate his powers to a mathematician and astronomer named Heinrich Christian Schumacher, reckoning wrongly every multiplication that he attempted. He explained to Schumacher that he had a headache. Schumacher also noted that Dase did not in the least understand theoretical mathematics. A mathematician named Julius Petersen once tried in vain for six weeks to teach Dase the rudiments of Euclidean geometry, but they absolutely baffled Dase. Large numbers Dase could handle, and in 1844 L. K. Schulz von Strassnitsky hired him to compute pi. Dase ran the job for almost two months in his brain, and at the end of the time he wrote down pi correctly to the first two hundred decimal places—then a world record.

To many mathematicians, mathematical objects such as the number pi seem to exist in an external, objective reality. Numbers seem to exist apart from time or the world; numbers seem to transcend the universe; numbers might exist even if the universe did not. I suspect that in their hearts most working mathematicians are Platonists, in that they take it as a matter of unassailable if unprovable fact that mathematical reality stands apart from the world, and is at least as real as the world, and possibly gives shape to the world, as Plato suggested. Most mathematicians would probably agree that the ratio of the circle to its diameter exists brilliantly in the nature beyond nature, and would exist even if the human mind was not aware of it, and might exist even if God had not bothered to create it. One could imagine that pi existed before the universe came into being and will exist after the universe is gone. Pi may even exist apart from God, in the opinion of some mathematicians, for while there is reason to doubt the existence of God, by their way of thinking there is no good reason to doubt the existence of the circle.

"To an extent, pi is more real than the machine that is computing it," Gregory remarked to me one day. "Plato was right. I am a Platonist. Of course pi is a natural object. Since pi is there, it exists. What we are doing is really close to experimental physics—we are 'observing pi.' Since we can observe pi, I prefer to think of pi as a natural object. Observing pi is easier than studying physical phenomena, because you can prove things in mathematics, whereas you can't prove anything in physics. And, unfortunately, the laws of physics change once every generation."

"Is mathematics a form of art?" I asked.

"Mathematics is partially an art, even though it is a natural science," he said. "Everything in mathematics does exist now. It's a matter of *naming* it. The thing doesn't arrive from God in a fixed form; it's a matter of representing it with symbols. You put it through your mind in order to make sense of it."

Mathematicians have sorted numbers into classes in order to make sense of them. One class of numbers is that of the rational numbers. A rational number is a fraction composed of integers (whole numbers): 1/1, 1/3, 3/5, 10/71, and so on. Every rational number, when it is expressed in decimal form, repeats periodically: 1/3, for example, becomes .333. . . . Next, we come to the irrational numbers. An irrational number can't be expressed as a fraction composed of whole numbers, and, furthermore, its digits go to infinity without repeating periodically.

The square root of two ($\sqrt{2}$) is an irrational number. There is simply no way to represent any irrational number as the ratio of two whole numbers; it can't be done. Hippasus of Metapontum supposedly made this discovery in the fifth century B.C., while travelling in a boat with some mathematicians who were followers of Pythagoras. The Pythagoreans believed that everything in nature could be reduced to a ratio of two whole numbers, and they threw Hippasus overboard for his discovery, since he had wrecked their universe. Expanded as a decimal, the square root of two begins 1.41421 . . . and runs in "random" digits forever. It looks exactly like pi in its decimal expansion; it is a hopeless jumble, showing no obvious system or design. The square root of two is not a transcendental number, because it can be found with an equation. It is the solution (root) of an equation. The equation is $x^2 = 2$, and a solution is the square root of two. Such numbers are called algebraic.

While pi is indeed an irrational number—it can't be expressed as a fraction made of whole numbers—more important, it can't be expressed with finite algebra. Pi is therefore said to be a transcendental number, because it transcends algebra. Simply and generally speaking, a transcendental number can't be pinpointed through an equation built from a finite number of integers. There is no finite algebraic

LOSE WEIGHT ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND

It's not often that you can enjoy a premier vacation resort while at the same time lose weight, improve metabolism, reduce cholesterol and develop a healthier lifestyle. But that's exactly what Hilton Head Health Institute enables you to do.

Since 1976 thousands of men and women have achieved long-term positive changes with our Health and Weight Control Programs. Rather than providing a short-term diet and exercise regimen the Institute offers a comprehensive mind/body approach as outlined in our bestselling books which include:

- ***The Hilton Head Metabolism Diet,***
- ***If I'm so Smart Why Do I Eat Like This?***
- ***The Hilton Head Over-35 Diet***

You can also participate in our stop smoking clinic and begin a new, smoke-free life.

For a healthy vacation that will change your life for years to come, call **Toll Free: (800) 292-2440; in Canada: (800) 348-2039** or mail in the coupon below.

Hilton Head Health Institute®
Valencia Road, Shipyard Plantation
P.O. Box 7138 NYR
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
____
City ____________________
State __________ Zip __________
Daytime Phone (____) __________

equation built from whole numbers that will give an exact value for pi. The statement can be turned around this way: pi is not the solution to any equation built from a less than infinite series of whole numbers. If equations are trains threading the landscape of numbers, then no train stops at pi.

Pi is elusive, and can be approached only through rational approximations. The approximations hover around the number, closing in on it, but do not touch it. Any formula that heads toward pi will consist of a chain of operations that never ends. It is an infinite series. In 1674, Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (the co-inventor of the calculus, along with Isaac Newton) noticed an extraordinary pattern of numbers buried in the circle. The Leibniz series for pi has been called one of the most beautiful mathematical discoveries of the seventeenth century:

$$\frac{\pi}{4} = \frac{1}{1} - \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{5} - \frac{1}{7} + \frac{1}{9} - \cdots.$$

In English: pi over four equals one minus a third plus a fifth minus a seventh plus a ninth—and so on. You follow the odd numbers out to infinity, and when you arrive there and sum the terms, you get pi. But since you never arrive at infinity you never get pi. Mathematicians find it deeply mysterious that a chain of discrete rational numbers can connect so easily to geometry, to the smooth and continuous circle.

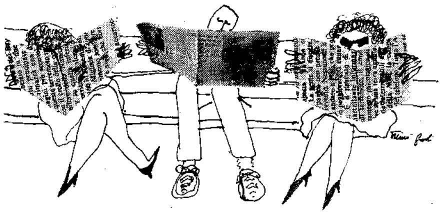
As an experiment in "observing pi," as Gregory Chudnovsky puts it, I computed the Leibniz series on a pocket calculator. It was easy, and I got results that did seem to wander slowly toward pi. As the series progresses, the answers touch on 2.66, 3.46, 2.89, and 3.34, in that order. The answers land higher than pi and lower than pi, skipping back and forth across pi, and gradually closing in on pi. A mathematician would say that the series "converges on pi." It converges on pi forever, playing hopscotch over pi but never landing on pi.

You can take the Leibniz series out a long distance—you can even dramatically speed up its movement toward pi by adding a few corrections to it—but no matter how far you take the Leibniz series, and no matter how many corrections you hammer into it, when you stop the operation and sum the terms, you will get a *rational* number that is somewhere around pi but is not pi, and you will be damned if you can put your hands on pi.

Transcendental numbers continue forever, as an endless non-repeating string, in whatever rational form you choose to display them, whether as digits or as an equation. The Leibniz series is a beautiful way to represent pi, and it is finally mysterious, because it doesn't tell us much about pi. Looking at the Leibniz series, you feel the independence of mathematics from human culture. Surely, on any world that knows pi the Leibniz series will also be known. Leibniz wasn't the first mathematician to discover the Leibniz series. Nilakantha, an astronomer, grammarian, and mathematician who lived on the Kerala coast of India, described the formula in Sanskrit poetry around the year 1500.

It is worth thinking about what a decimal place means. Each decimal place of pi is a range that shows the *approximate* location of pi to an accuracy ten times as great as the previous range. But as you compute the next decimal place you have no idea where pi will appear in the range. It could pop up in 3, or just as easily in 9, or in 2. The apparent movement of pi as you narrow the range is known as the random walk of pi.

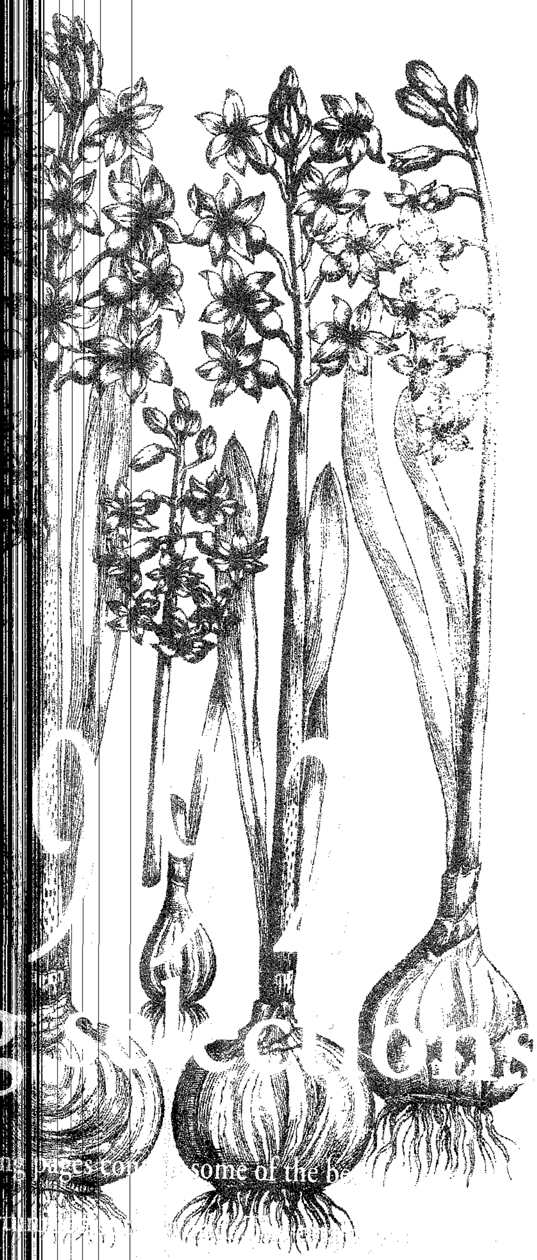
Pi does not move; pi is a fixed point. The algebra wobbles around pi. There is no such thing as a formula that is steady enough or sharp enough to stick a pin into pi. Mathematicians have discovered formulas that converge on pi very fast (that is, they skip around pi with rapidly increasing accuracy), but they do not and cannot hit pi. The Chudnovsky brothers discovered their own formula in 1984, and it attacks pi with great ferocity and elegance. The Chudnovsky formula is the fastest series for pi ever found which uses rational numbers. Various other series for pi, which use irrational numbers, have also been found, and they converge on pi faster than the Chudnovsky formula, but in practice they run more slowly on a computer, because irrational numbers are harder to compute. The Chudnovsky formula for pi is thought to be "extremely beautiful" by persons who have a good feel for numbers, and it is based on a torus (a doughnut), rather than on a circle. It uses large assemblages of whole numbers to hunt for pi, and it owes much to an earlier formula for pi worked out in 1914 by Srinivasa Ramanujan, a mathematician from Madras, who was a number theorist of unsurpassed genius. Gregory says that the Chudnovsky formula "is in the style of Ramanujan," and that it "is really very simple, and can be programmed into a computer with a few lines of code."



In 1873, Georg Cantor, a Russian-born mathematician who was one of the towering intellectual figures of the nineteenth century, proved that the set of transcendental numbers is infinitely more extensive than the set of algebraic numbers. That is, finite algebra can't find or describe most numbers. To put it another way, most numbers are infinitely long and non-repeating in any rational form of representation. In this respect, most numbers are like pi.

Cantor's proof was a disturbing piece of news, for at that time very few transcendental numbers were actually known. (Not until nearly a decade later did Ferdinand Lindemann finally prove the transcendence of pi; before that, mathematicians had only conjectured that pi was transcendental.) Perhaps even more disturbing, Cantor offered no clue, in his proof, to what a transcendental number might look like, or how to construct such a beast. Cantor's celebrated proof of the existence of uncountable multitudes of transcendental numbers resembled a proof that the world is packed with microscopic angels—a proof, however, that does not tell us what the angels look like or where they can be found; it merely proves that they *exist* in uncountable multitudes. While Cantor's proof lacked any specific description of a transcendental number, it showed that algebraic numbers (such as the square root of two) are few and far between: they poke up like marker buoys through the sea of transcendental numbers.

Cantor's proof disturbed some mathematicians because, in the first place, it suggested that they had not yet discovered *most* numbers, which were transcendentals, and in the second place that they lacked any tools or methods that would determine whether a given number was transcendental or not. Leopold Kronecker, an influential older mathematician, rejected



1996

spring selections

The following pages con some of the be

shopping opportu

being offered he

all sorts of merc

children's clothing

jewelry, furnitu

cou

By using the coup

supplement, y

catalogues into y

that mail order ha

w

Andersen Windows, Inc. Window and Patio Door Factbook. Full-color booklet features Andersen's complete Perma-shield® low-maintenance product line. This handy booklet provides information on creating custom combinations of Andersen standard-size windows and patio doors, energy facts, planning a project, choosing a contractor, and basic size charts. It's a complete resource on windows and patio doors. **Free.**

1

ANDIAMO LUGGAGE

Andiamo, Inc. Available only through better luggage, specialty, and department stores, Andiamo has a reputation for extreme durability, innovative design, and convenience. Request our new catalogue covering four collections (Andiamo, Valoroso, Bravado, and Allegro) of travel and daily use products. Also receive dealer listing for your state and suggested retail prices. Phone (800) 759-9738. **Free.**

2

THE WHOLE WORLD LANGUAGE CATALOG
audio·forum®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Audio-Forum. Foreign Language, Self-Instructional, Book/Cassette Courses. Choose from 215 courses in seventy-six languages. Comprehensive courses designed for learning on your own, developed for State Department personnel. Also brief courses for travellers, and "No-Time" courses—ideal for learning while driving, etc. They really work! Thirty-six page catalogue, **$1.00**, refundable with order.

3

Austad's

Austad's golf equipment catalogue is packed with gifts (many can be personalized), collectibles, clothing, and equipment for golfers of all ages. Shop for hard-to-find knickers and half gloves, good-looking golf bags, game-improving clubs, and utility clubs that work. Toll-free ordering, fast delivery. Catalogue is **$1.00**.

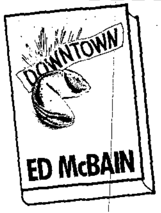
4

Baldwin®

Baldwin. More Americans buy Baldwin pianos than any other brand . . . domestic or foreign. Discover why the world's most distinguished pianists, names like Dave Brubeck, Michael Feinstein, Billy Joel, and André Previn, have made Baldwin their piano of choice. See our complete line of heirloom grand pianos in our full-color catalogue. **$3.00.**

5

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books



Books on Tape® More than 2,500 best-sellers on cassette, all full length. Rentals by mail. Prepaid delivery and return. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Call (800) 626-3333 toll-free for color brochure. **Free.**

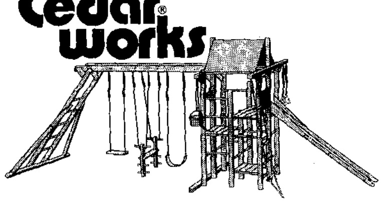
6

BOSE®
Express Music

Bose Express Music. The First Complete Record Store in a Catalogue. Now you can shop from home for any CD, tape, or video in print. You will find over 50,000 rock, jazz, and classical titles in the world's largest music catalogue. Subscribers get our 240-page 1992 catalogue plus one year of updates covering new releases and music specials plus $50 in merchandise credits. One year, **$4.00**, refundable on your first order.

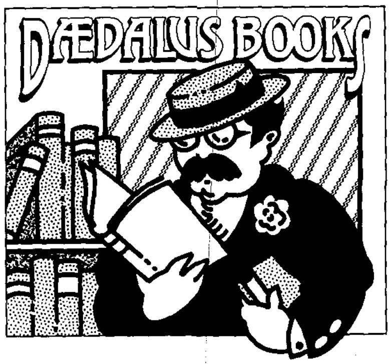
7

Cedar® works



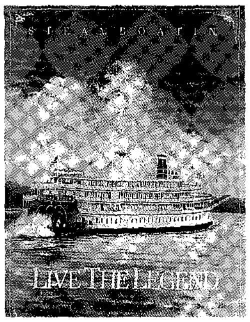
CedarWorks. This is your guide to creating a truly customized playset for your family. Start with our basic structures made from rugged cedar 4x4's that naturally resist rotting. No chemical pressure-treatments are needed. Then add a virtually unlimited choice of options and accessories. It's fun. Naturally. (207) 236-3183. Color catalogue, **$2.00.**

8



Daedalus Books. Fine books at 50 to 90% off for the reader looking beyond the best-seller list. Current authors include Bruce Chatwin, Guy Davenport, Kate Simon, Tony Hillerman, T. Coraghessan Boyle, Ansel Adams, and many others. For our catalogue of the best book bargains of 1992, call (800) 395-2665 or fill out order form. **Free.**

9, 10


STEAMBOATIN
LIVE THE LEGEND

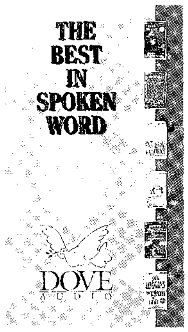
The Delta Queen Steamboat Co. Steamboatin' ® — Live the Legend.Tantalizing cuisine and exciting entertainment on two- to twelve-night Mississippi and Ohio River paddlewheel steamboat vacations, aboard the legendary Delta Queen ® and the magnificent Mississippi Queen ® For a free color brochure see your travel agent or call (800) 543-1949. **Free.**

11

DEWEY GALLERIES, LTD.
ON THE PLAZA SANTA FE

Dewey [illegible] award-winning New York Film Festival [illegible] presents [illegible] of the finest Southwestern art — [illegible] historic and contemporary — from one of Santa Fe's most prestigious galleries, including the largest [illegible] of old Navajo textiles in the country, outstanding jewelry, pottery, paintings, sculptures, and antique Spanish Colonial furnishings. Call (800) 327-7721 for our video. **$5.00**, includes shipping.

12


THE BEST IN SPOKEN WORD
DOVE AUDIO

Dove Audio. Choose from over 300 best-selling books on audio including popular fiction, non-fiction, current biographies, classics, horror, mystery, self-help, children's, and National Public Radio ® programs. Our repertoire of distinguished authors and celebrity readers ranges from Sidney Sheldon and Stephen Hawking to Amy Tan and Joan Rivers. **$4.00.**

13

Downs

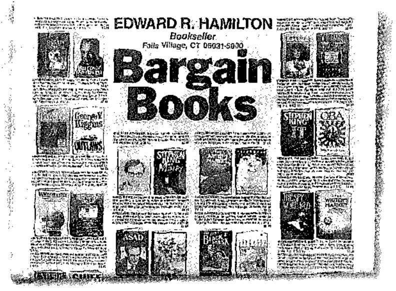
ENGRAVERS AND STATIONERS

OF BALTIMORE

SINCE 1835

Downs Engravers and Stationers. Have the confidence that your messages are carried on elegant, socially correct stationery. Downs' craftsmen will create your own personal engraving on Crane's 100% cotton-fiber papers of luxurious weight and feel. There is a correct paper for every occasion. Examples of die styles and papers, **$2.00.**

14


EDWARD R. HAMILTON
Bookseller
Falls Village, CT 06031-5000
Bargain Books

Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller. Save up to 80% on publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports, reprints — up to 8,000 titles each month, including 600 to 1,500 new arrivals. Each catalogue offers an immense selection from all major publishers, with more books at $1.95, $2.95, and $3.95 than you'll find anywhere. Biography, history, fiction, art, music, theatre, politics, nature — something for everyone. From Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller. **Free.**

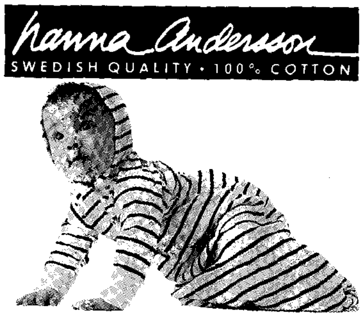
15

GEORGETOWN GALLERIES

"Why Buy A Copy When You Can Own An Original?"

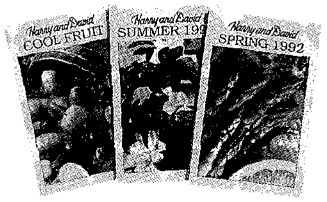
Georgetown Galleries has put together an amazing catalogue of hundreds of historic originals — everything from George Washington's autograph to Audubon's wildlife lithographs to daily newspapers printed during the Revolutionary War. Items range in price from $19 to $8,500. Everything is original, collectible, valuable, and perfect for display. Intrigued? Call (800) 877-1726 to order by phone. **$2.00.**

16


hanna Andersson
SWEDISH QUALITY • 100% COTTON

Hanna Andersson. My "long-playing clothes" for kids look great wash after wash because they're Swedish-quality 100% cotton. Wonderfully soft, yet so durable you can usually hand them down to another child.They're made so well, I'll even buy them back. For sixty-four pages of adorable styles, call (800) 222-0544, Dept. NY603. **Free.**

17


Harry and David COOL FRUIT
Harry and David SUMMER 199
Harry and David SPRING 1992

Harry and David®

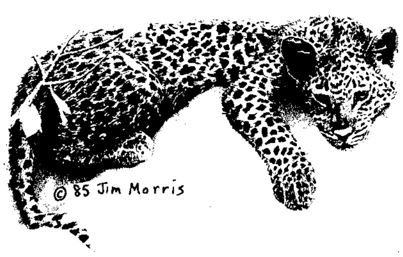
Harry and David ® Give nature's best! Over 250 fresh, delicious ideas for spring gifting and entertaining. Selections for good health and nutrition, including fresh fruit and fruit baskets, gourmet vegetables, low-fat and cholesterol-free confections, and our world famous Fruit-of-the-Month Club ® Priced from $10 to $300. Satisfaction guaranteed. (800) 547-3033, Dept. 2341-7, Medford, OR 97501. **Free.**

18

INTERNATIONAL Herald Tribune
Bush Defends His Trip To Japan as a Success
Germany Firm on Its Role
Russia and Ukraine Try to Cool Tensions

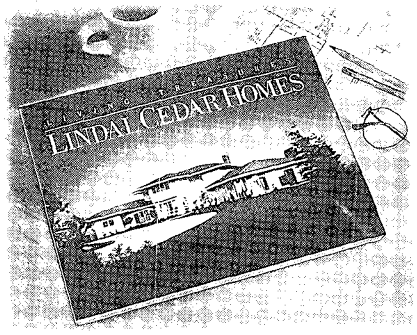
International Herald Tribune. Edited in Paris and now printed in New York, the International Herald Tribune offers same-day delivery in many U.S. cities. For your daily international briefing, with features on travel, fashion, global investing, and much, much more–call us toll-free at: (800) 882-2884. **Free.**

19



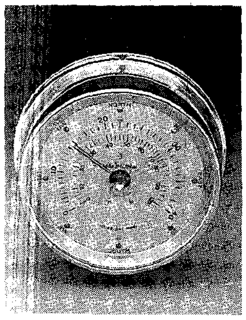
***Jim Morris* Wildlife T-Shirts.** Many designs including Peace, Old Growth Forests, Wolf/Eagle, Whales, Colorful Dolphins, Lion, Elephants, Grizzly Bear/ Wilderness, Koala, Rainforest, Redwood, Coral Reef, and many more. Heavyweight 100% cotton shirts. (10% of profits go to environmental groups.) Sweats also. **Free** catalogue.

20



Lindal Cedar Homes. Vaulted ceilings, dramatic entries, expansive decks, and award-winning architecture. Explore it all in the spectacular 240-page Lindal Planbook. Page after full-color page of exquisite new homes. One hundred and one floor plans, 596 photographs, unique planning grids, and more. **$15.00.** Video also available for **$10.00.**

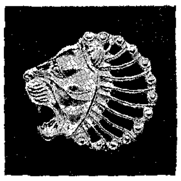
21, 22



Maximum, Inc. Wind and weather instruments enclosed in handsome solid brass cases are ideal as gifts or presentations. A wide selection includes wind-speed and direction instruments, thermometers, barometers, plus unique microprocessor-based combination instruments. Available in both digital and analog versions, with dials in spun aluminum or black. Call (508) 995-2200. Catalogue, **$1.00.**

23

THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART



The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Jewelry. Four thousand years of design are represented in a unique collection of copies produced by and available from the Metropolitan Museum only. The Museum's jewelry reproductions and adaptations from times long past are both appropriate to modern fashions and an intimate link to our heritage. Full-color catalogue with informative text, **$1.00.**

24

THE WORLD'S MOVIEST VIDEO CATALOG
MOVIES UNLIMITED
®

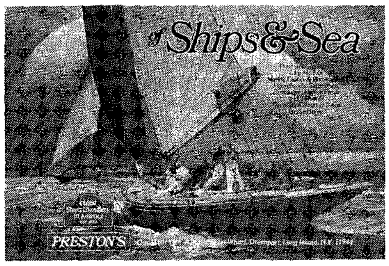
Movies Unlimited. World's Moviest Video Catalog. Recommended by Siskel and Ebert! The 672-page Movies Unlimited Video Catalog describes over 26,000 titles in every imaginable category: classics from the thirties, forties, and fifties; foreign films; rare collectibles; musicals; "B" westerns; movie serials; and more. A collector's dream! $5.00 discount coupon included. **$10.95.**

25, 26

THE
NATURE
COMPANY

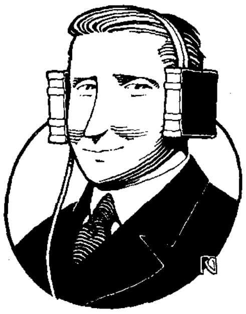
The Nature Company. A selection of the finest from our magical stores: magnets, minerals, birdfeeders, binoculars, jewelry, hats, games, telescopes, sculpture, puzzles, music, books, toys, globes, weather instruments, timepieces, tools, ornaments, cards, limited edition art — all to enhance your enjoyment of the natural world. **$2.00.** NY 192

27



Preston's. For Lovers of Ships and Sea Catalogue. You could shop for months and never find the hundreds of decorative nautical ideas illustrated in Preston's new color catalogue. One hundred pages teeming with ship models, marine paintings, nautical lamps and clocks, ship's wheels, figureheads, and scores of other nautical ideas for the home. One-hundred-page color catalogue, **$1.00.**

28



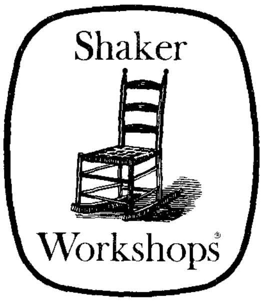
Recorded Books™. Listen to unabridged best-sellers, mysteries, histories, classics, and scores more while you drive to work. Over 600 titles expertly narrated by professional actors/narrators. "The best readers," *Los Angeles Times*. Rent Recorded Books™ quickly and easily by mail. Write now for a special introductory offer or call toll-free (800) 638-1304. Recorded Books, Inc. **Free.**

29

REI®

REI. The Best Gear and Clothing for Outdoor Adventures. Hikers, campers, travellers, cyclists, climbers, and other outdoor enthusiasts rely on REI to provide the best for their favorite activities. Friendly, knowledgeable service too! Satisfaction guaranteed. Call (800) 426-4840, operator #N2052, or write REI, Dept. N2052, Sumner, WA 98352-0001. **Free.**

30



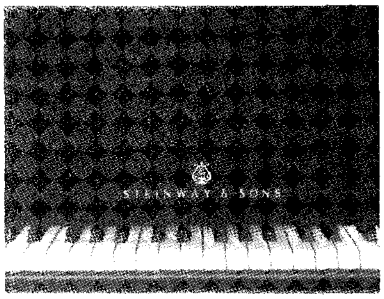
Shaker Workshops. An exciting collection of reproduction Shaker rockers, dining chairs, tables, beds, and other furniture. Available in kits or custom finished. All exemplify the simplicity and versatile beauty of Shaker design. Also featured: Shaker baskets, oval boxes, pegs, pegboards, dolls, and needlework kits. Call (617) 646-8985 or send for a fifty-six-page color catalogue, **$1.00.**

31, 32

SOUTHWEST TRAILS BLANKETS
CHIHUAHUA TRAIL™
BY RAMONA SAKIESTEWA
№ 1

Southwest Trails Blankets™. Wrap Yourself in History. A commemorative series of Pendleton blankets celebrating the historic Southwest, designed by renowned Hopi weaver Ramona Sakiestewa, and available through Santa Fe Pendleton. Call for brochure, (800) 645-4434. A portion of proceeds are donated to organizations working to preserve, educate, and interpret the history of the Southwest. **Free.**

33

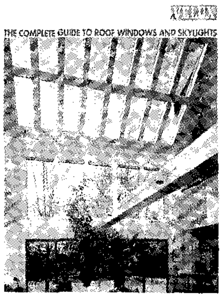


Steinway & Sons. The piano chosen by 90% of the world's performing artists. An extraordinary musical instrument and enduring investment, handmade without compromise since 1853. VHS video of Steinway history, factory, and artists, **$9.95.**

34

Taos Furniture. Exceptional quality and flexible designs proudly handcrafted in Santa Fe. Solid Ponderosa Pine, for home and office. Over eighty pieces shown in our color catalogue. **$10.00.**

35



Velux Roof Windows and Skylights. New 1992 full-color brochure features helpful information and design ideas for the complete line of Velux roof windows, skylights, sunscreening accessories and controls. New 1992 products include the Round Top Accent Roof Window and hand-held infrared remote controls for operating out-of-reach skylights, roof windows, and venetian blinds. Pricing and dealer list also included. **Free.**

37

WELLINGTON JEWELS

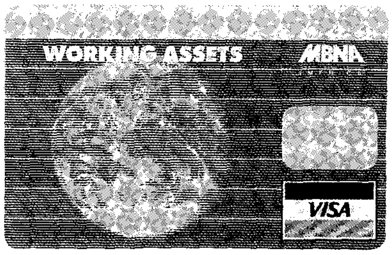
Wellington Jewels. Exclusive Source of the World's Perfect Simulated Diamond for Over Twenty-Five Years. Every Wellington Simulated Diamond is cut from a perfect, pure white rough and set into original designer mountings of 14kt, 18kt gold, or platinum. Each is visually comparable to the finest diamond at a fraction of the cost. Rings, earrings, pendants, bracelets, and baubles for all occasions. **Free** catalogue.

38

The White House

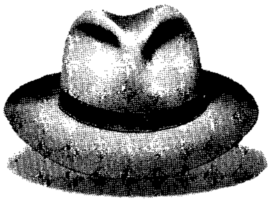
The White House. For over eighty years The White House, one of London's most elegant shops, has supplied some of the best homes in the world with the finest linens for the table, bed sets, towels, luxurious lingerie, men's and women's fashions, and beautifully made children's clothes. **$5.00.**

39



Working Assets Visa®, the only credit card that works for the environment, peace, human rights, and economic justice... at no extra cost to you! Every time you use it five cents goes to groups like Amnesty International, Oxfam America, and Rainforest Action Network. We'll waive the fee for the first year, then just $20 per year. Call (800) 847-7378 ext. 5000 to apply. Be sure to use priority code PDGE when calling. **Free.**

40



WORTH & WORTH

Worth & Worth. A collection of the finest handmade hats for spring. From exceptional handwoven straw fedoras and one-of-a-kind, Monte Cristi panamas to fine linen driving caps. For a catalogue of fashion's ultimate accessory, call (800) HAT-SHOP. **Free.**

41

ADVERTISEMENT

To order your special selection of spring catalogues, please complete the coupon below. Place a check mark next to the names of advertisers whose catalogues you wish to receive. If you would like more than one catalogue, indicate the quantity in the space provided. Enclose your completed coupon and a check or money order, made payable to The New Yorker Magazine, in an envelope addressed to:

The New Yorker Magazine
Reader Service Management Department
Post Office Box 5187
Pittsfield, MA 01203-5187

☐ 1. Andersen Windows, Inc.	Free
☐ 2. Andiamo Luggage	Free
☐ 3. Audio-Forum	1.00
☐ 4. Austad's	1.00
☐ 5. Baldwin - America's Grand Piano (U.S. and Canadian orders)	3.00
☐ 6. Books on Tape, Inc.	Free
☐ 7. Bose Express Music	4.00
☐ 8. CedarWorks	2.00
☐ 9. Daedalus Books	Free
☐ 10. Daedalus Books (international and Canadian orders)	3.00
☐ 11. The Delta Queen Steamboat Co.	Free
☐ 12. Dewey Galleries Video	5.00
☐ 13. Dove Audio	4.00
☐ 14. Downs Engravers and Stationers	2.00
☐ 15. Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller	Free
☐ 16. Georgetown Galleries	2.00
☐ 17. Hanna Andersson	Free
☐ 18. Harry and David	Free
☐ 19. International Herald Tribune	Free
☐ 20. Jim Morris Wildlife T-Shirts	Free
☐ 21. Lindal Cedar Homes	15.00
☐ 22. Lindal Cedar Homes Video	10.00
☐ 23. Maximum, Inc.	1.00
☐ 24. The Metropolitan Museum of Art	1.00
☐ 25. Movies Unlimited Video Catalog	10.95
☐ 26. Movies Unlimited Video Catalog (international and Canadian orders)	29.95
☐ 27. The Nature Company	2.00
☐ 28. Preston's	1.00
☐ 29. Recorded Books	Free
☐ 30. REI	Free
☐ 31. Shaker Workshops	1.00
☐ 32. Shaker Workshops (international and Canadian orders)	2.00
☐ 33. Southwest Trails Blankets ™	Free
☐ 34. Steinway & Sons Video	9.95
☐ 35. Taos Furniture	10.00
☐ 36. Tourneau	Free
☐ 37. Velux Roof Windows and Skylights	Free
☐ 38. Wellington Jewels	Free
☐ 39. The White House	5.00
☐ 40. Working Assets Visa ®	Free
☐ 41. Worth & Worth	Free

Name______________________________ Address____________________________________

City/State/Zip____________________________________ Amount Enclosed____________________

Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery. International orders accepted only if accompanied by U.S. funds. Offer expires May 25, 1992.

©1992 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

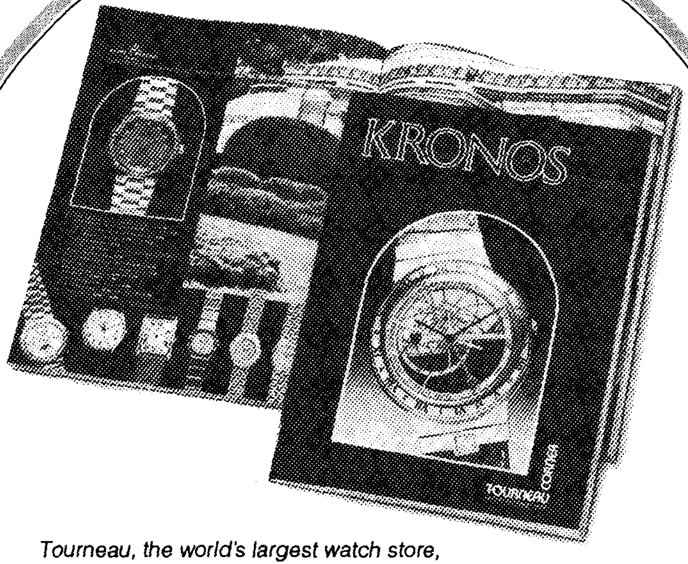
Cantor's proof, and resisted the whole notion of "discovering" a number. (He once said, in a famous remark, "God made the integers, all else is the work of man.") Cantor's proof has withstood such attacks, and today the debate over whether transcendental numbers are a work of God or man has subsided, mathematicians having decided to work with transcendental numbers no matter who made them.

The Chudnovsky brothers claim that the digits of pi form the most nearly perfect random sequence of digits that has ever been discovered. They say that nothing known to humanity appears to be more deeply unpredictable than the succession of digits in pi, except, perhaps, the haphazard clicks of a Geiger counter as it detects the decay of radioactive nuclei. But pi is not random. The fact that pi can be produced by a relatively simple formula means that pi is orderly. Pi looks random only because the pattern in the digits is fantastically complex. The Ludolphian number is fixed in eternity—not a digit out of place, all characters in their proper order, an endless sentence written to the end of the world by the division of the circle's diameter into its circumference. Various simple methods of approximation will always yield the same succession of digits in the same order. If a single digit in pi were to be changed anywhere between here and infinity, the resulting number would no longer be pi; it would be "garbage," in David's word, because to change a single digit in pi is to throw all the following digits out of whack and miles from pi.

"Pi is a damned good fake of a random number," Gregory said. "I just wish it were not as good a fake. It would make our lives a lot easier."

Around the three-hundred-millionth decimal place of pi, the digits go 88888888—eight eights pop up in a row. Does this mean anything? It appears to be random noise. Later, ten sixes erupt: 6666666666. What does this mean? Apparently nothing, only more noise. Somewhere past the half-billion mark appears the string 123456789. It's an accident, as it were. "We do not have a good, clear, crystallized idea of randomness," Gregory said. "It cannot be that pi is truly random. Actually, a truly random sequence of numbers has not yet been discovered."

No one knows what happens to the



Tourneau, the world's largest watch store, proudly presents the world's finest timepieces. Featured are the collections of 23 major Swiss watch brands as well as information on how to Buy, Sell, or Trade-In and Trade-Up. For a free catalogue, write or call toll-free **1-800-348-3332**.

NEW YORK
BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

TOURNEAU CORNER®

Dept. AB, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

"I thank you
for requesting my made-to-measure shirt catalogue. The response has been overwhelming.

I thank you
for placing your orders as quickly as you did. Your shirts are now being finished.

You'll thank me
when you do request the catalogue or when you place your order. You will be pleasantly gratified.

This is the only made-to-measure catalogue in existence today. The shirts I send back are beautifully tailored and they fit.

I guarantee it."

Ascot Chang

For your free catalogue or ordering assistance
1-800-486-9966

ASCOT CHANG
7 WEST 57TH STREET NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019 212-759-3333
9551-9553 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD LOS ANGELES, CA 90211 213-550-1339

digits of pi in the deeper regions, as the number is resolved toward infinity. Do the digits turn into nothing but eights and fives, say? Do they show a predominance of sevens? Similarly, no one knows if a digit stops appearing in pi. This conjecture says that after a certain point in the sequence a digit drops out completely. For example, no more fives appear in pi—something like that. Almost certainly, pi does not do such things, Gregory Chudnovsky thinks, because it would be stupid, and nature isn't stupid. Nevertheless, no one has ever been able to prove or disprove a certain basic conjecture about pi: that every digit has an equal chance of appearing in pi. This is known as the normality conjecture for pi. The normality conjecture says that, on average, there is no more or less of any digit in pi: for example, there is no excess of sevens in pi. If all digits do appear with the same average frequency in pi, then pi is a "normal" number—"normal" by the narrow mathematical definition of the word. "This is the simplest possible conjecture about pi," Gregory said. "There is absolutely no doubt that pi is a 'normal' number. Yet we can't prove it. We don't even know how to *try* to prove it. We know very little about transcendental numbers, and, what is worse, the number of conjectures about them isn't growing." No one knows even how to tell the difference between the square root of two and pi merely by looking at long strings of their digits, though the two numbers have completely distinct mathematical properties, one being algebraic and the other transcendental.

Even if the brothers couldn't prove anything about the digits of pi, they felt that by looking at them through the window of their machine they might at least see something that could lead to an important conjecture about pi or about transcendental numbers as a class. You can learn a lot about all cats by looking closely at one of them. So if you wanted to look closely at pi how much of it could you see with a very large supercomputer? What if you turned the universe into a supercomputer? What then? How much pi could you see? Naturally, the brothers had considered this project. They had imagined a computer built from the universe. Here's how they estimated the machine's size. It has been calculated that there are about 10^{79} electrons and protons in the observable universe; this is the so-called Eddington number of the universe. (Sir Arthur Stanley Eddington, the astrophysicist, first came up with the number.) The Eddington number is the digit 1 followed by seventy-nine zeros: 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. Ten vigintsextillion. The Eddington number. It declares the power of the Eddington machine.

The Eddington machine would be the universal supercomputer. It would be made of all the atoms in the universe. The Eddington machine would contain ten vigintsextillion parts, and if the Chudnovsky brothers could figure out how to program it with FORTRAN they might make it churn toward pi. "In order to study the sequence of pi, you have to store it in the Eddington machine's memory," Gregory said. To be realistic, the brothers thought that a practical Eddington machine wouldn't be able to store pi much beyond 10^{77} digits—a number that is only a hundredth of the Eddington number. Now, what if the digits of pi only begin to show regularity beyond 10^{77} digits? Suppose, for example, that pi manifests a regularity starting at 10^{100} decimal places? That number is known as a googol. If the design in pi appears only after a googol of digits, then not even the Eddington machine will see any system in pi; pi will look totally disordered to the universe, even if pi contains a slow, vast, delicate structure. A mere googol of pi might be only the first knot at the corner of a kind of limitless Persian rug, which is woven into increasingly elaborate diamonds, cross-stars, gardens, and cosmogonies. It may never be possible, in principle, to see the order in the digits of pi. Not even nature itself may know the nature of pi.

"If pi doesn't show systematic behavior until more than ten to the seventy-seven decimal places, it would really be a disaster," Gregory said. "It would be actually horrifying."

"I wouldn't give up," David said. "There might be some other way of leaping over the barrier—"

"And of attacking the son of a bitch," Gregory said.

THE brothers first came in contact with the membrane that divides the dreamlike earth from mathematical reality when they were boys, growing up in Kiev, and their father gave David a book entitled "What Is Mathematics?," by two mathematicians named Richard Courant and Herbert Robbins. The book is a classic—millions of copies of it have been printed in unauthorized Russian and Chinese editions alone—and after the brothers finished reading "Robbins," as the book is called in Russia, David decided to become a mathematician, and Gregory soon followed his brother's footsteps into the nature beyond nature. Gregory's first publication, in the journal *Soviet Mathematics—Doklady*, came when he was sixteen years old: "Some Results in the Theory of Infinitely Long Expressions." Already you can see where he was headed. David, sensing his younger brother's power, encouraged him to grapple with central problems in mathematics. Gregory made his first major discovery at the age of seventeen, when he solved Hilbert's Tenth Problem. (It was one of twenty-three great problems posed by David Hilbert in 1900.) To solve a Hilbert problem would be an achievement for a lifetime; Gregory was a high-school student who had read a few books on mathematics. Strangely, a young Russian mathematician named Yuri Matyasevich had just solved Hilbert's Tenth Problem, and the brothers hadn't heard the news. Matyasevich has recently said that the Chudnovsky method is the preferred way to solve Hilbert's Tenth Problem.

The brothers enrolled at Kiev State University, and both graduated summa cum laude. They took their Ph.D.s at the Institute of Mathematics at the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. At first, they published their papers separately, but by the mid-nineteen-seventies they were collaborating on much of their work. They lived with their parents in Kiev until the family decided to try to take Gregory abroad for treatment, and in 1976 Volf and Malka Chud-

"Fred is worse than Attila the Hun, but I can live with that."

• •

novsky applied to the government to emigrate. Volf was immediately fired from his job.

The K.G.B. began tailing the brothers. "Gregory would not believe me until it became totally obvious," David said. "I had twelve K.G.B. agents on my tail. No, look, I'm not kidding! They shadowed me around the clock in two cars, six agents in each car. Three in the front seat and three in the back seat. That was how the K.G.B. operated." One day, in 1976, David was walking down the street when K.G.B. officers attacked him, breaking his skull. He went home and nearly died, but didn't go to the hospital. "If I had gone to the hospital, I would have died for sure," he told me. "The hospital is run by the state. I would forget to breathe."

On July 22, 1977, plainclothesmen from the K.G.B. accosted Volf and Malka on a street in Kiev and beat them up. They broke Malka's arm and fractured her skull. David took his mother to the hospital. "The doctor in the emergency room said there was no fracture," David said.

Gregory, at home in bed, was not so vulnerable. Also, he was conspicuous in the West. Edwin Hewitt, a mathematician at the University of Washington, in Seattle, had visited Kiev in 1976 and collaborated with Gregory on a paper, and later, when Hewitt learned that the Chudnovsky family was in trouble, he persuaded Senator Henry M. Jackson, the powerful member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, to take up the Chudnovskys' case. Jackson put pressure on the Soviets to let the family leave the country. Just before the K.G.B. attacked the parents, two members of a French parliamentary delegation that was in Kiev made an unofficial visit to the Chudnovskys to see what was going on. One of the visitors, a staff member of the delegation, was Nicole Lannegrace, who married David in 1983. Andrei Sakharov also helped to draw attention to the Chudnovskys' increasingly desperate situation. Two months after the parents were attacked, the Soviet government unexpectedly let the family go. "That summer when I was getting killed by the K.G.B., I could never have imagined that the next year I would be in Paris or that I would wind up in New York, married to a beautiful Frenchwoman," David said. The Chudnovsky family settled in New York, near Columbia University.

IF pi is truly random, then at times pi will appear to be ordered. Therefore, if pi is random it contains accidental order. For example, somewhere in pi a sequence may run 07070707070707 for as many decimal places as there are, say, hydrogen atoms in the sun. It's just an accident. Somewhere else the same sequence of zeros and sevens may appear, only this time interrupted by a single occurrence of the digit 3. Another accident. Those and all other "accidental" arrangements of digits almost certainly erupt in pi, but their presence has never been proved. "Even if pi is not truly random, you can still assume that you get *every* string of digits in pi," Gregory said.

If you were to assign letters of the alphabet to combinations of digits, and were to do this for all human alphabets, syllabaries, and ideograms, then you could fit any written character in any language to a combination of digits in pi. According to this system, pi could be turned into literature. Then, if you could look far enough into pi, you would probably find the expression "See the U.S.A. in a Chevrolet!" a billion times in a row. Elsewhere, you would find Christ's Sermon on the Mount in His native Aramaic tongue, and you would find versions of the Sermon on the Mount that are pure blasphemy. Also, you would find a dictionary of Yanomamo curses. A guide to the pawnshops of Lubbock. The book about the sea which James Joyce supposedly declared he would write after he finished "Finnegans Wake." The collected transcripts of "The Tonight Show" rendered into Etruscan. "Knowledge of All Existing Things," by Ahmes the Egyptian scribe. Each occurrence of an apparently ordered string in pi, such as the words "Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate/That Time will come and take my love away," is followed by unimaginable deserts of babble. No book and none but the shortest poems will ever be seen in pi, since it is infinitesimally unlikely that even as brief a text as an English sonnet will appear in the first 10^{77} digits of pi, which is the longest piece of pi that can be calculated in this universe.

Anything that can be produced by a simple method is by definition orderly. Pi can be produced by various simple methods of rational approximation, and those methods yield the same digits in a fixed order forever. Therefore, pi is orderly in the extreme. Pi may also be

© January 13, 1940. The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

National Academy
of Design

presents

Hallowed Haunts: The
Drawings and Watercolors
of Charles Addams

∴

A retrospective of over seventy
privately owned works spanning
the years 1935–1989
with the support of
LEXUS
and THE NEW YORKER

∴

November 3, 1991-March 8, 1992
National Academy of Design
1083 Fifth Avenue
at East 89th Street
New York City
(212) 369-4880

∴

Hours:
Wednesday-Sunday,
noon-5:00 p.m.
Tuesday,
noon-8:00 p.m.

ADVERTISEMENT

a powerful random-number generator, spinning out any and all possible combinations of digits. We see that the distinction between chance and fixity dissolves in pi. The deep connection between disorder and order, between cacophony and harmony, in the most famous ratio in mathematics fascinated Gregory and David Chudnovsky. They wondered if the digits of pi had a personality.

"We are looking for the appearance of some rules that will distinguish the digits of pi from other numbers," Gregory explained. "It's like studying writers by studying their use of words, their grammar. If you see a Russian sentence that extends for a whole page, with hardly a comma, it is definitely Tolstoy. If someone were to give you a million digits from somewhere in pi, could you tell it was from pi? We don't really look for patterns; we look for rules. Think of games for children. If I give you the sequence one, two, three, four, five, can you tell me what the next digit is? Even a child can do it; the next digit is six. How about this game? Three, one, four, one, five, nine. Just by looking at that sequence, can you tell me the next digit? What if I gave you a sequence of a million digits from pi? Could you tell me the next digit just by looking at the sequence? Why does pi look like a totally unpredictable sequence with the highest complexity? We need to find out the rules that govern this game. For all we know, we may never find a rule in pi."

HERBERT ROBBINS, the co-author of "What Is Mathematics?," is an emeritus professor of mathematical statistics at Columbia University. For the past six years, he has been teaching at Rutgers. The Chudnovskys call him once in a while to get his advice on how to use statistical tools to search for signs of order in pi. Robbins lives in a rectilinear house that has a lot of glass in it, in the woods on the outskirts of Princeton. Some of the twentieth century's most creative and powerful discoveries in statistics and probability theory happened inside his head. Robbins is a tall, restless man in his seventies, with a loud voice, furrowed cheeks, and penetrating eyes. One recent day, he stretched himself out on a daybed in a garden room in his house and played with a rubber band, making a harp across his fingertips.

"It is a very difficult philosophical question, the question of what 'random' is," he said. He plucked the rubber band with his thumb, *boink, boink*. "Everyone knows the famous remark of Albert Einstein, that God does not throw dice. Einstein just would not believe that there is an element of randomness in the construction of the world. The question of whether the universe is a random process or is determined in some way is a basic philosophical question that has nothing to do with mathematics. The question is important. People consider it when they decide what to do with their lives. It concerns religion. It is the question of whether our fate will be revealed or whether we live by blind chance. My God, how many people have been murdered over an answer to that question! Mathematics is a lesser activity than religion in the sense that we've agreed not to kill each other but to discuss things."

Robbins got up from the daybed and sat in an armchair. Then he stood up and paced the room, and sat at a table in the room, and sat on a couch, and went back to the table, and finally returned to the daybed. The man was in constant motion. It looked random to me, but it may have been systematic. It was the random walk of Herbert Robbins.

"Mathematics is broken into tiny specialties today, but Gregory Chudnovsky is a generalist who knows the whole of mathematics as well as anyone," he said as he moved around. "You have to go back a hundred years, to David Hilbert, to find a mathematician as broadly knowledgeable as Gregory Chudnovsky. He's like Mozart: he's the last of his breed. I happen to think the brothers' pi project is a will-o'-the-wisp, and is one of the least interesting things they've ever done. But what do I know? Gregory seems to be asking questions that can't be answered. To ask for the system in pi is like asking 'Is there life after death?' When you die, you'll find out. Most mathematicians are not interested in the digits of pi, because the question is of no practical importance. In order for a mathematician to become interested in a problem, there has to be a possibility of solving it. If you are an athlete, you ask yourself if you can jump thirty feet. Gregory likes to ask if he can jump around the world. He likes to do things that are impossible."

At some point after the brothers settled in New York, it became obvious that Columbia University was not going to be able to invite them to become full-fledged members of the faculty. Since then, the brothers have always enjoyed cordial personal relationships with various members of the faculty, but as an institution the Mathematics Department has been unable to create permanent faculty positions for them. Robbins and a couple of fellow-mathematicians—Lipman Bers and the late Mark Kac—once tried to raise money from private sources for an endowed chair at Columbia to be shared by the brothers, but the effort failed. Then the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation awarded Gregory Chudnovsky a "genius" fellowship; that happened in 1981, the first year the awards were given, as if to suggest that Gregory is a person for whom the MacArthur prize was invented. The brothers can exhibit other fashionable paper—a Prix Peccot-Vimont, a couple of Guggenheims, a Doctor of Science *honoris causa* from Bard College, the Moscow Mathematical Society Prize—but there is one defect in their résumé, which is the fact that Gregory has to lie in bed most of the day. The ugly truth is that Gregory Chudnovsky can't get a permanent job at any American institution of higher learning because he is physically disabled. But there are other, more perplexing reasons that have led the Chudnovsky brothers to pursue their work in solitude, outside the normal academic hierarchy, since the day they arrived in the United States.

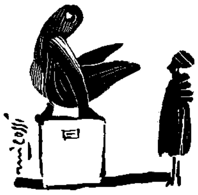
Columbia University has awarded each brother the title of senior research scientist in the Department of Mathematics. Their position at Columbia is ambiguous. The university officially considers them to be members of the faculty, but they don't have tenure, and Columbia doesn't spend its own funds to pay their salaries or to support their research. However, Columbia does give them health-insurance benefits and a housing subsidy.

The brothers have been living on modest grants from the National Science Foundation and various other research agencies, which are funnelled through Columbia and have to be applied for regularly. Nicole Lannegrace and Christine Chudnovsky financed m zero out of their paychecks. Christine's father, Gonzalo Pardo, who is a professor of dentistry at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, built the steel frame for m zero in his basement during a few weekends, using a wrench and a hacksaw.

The brothers' mode of existence has come to be known among mathematicians as the Chudnovsky Problem. Herbert Robbins eventually decided that it was time to ask the entire American mathematics profession why it could not solve the Chudnovsky Problem. Robbins is a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and in 1986 he sent a letter to all of the mathematicians in the academy:

> I fear that unless a decent and honorable position in the American educational and research system is found for the brothers soon, a personal and scientific tragedy will take place for which all American mathematicians will share responsibility. . . .
>
> I have asked many of my colleagues why this situation exists, and what can be done to put an end to what I regard as a national disgrace. I have never received an answer that satisfies me. . . . I am asking you, then, as one of the leaders of American mathematics, to tell me what you are prepared to do to acquaint yourselves with their present circumstances, and if you are convinced of the merits of their case, to find a suitable position somewhere in the country for them as a pair.

There wasn't much of a response. Robbins says that he received three written replies to his letter. One, from a faculty member at a well-known East Coast university, complained about David Chudnovsky's personality. He remarked that "when David learns to be less overbearing" the brothers might have better luck. He also did not fully understand the tone of Robbins' letter: while he agreed that some resolution to the Chudnovsky Problem must be found, he thought that Herb Robbins ought to approach the subject realistically and with more candor. ("More candor? How could I have been more candid?" Robbins asked.) Another letter came from a faculty member at Princeton University, who offered to put in a good word with the National Science Foundation to help the brothers get their grants, but did not mention a job at Princeton or anywhere else. The most thoughtful response came from a faculty member at M.I.T., who remarked, "It does seem odd that they have not been more sought after." He wondered if in some part this might be a consequence of their breadth. "A specialist appears as a safer investment to a cautious academic administrator. I'm sorry I have nothing more effective to propose."

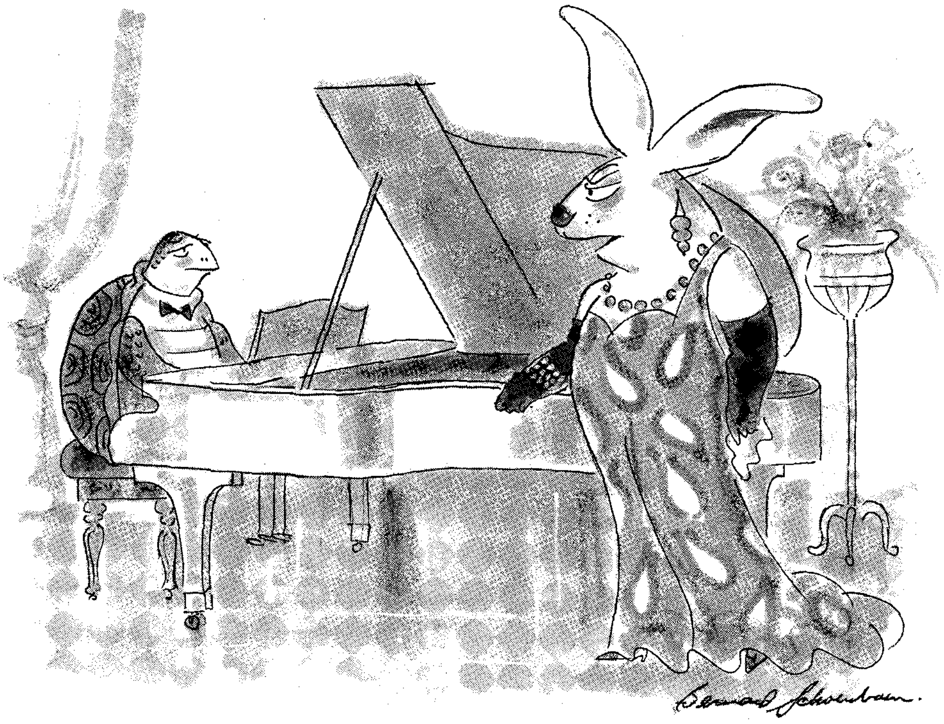


An emotional reaction to Robbins' campaign on behalf of the Chudnovskys came a bit later from Edwin Hewitt, the mathematician who had helped get the family out of the Soviet Union, and one of the few Americans who has ever worked with Gregory Chudnovsky. Hewitt wrote to colleagues, "I have collaborated with many excellent mathematicians . . . but with no one else have I witnessed an outpouring of mathematics like that from Gregory. He simply KNOWS what is true and what is not." In another letter, Hewitt wrote:

> The Chudnovsky situation is a national disgrace. Everyone says, "Oh, what a crying shame" & then suggests that they be placed at *somebody else's institution.* No one seems to want the admittedly burdensome task of caring for the Chudnovsky family. I imagine it would be a full-time, if not an impossible, job. We may remember that both Mozart and Beethoven were disagreeable people, to say nothing of Gauss.

The brothers would have to be hired as a pair. Gregory won't take any job unless David gets one, and vice versa. Physically and intellectually commingled, like two trees that have grown together at the root and bole, the brothers claim that they can't be separated without becoming deadfalls and crashing to the ground. To hire the Chudnovsky pair, a department would have to create a joint opening for them. Gregory can't teach classes in the normal way, because he is more or less confined to bed. It would require a small degree of flexibility in a department to allow Gregory to concentrate on research, while David handled the teaching. The problem is that Gregory might still have the pleasure of working with a few brilliant graduate students—a privilege that might not go down well in an American academic department.

"They are prototypical Russians," Robbins said. "They combine a rather grandiose vision of themselves with an ability to live on scraps rather than compromise their principles. These are people the world is not able to cope with, and they are not making it any easier for the world. I don't see that the world is particularly trying to keep Gregory Chudnovsky alive. The tragedy—the *disgrace*, so to speak—is that the American scientific and educational



"Could you kindly pick up the tempo a bit?"

• •

establishment is not benefitting from the Chudnovskys' assistance. Thirteen years have gone by since the Chudnovskys arrived here, and where are all the graduate students who would have worked with the brothers? How many truly great mathematicians have you ever heard of who couldn't get a job? I think the Chudnovskys are the only example in history. This vast educational system of ours has poured the Chudnovskys out on the sand, to waste. Yet Gregory is one of the remarkable personalities of our time. When I go up to that apartment and sit by his bed, I think, My God, when I was a student at Harvard I was in contact with people far less interesting than this. What happens to me in Gregory's room is like that line in the Gerard Manley Hopkins poem: 'Margaret, are you grieving/Over Goldengrove unleaving?' I'm grieving, and I guess it's me I'm grieving for."

"TWO billion digits of pi? Where do they keep them?" Samuel Eilenberg said to me. Eilenberg is a gifted and distinguished topologist, and an emeritus professor of mathematics at Columbia University. He was the chairman of the department when the question of hiring the brothers first became troublesome to Columbia. "There is an element of fatigue in the Chudnovsky Problem," he said. "In the academic world, we have to be careful who our colleagues are. David is a pain in the neck. He interrupts people, and he is not interested in anything except what concerns him and his brother. He is a nudnick! Gregory is certainly unusual, but he is not great. You can spend all your life computing digits. What for? You know in advance that you can't see any regularity in pi. It's about as interesting as going to the beach and counting sand. I wouldn't be caught dead doing that kind of work! Most mathematicians probably feel this way. An important ingredient in mathematics is taste. Mathematics is mostly about giving pleasure. The ultimate criterion of mathematics is aesthetic, and to calculate the two-billionth digit of pi is to me abhorrent."

"Abhorrent—yes, most mathematicians would probably agree with that," said Dale Brownawell, a respected number theorist at Penn State. "Tastes change, though. If something were to begin to show up in the digits of pi, it would boggle everyone's mind." Brownawell met the Chudnovskys at the Vienna airport when they escaped from the Soviet Union. "They didn't bring much with them, just a pile of bags and boxes. David would walk through a wall to do what is right for his brother. In the situation they are in, how else can they survive? To see the Chudnovskys carrying on science at such a high level with such meagre support is awe-inspiring."

Richard Askey, a prominent mathematician at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, occasionally flies to New York to sit at the foot of Gregory Chudnovsky's bed and learn about mathematics. "David Chudnovsky is a very good mathematician," Askey said to me. "Gregory is one of the few great mathematicians of our time. Gregory is so much better than I am that it is impossible for me to say how good he really is. Is he the best in the world, or one of the three best? I feel uncomfortable evaluating people at that level. The brothers' pi stuff is just a small part of their work. They are really trying to find out what the word 'random' means. I've heard some people say that the brothers are wasting their time with that machine, but Gregory Chudnovsky is a very intelligent man, who has his head screwed on straight, and I wouldn't begin to question his priorities. The tragedy is that Gregory has had hardly any students. If he dies without having passed on not only his knowledge but his whole way of thinking, then it will be a great tragedy. Rather than blame Columbia University, I would prefer to say that the blame lies with all American mathematicians. Gregory Chudnovsky is a national problem."

"IT looks like kvetching," Gregory said from his bed. "It looks cheap, and it is cheap. We are here in the United States by our own choice. I don't think we were somehow wronged. I really can't teach. So what does one want to do about it? Attempts to change the system are very expensive and time-consuming and largely a waste of time. We barely have time to do the things we want to do."

"To reform the system?" David said, playing his flashlight across the ceiling. "In this country? Look. Come on. It's much easier to reform a totalitarian system."

"Yes, you just make a decree," Gregory said. "Anyway, this sort of talk moves into philosophical questions. What is life, and where does the money come from?" He shrugged.

Toward the end of the summer of 1991, the brothers halted their probe into pi. They had surveyed pi to two billion two hundred and sixty million three hundred and twenty-one thousand three hundred and thirty-six digits. It was a world record, doubling the record that the Chudnovskys had set in 1989. If the digits were printed in ordinary type, they would stretch from New York to Southern California. The brothers had temporarily ditched their chief competitor, Yasumasa Kanada—a pleasing development when the brothers considered that Kanada had access to a half-megawatt Hitachi monster that was supposed to be faster than a Cray. Kanada reacted gracefully to the Chudnovskys' achievement, and he told *Science News* that he might be able to get at least a billion and a half digits of pi if he could obtain enough time on a Japanese supercomputer.

"You see the advantage to being truly poor. We had to build our machine, but now we get to use it, too," Gregory said.

The Chudnovskys' machine had spent its time both calculating pi and checking the result. The job had taken about two hundred and fifty hours on m zero. The machine had spent most of its time checking the answer, to make sure each digit was correct, rather than doing the fundamental computation of pi.

"We have done our tests for patterns, and there is nothing," Gregory said. "It would be rather stupid if there were something in a few billion digits. There are the usual things. The digit three is repeated nine times in a row, and we didn't see that before. Unfortunately, we still don't have enough computer power to see anything in pi."

Such was their scientific conclusion, and yet the brothers felt that they may have noticed something in pi. It hovered out of reach, but it seemed a little closer now. It was a slight sign of order—a possible sign—and it had to do with the running average of the digits. You can take an average of any string of digits in pi. It is like getting a batting average, an average height, an average weight. The average of the digits in pi should be 4.5. That's the average of the decimal digits zero through nine. The brothers noticed that the average seems to be slightly skewed. It stays a little high through most of the first billion digits, and then it stays a little low through the next billion digits. The running average of pi looks like a tide that rises and retreats through two billion digits, as if a distant moon were passing over a sea of digits, pulling them up and down. It may or may not be a hint of a rule in pi. "It's unfortunately not statistically significant yet," Gregory said. "It's close to the edge of significance." The brothers may have glimpsed only their desire for order. The tide that seems to flow through pi may be nothing but aimless gabble, but what if it is a wave rippling through pi? What if the wave begins to show a weird and complicated pulsation as you go deeper in pi? You could become obsessive thinking about things like this. You might have to build more machines. "We need a trillion digits," David said. A trillion digits printed in ordinary type would stretch from here to the moon and back, twice. The brothers thought that if they didn't get bored with pi and move on to other problems they would easily collect a trillion digits in a few years, with the help of increasingly powerful supercomputing equipment. They would orbit the moon in digits, and head for Alpha Centauri, and if they lived and their machines held, perhaps someday they would begin to see the true nature of pi.

Gregory is lying in bed in the junk yard, a keyboard on his lap. He offers to show me a few digits of pi, and taps at the keys.

On the screen beside his bed, m zero responds: "Please, give the beginning of the decimal digit to look."

Gregory types a command, and suddenly the whole screen fills with the raw Ludolphian number, moving like Niagara Falls. We observe pi in silence for quite a while, until it ends with:

```
   . . . 18820 54573 01261 27678 17413 87779
66981 15311 24707 34258 41235 99801 92693
52561 92393 53870 24377 10069 16106 22971
02523 30027 49528 06378 64067 12852 77857
42344 28836 88521 72435 85924 57786 36741
32845 66266 96498 68308 59920 06168 63376
85976 35341 52906 04621 44710 52106 99079
33563 54625 71001 37490 77872 43403 57690
01699 82447 20059 93533 82919 46119 87044
02125 12329 11964 10087 41341 42633 88249
48948 31198 27787 03802 08989 05316 75375
43242 20100 43326 74069 33751 86349 40467
52687 79749 68922 29914 46047 47109 31678
05219 48702 00877 32383 87446 91871 49136
90837 88525 51575 35790 83982 20710 59298
41193 81740 92975 31.
```

"It showed the last digits we've found," Gregory says. "The last shall be first."

"Thanks for asking," m zero remarks, on the screen.

—RICHARD PRESTON

B A R B A D O S

WINTER ELEGANCE

Cobblers Cove Coral Reef Club
Glitter Bay Royal Pavilion
Sandpiper Inn Sandy Lane
Settlers' Beach Treasure Beach

Eight jewels
in the crown of the sun

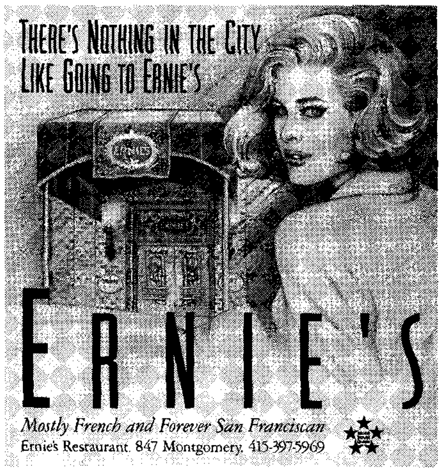
For reservations call **1-800-5ELEGANT** or contact your travel agent. For information:

Elegant Resorts of Barbados
c/o O'Neil Direct P.O. Box O
Short Hills, NJ 07078

NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ____________
STATE ________ ZIP ________

41605

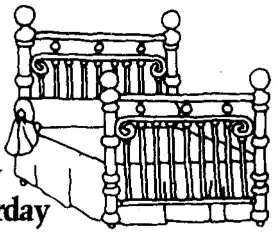
The Elegant Resorts of
BARBADOS



THERE'S NOTHING IN THE CITY
LIKE GOING TO ERNIE'S

ERNIE'S

Mostly French and Forever San Franciscan
Ernie's Restaurant. 847 Montgomery. 415-397-5969



Getaway
to Yesterday

Visit the Inn in the Berkshires with two centuries of tradition, and all the modern amenities. Live amidst antiques. Savor Veal Oscar, homemade apple pie. Norman Rockwell Museum close by. **413-298-5545.** Mass. pike, Exit 2.

THE RED LION INN

Since 1773, Box NY3, Stockbridge, Mass. 01262

THE THEATRE

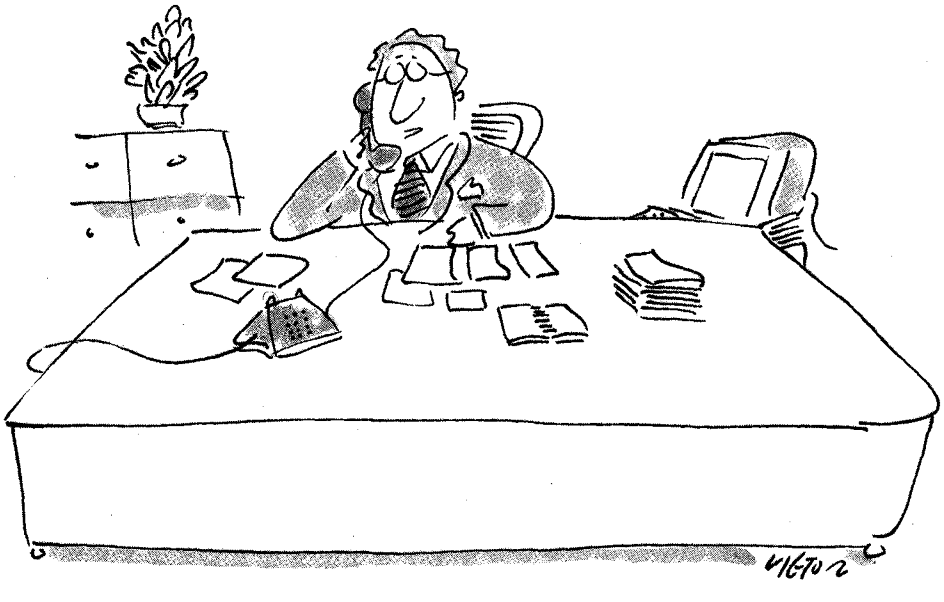
'S Wonderful

THE incomparable "Crazy for You," at the Shubert, is a one-evening renaissance of the American musical comedy. Although it's based on ("suggested by" might be more like it) "Girl Crazy," the 1930 Gershwin show that introduced the twenty-one-year-old Ethel Merman and featured Ginger Rogers, it is clear from the moment the overture begins that "Crazy for You" is beholden to nothing. The show is a golden treasury of nineteen Gershwin songs, only five of them from "Girl Crazy." The action opens backstage at the Zangler Theatre in New York, in the nineteen-thirties, and quickly moves to Forty-second Street, and marquees blazing with such hits as "June Moon" and "Sweet Adeline." (Nostalgia is not neglected, but nostalgia is the least of it.) Enter Harry Groener, the leading man, who dances and sings "I Can't Be Bothered Now" so well that the shock of hearing Fred Astaire's song on the lips of someone else wears off in about a minute and a half. Mr. Groener, a lanky James Stewart type, is a droll, collapsible, and apparently boneless dancer, but it soon becomes evident that, for all the proficiency and charm of the company here assembled, the three great stars of "Crazy for You" are George and Ira Gershwin and Susan Stroman, the choreographer, whose dances, under Mike Ockrent's direction, embody most of the wit and humor of the performance. "Inspired nonsense," murmured the literate fellow on my left, catching his breath between gasps of laughter. "Inspired" will do for the entire evening.

The book, by Ken Ludwig, with a nod to Guy Bolton and John McGowan (the librettists of "Girl Crazy"), is livelier and more coherent than most librettos. It tells the story of a rich young New Yorker called Bobby (Mr. Groener), who is sent by his bossy mother to Deadrock, Nevada, to foreclose a mortgage on the Gaiety Theatre there. He meets and falls in love with Polly, the daughter of the theatre's owner, and we're off. Polly is Jodi Benson, a graceful dancer and singer herself, and very much a leading lady of the thirties. A decision is made that the way to save the theatre is to "put on a show" (brief salute to Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney), and Bobby pretends to be the Hungarian impresario Bela Zangler. Zangler (Bruce Adler) eventually appears, causing delightful confusion. All ends in triumph in the resplendent interior of the old theatre.

"Crazy for You" is everything a musical comedy should be. Never has there been a more lavish score or nimbler lyrics, and seldom has there been more fun. The numbers are felicitously assigned. Ethel Merman's "I Got Rhythm" becomes a number for Mr. Groener, Miss Benson, and the rest of the company, and it works. "Embraceable You" is sung with requisite charm by Mr. Groener and Miss Benson. "Bidin' My Time" is safely entrusted to the Manhattan Rhythm Kings (Brian Nalepka, Tripp Hanson, and Hal Shane); Mr. Nalepka, in another terrific number, slaps that bass to invigorating effect. The dancing is a never-ending source of astonishment—the agile players leap over balconies and bannisters, and no surface goes untrespassed. The movement of the scenes, under Mr. Ockrent's masterly direction, is quicker than the eye—on and off the streets, in and out of the local saloon, and, finally, in the Gaiety Theatre. Among the leapers, by the way, a stubby acrobat named Ray Roderick very much impressed me. The acting is O.K., and some of it is better than that. Besides the players I've already mentioned, I admired Jane Connell, now gray-haired, as the bossy mother; Michele Pawk, as Bobby's snooty fiancée from New York; Beth Leavel, as Zangler's girlfriend; and, above all, John Hillner, as a tough saloonkeeper in Nevada. Robin Wagner designed the gorgeous settings, William Ivey Long the gorgeous costumes, and Paul Gallo the eloquent lighting. Some people, I suppose, might say that most of the best numbers occur in the first act, but, as the Gershwins once said, who cares? "Crazy for You"—all two and a half hours of it—is a joy to hear and to behold. For the stagestruck, it is heaven on earth.

—Edith Oliver



"I'd like to confess to a white-collar crime—I kept you on hold just for the heck of it."

Just Fine

I GOT all dressed up to see Joan, I must confess. Nothing flashy, of course—one doesn't confront a sex kitten on her own turf—but I did go out of my way. I figured that the Joan Collins "Private Lives" was going to be one of those events which are really all about how a girl looks. If the truth be known, I was having one of my dog days, and would have preferred to stay at home. But then I thought of Joan, who posed for *Playboy* at fifty, and I thought that if she could make the effort I could, too. So I put on the purple jacket I hadn't thought I'd ever find a use for and the shoes that make me look five inches taller than I am. There was nothing to be done about the hair.

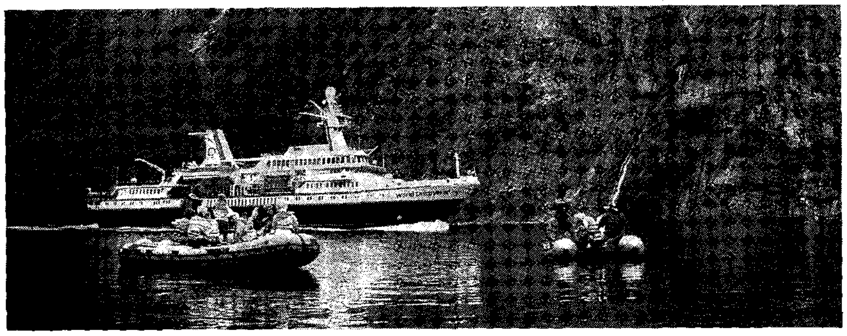
If this "Private Lives"—currently

at the Broadhurst, on the last leg of a United States tour—were about no more than how a girl looks, Joan would come through with flying colors. But, of course, the production *is* about more than looks. It's about arranging your life so that, at an age when many women have long since given up, you are playing Amanda on Broadway in a production in which everything is just as you want it. It's about making sure that the English actor who played Victor for you in the West End gets to appear in New York (despite the fact that any number of Americans could have played the role). And it's about the actress who played Sybil in the West End—and won a Laurence Olivier Award for best supporting actress—not getting to appear here. Most especially, it's about finding an Elyot who is at once so funny and so self-effacing that he can compensate for the weaknesses in your performance without ever eclipsing you.

In a play renowned for style, one would expect an actress renowned for glitz to fall flat on her face. Actually, Miss Collins does just fine as Amanda. She doesn't reinvent the role, or anything, but she has her moments. And if her voice could be a little more variable and her timing a little sharper and her curtain call a little more gracious toward her co-star, Simon Jones—well, what the hey?

So I won't hear a word against Joan. All the same, the best thing about the production is unquestionably Mr. Jones, who really does reinvent the role of Elyot: he's funny-adorable rather than funny-acerbic, as Noël Coward himself—one knows from recordings—was. What makes the evening a pleasure is that Mr. Jones finds so many different ways of being adorable, just as Edward Duke, on a smaller scale, finds so many different ways of being pompous in the role of Victor (which Olivier originated, incidentally). Jill Tasker, who plays Sybil, might have found more ways of being silly and irritating, but maybe there's something in her contract about not being too good.

I wish there were more to say about he production—which was directed by Arvin Brown and has stylish sets and tylish costumes by Loren Sherman nd William Ivey Long, respectively—ut there isn't. The play is still amusng, and Miss Collins, if not herself jewel, has given herself the perfect setting. —MIMI KRAMER



FOR THE CURIOUS TRAVELER

We are an American travel company which uses small expedition ships to explore areas of natural beauty and cultural interest. We confess a decided bias for places whose contours and history are relatively unknown.

For those who hear the call of the wild, we journey to the rain forests of the *Amazon*, the ice-strewn waters of *Antarctica*, the national parks of *Costa Rica* and the hidden fjords of *Alaska's Inside Passage.*

But you don't have to travel far to discover the original and unexpected. There are surprises as close to home as the marshlands of our *Intracoastal Waterway* in the Southeast and the desert landscapes of *Baja California.*

Like the great explorers before us, we don't just pass by. We land, explore and experience environments that have remained immune to the encroachments of tourism.

If you'd like to hear more, call us at **1-800-325-0010** (in Missouri call 314-727-2929) or see your travel agent.

CLIPPER
IN THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

7711 Bonhomme Avenue ✦ St. Louis, Missouri 63105

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SUMMER SESSION 1992
ONE-WEEK COURSES

Most classes meet Monday through Friday from 6–8:30 p.m. Courses are open to the general public as well as teachers, professionals, advanced undergraduates, and graduate students. For information about these and other Summer Session 1992 courses, please return the coupon below or call (212) 854-5109.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN CHINA
Peiyi Wu June 15–19

CULTURE AND IMPERIALISM: INDIA THROUGH WESTERN EYES
Robin Lewis July 27–31

GLASNOST AND SOVIET LITERATURE
Catherine Nepomnyashchy July 20–24

NEW YORK AND THE IMMIGRANT
James Shenton June 22–26

REFORMING AMERICAN GOVERNMENT: DIVIDED DEMOCRACY AND POLITICAL ACCOUNTABILITY
Richard Pious June 1–5

THE CAUSES OF WAR
Edward Mansfield July 13–17

VERGIL'S *AENEID* AND ROME
Mark Petrini July 6–10

Summer Session Office, 303 Lewisohn, Columbia University, New York, NY 10027.
Telephone: (212) 854-5109.
Please send a Summer Session 1992 bulletin and application form to:

NAME: ____________________
ADDRESS: ____________________
CITY: __________ STATE: __________ ZIP: __________

Columbia University is an affirmative action/equal opportunity institution. KER

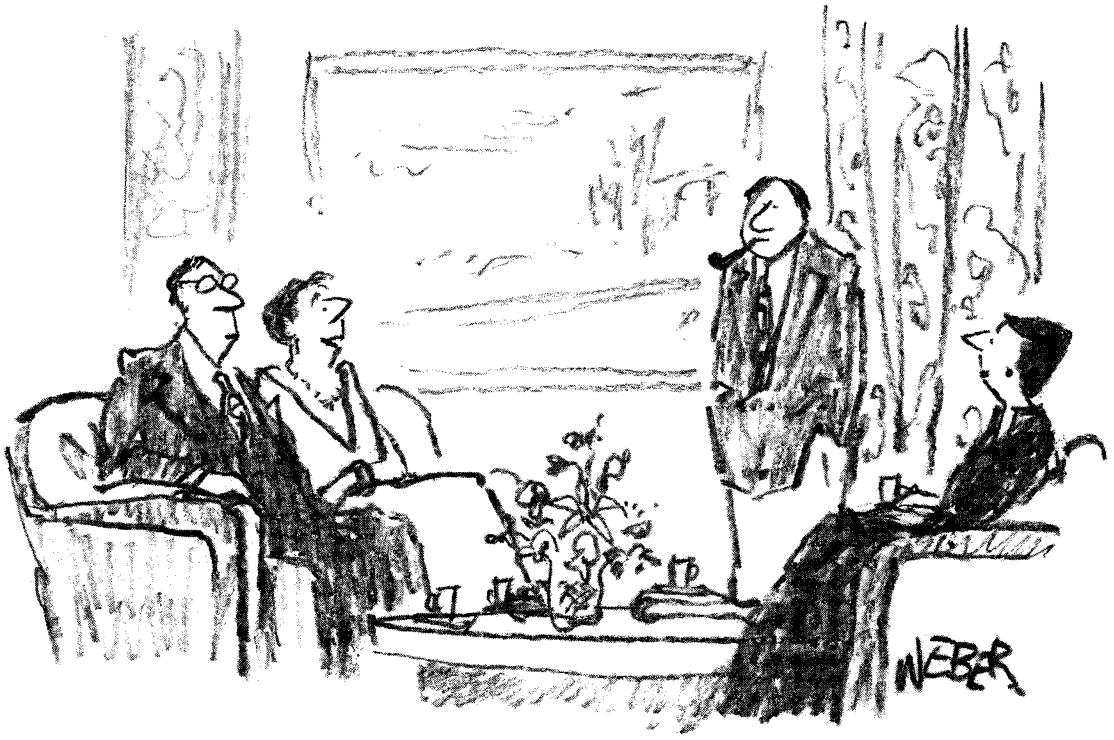
JAZZ

The Other Allen

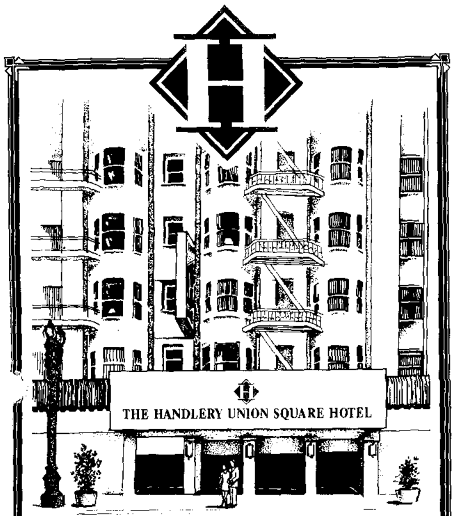
JAZZ was at its most heterogeneous in 1957. Its many schools, freed of the silly moldy-fig-versus-bebop skirmishes of the late forties, functioned side by side—supper in the ark. You could hear the pioneers of New Orleans jazz, Chicago jazz, stride piano, boogie-woogie, and swing and, hard by, the ascendant originators of bebop and hard bop and cool jazz. Brilliant things kept happening. An unknown Cecil Taylor, presaging a new avant-garde, had just released his first album, and the forty-nine-year-old New Orleans trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen made an uncanny old-avant-garde record. Bobby Hackett's witty sextet, a cross between Miles Davis's "Birth of the Cool" nonet and Bud Freeman's "Summa Cum Laude" band, appeared at the fourth Newport Jazz Festival. So did Mahalia Jackson, thereby helping to move gospel singing out of the church and into the secular sun. The first of the two nearly perfect Great South Bay jazz festivals (still unsurpassed in matters of taste, presentation, and spirit) was held in a tent on Long Island, and it offered Charles Mingus and Jimmy Knepper, a Fletcher Henderson reunion band, Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins, the Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band, Horace Silver and Art Farmer, and Jimmy Rushing. John Coltrane briefly became a member of a Thelonious Monk quartet that had Wilbur Ware on bass and Shadow Wilson on drums (it was possibly the best of Monk's quartets), and it appeared with stunning effect at the Five Spot. The year ended with a bang. On December 8th, CBS television showed "The Sound of Jazz," a live, hour-long summing-up of the music which has become a permanent part of the history of jazz.

But nothing that happened in 1957 is more vivid than Red Allen's recording. Out of print for thirty years, it has been reissued on a Bluebird CD called "Henry 'Red' Allen: World on a String." (With Allen are Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey on clarinet, J. C. Higginbotham on trombone, Marty Napoleon on piano, Everett Barksdale on guitar, Lloyd Trotman on bass, and Cozy Cole on drums.) Although Allen had not made an important recording since the early forties, more than half of the eleven numbers on the Bluebird disk contain trumpet solos of such daring and beauty that they caused the young avant-garde trumpet player Don Ellis to say in *Down Beat*, "What other trumpet player plays such asymmetrical rhythms and manages to make them swing besides? What other trumpeter plays ideas that may begin as a whisper, rise to a brassy shout, and suddenly become a whisper again? . . . Who else has the amazing variety of tonal colors, bends, smears, half-valve effects, rips, glissandos, flutter-tonguing (a favorite on a high D), all combined with iron chops and complete control of even the softest, most subtle tone production?" Ellis went on to say that he considered Allen the most advanced trumpeter in New York—this at a time when Miles Davis and Ellis himself were in the forefront of the younger players.

Allen had a strange, self-defeating career. He had been an advanced, highly original player since his days in the thirties with Fletcher Henderson and the Mills Blue Rhythm Band. But, like many highly original people, he kept getting in his own way. In 1929, he had refused a job with Duke Ellington, who was just about to break loose. (Ellington, the Washington–New York smoothie, had a mysterious penchant for rough-and-ready New Orleans musicians. At one time or another, he had Sidney Bechet, whom he admired enormously, the clarinettist Barney Bigard, and the bassist Wellman Braud. When Bigard left, in 1942, Ellington tried to replace him with another New Orleans clarinettist, Edmond Hall. The Ellington band rested on the blues, and Hall was a great blues player. So was Allen. Quirky and eloquent, both players would have subtly altered the band's direction, helping to balance its occasional glibness.) Then, in 1934, Allen turned down a job as the leader of the Blue Rhythm Band and joined instead as a sideman. A loose-jointed Harlem band, it included the trumpeter Harry Edison, the alto saxophonist Tab Smith, and most of the musicians who would



"*No gloom and doom here. Julian predicts the economy will turn around by the end of the century.*"


THE HANDLERY UNION SQUARE HOTEL

The Diamond on the Square

POLISHED ACCOMMODATIONS
AT A REASONABLE PRICE

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

HANDLERY UNION SQUARE HOTEL
Family run for over 40 years
351 GEARY STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102
(800) 223-0888 OR (415) 781-7800
To receive our discount corporate rate,
mention you saw this ad in The New Yorker.
WHILE IN SAN DIEGO STAY AT THE HANDLERY HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB

LIGHT

A
New Quarterly
of Light Verse,
Satire, & more...

John Updike, X.J. Kennedy, William Stafford, Donald Hall, Tom Disch, Gavin Ewart, William Matthews, Dabney Stuart, John Frederick Nims, & a crowd of others under the bushel.

$12 Yearly (four issues). *LIGHT*, Box 7500, Chicago, IL 60680.

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
A Million Pieces!
Active & Discontinued
China, Crystal & Flatware.
To Buy or Sell:
Call (919) 697-3000, or write:
1089 Knox Rd., P.O. Box 26029, Dept.Y032A
Greensboro, NC 27420 (SASE Please)

TV IN ISRAEL
Study broadcast journalism with members of the BBC. American and Israeli television. Write, direct, narrate and produce your own short feature and come home with a cassette of your work. College credit.
ANGLO AMERICAN
MEDIA WORKSHOPS (212) 737-1559
12 East 86th St. #408, New York, NY 10028

become the John Kirby Sextet. Three years later, he went with Louis Armstrong's ramshackle big band, and spent three years in Armstrong's trumpet section as a largely non-soloing player. It was as if Artie Shaw had joined Benny Goodman's reed section. In 1940, Allen formed his own fine, small swing band, but it gradually developed show-biz mannerisms. He kept the band together until the early fifties, and after gigging around New York took a group into the Metropole Café. He stayed there until a few years before he died, in 1967, at fifty-nine. The Metropole, on Seventh Avenue at Forty-seventh Street, was shaped like a railroad car. It had a long bar against its north wall and, behind the bar, a narrow platform, backed by mirrors. The musicians, sometimes fifteen strong, stood side by side on the platform and played, exhibits in a sideshow. Only the pianist and the drummer were allowed to sit down, and the musicians at one end of the lineup often could not hear what the musicians at the other end were playing. Allen became a star there. People with no musical leanings would go to hear him do numbers like "Ride, Red, Ride," his volcanic, flag-waving version of the old "Tiger Rag." He'd count off by shouting "Wamp! Wamp!," sing the raucous vocal, usually with the audience joining in, let his racing sidemen solo, sing again, play a couple of garish, blaring choruses, and close with a shouted, many-syllabled "Nice!"

By the time Allen made his 1957 recording, the early, unique Allen had been all but forgotten. (Occasionally, he would play soft, ruminative ballads at the Metropole, but not many people listened, and he would quickly go into his next rampage.) After he moved away from Louis Armstrong's influence, in the early thirties, Allen sounded like no other trumpeter. He had a free-floating sense of time that may have affected Billie Holiday and Lester Young, both of whom treated time as their minion. Allen's tone was lustrous and dark, he used a great many blue notes, and he liked long notes and notes at the edges of his chords. When he played ballads like "Heartbreak Blues" and "There's a House in Harlem for Sale," his solos exalted sorrow without being sad. His playing never lost its matter-of-fact New Orleans flavor. No matter how com-

"A beautiful lady
is an accident.
A beautiful old lady
is a work of art."
—Louis Nizer

FOR A FREE GUIDE
TO NEW ORLEANS CALL
1-800-932-1400

POSTAGE INCLUDED
$9.95
Over 2" Long

. Beautiful hand painted Turtle
. Blue-green with black eyes, solid porcelain
. Absolute guarantee. Please send check or M.O.
Chesterfield's
# 569Y-200 West 3rd. Street, Sumas, WA 98295-8000

EUROPE NEVER LOOKED BETTER
• 6-week tours for students 14 and up • French language tour to France and Switzerland • Spanish language tour to Spain • Grand Tour of Europe • Mediterranean Tour • Eastern European Adventure
For information and literature, call 212-921-2050.
Outside NY Metro Area 1-800-858-4807.
GREAT SCOTT
Travel & Adventure
1185 Avenue of the Americas,
Suite 2200, New York, NY 10036

THE NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

Utah Travel Council
Free Utah Travel Guide
1-800-UTAH-FUN

Ocean Reef Club
A private club, Key Largo, FL
1-800-741-REEF

Levenger
Tools for the serious reader
Free catalogue
1-800-544-0880

Sandals
All-inclusive resort
for couples only
1-800-SANDALS

Colorado Tourism
1-800-265-6723

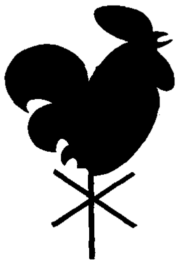
Fisher Island
A luxurious residential
and resort community
1-800-624-3251

ADVERTISEMENT

plex it got, it always had its hands on its knees.

The 1957 recording made it clear that Allen's old, beautiful style had not vanished: he may have been making a living as a vaudevillian, but he was secretly writing poetry. Both Allens—the exhibitionist and the poet—are on the record, and they set each other off nicely. "Ride, Red, Ride," " 'Swonderful," "St. James Infirmary," and "Ain't She Sweet" are Allen at the Metropole. But in most of the remaining numbers he lets the poet sing. Allen starts each of these numbers by gently paraphrasing the melody. He then steps aside and lets his sidemen solo. (Hawkins is masterly and complete, but Higginbotham is wild and sometimes hair-raising, and Bailey, as always, is fleet and empty. Cozy Cole, as heavy as a wrench, uses a relentless backbeat that nearly ruins a couple of numbers.) Allen's opening melodic paraphrasings are warmups for his solos; they are also classic demonstrations of how to sculpt melody—how to make it three-dimensional. In his solos, the melody, though always stirring nearby, is transmuted into a series of Jamesian extravagances that, were they transcribed, would be impossible for any other trumpeter to play. The solos, filled with clauses within clauses, move constantly—no phrase lasts more than three or four measures. He will start with a two-bar patch of melody, swoop up an octave, play a trill, drop an octave and a half and hold a low note for three bars—using no vibrato and making the note so wide and smooth you could stand on it—then slide up a glissando, give us another melodic fragment, dodge through a rising-and-falling stretch of sixteenth notes, cut loose a sudden high note, cap it abruptly, and fall back into the cellar. His tone throughout is largely soft and nudging and hoarse. But he is not showing age or wear; he is being confidential. He has secrets to tell. The emotion he achieves is sometimes unbearable. Gunther Schuller, sending the word down from Olympus, says at the close of a long section on Allen in his 1989 book "The Swing Era" that his two-chorus solo in "I Cover the Waterfront" is "one of the most magnificent extended trumpet solos of that or any other period." But close attention should also be given to "Love Is Just Around the Corner," "Love Me or Leave Me," and "Sweet Lorraine."

Allen appeared eight months later on "The Sound of Jazz," and more than held his own in fast company. And two years after that, on a pair of lowbrow LPs done with the ancient New Orleans trombonist Kid Ory, he nearly matched his 1957 playing. In 1966, just six months before he died, Allen and Pee Wee Russell went up to M.I.T. to give a concert. They had played together on "The Sound of Jazz," and they had made a series of stamping records in 1932 with a cheerful singer named Billy Banks. Neither of them was at ease in Cambridge. The hall was new and cold, the audience small, and the modern rhythm section introspective. But the old warriors played some beautiful things, and Allen, who acted as leader, was memorable in a long, restless solo on "Body and Soul."



Allen was a big, serene, gentle homebody. He lived in a fifth-floor walkup in the East Bronx with his wife, Pearlie May, his police dog, White Fang, and his school-age grandchildren, or "grands," Alcornette and Juretta. He had a hound-dog face, but when he laughed everything lifted and he looked almost buoyant. He liked black New Orleans coffee, hot peppers (swallowed straight), and an occasional taste. He knew that he had never got the acclaim he deserved, that he was considered a kind of second banana to Roy Eldridge, who learned from Allen but never admitted it. He didn't have much work the last few years of his life. Sometimes he'd play along with musical shows on his television or he'd go down to a place in the Village called the Dom and sit in with the modern clarinettist Tony Scott. One of the musicians who went to his funeral was Ornette Coleman, the new king of the avant-garde. That would have pleased Allen.

—Whitney Balliett

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Andee Beck in the Tacoma* (*Wash.*) *Morning News Tribune*]

The week began with the fiery resignation of longtime KING-TV reporter Julie Blacklow. For a news hound who suckled 20 years ago at the shark's breast of hard-hitting journalism, TV news has changed too much for Blacklow to stay at Channel 5

PERSONAL HISTORY

VENTURE INTO AFRICA

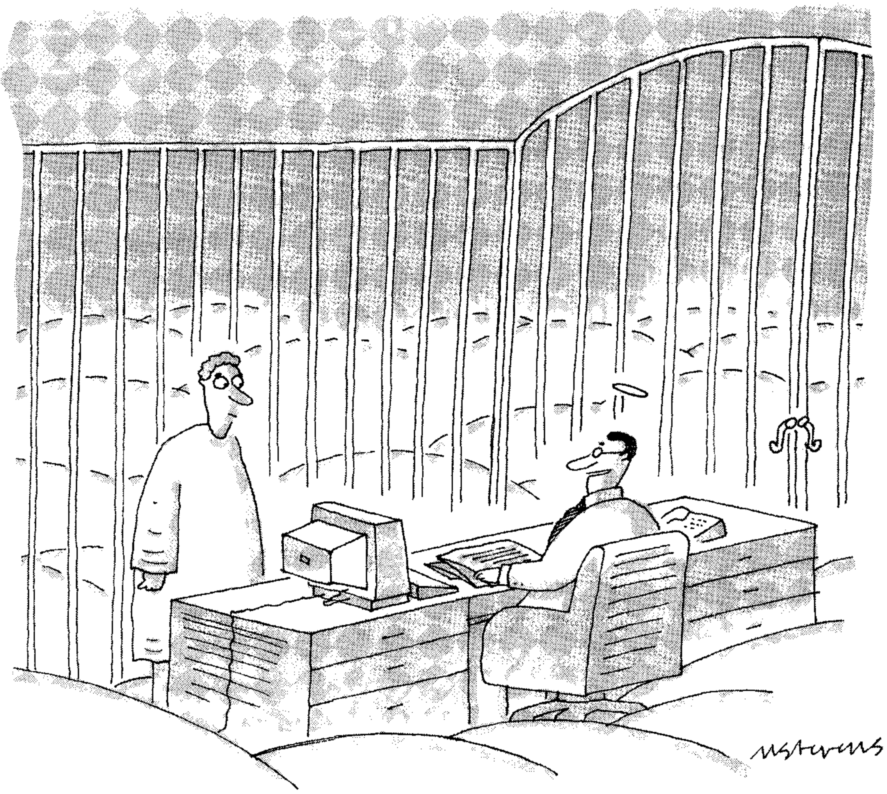
By 1937, when I was nineteen, some of my friends were already getting engaged and married. I longed to leave Edinburgh and see the world. Perhaps that is why I got engaged to Sydney Oswald Spark. I had a diamond ring. "S.O.S." was to leave shortly for Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) for a three-year job as a teacher. He was thirteen years my senior. I thought him interesting, as I generally found "older men." My parents were not at all keen on the idea. They knew very little about S. O. Spark; he had not been working long in Edinburgh and had few friends there. I had met him at a dance. My father was particularly uneasy. I don't know exactly why I married this man rather than any of the younger boyfriends who took me to dances. I will probably never know. It was a disastrous choice. Unbeknownst to us, the poor man had mental problems, not obvious at the time. A friend with whom I discussed this lately has suggested that perhaps he had a hypnotic effect on people. This, strangely enough, was my mother's theory in later years, when she observed S. O. Spark's dealings with someone else and found them otherwise inexplicable.

Anyway, I was attracted to a man who brought me bunches of flowers when I had flu. I also liked the idea that I wouldn't have any housework to do "out there" in Africa, and that I would be free to pursue my writing. And, of course, the call of adventure in a strange continent was very strong. My husband-to-be put it to me that he was lonely; I felt sorry for him. S. O. Spark left for Africa before me. After a few months he sent me a one-way ticket to Southern Rhodesia. We were to be married there.

My parents, my brother, and an uncle came to Southampton to see me off on the boat. My father found a friend, a fellow-engineer, on board as a passenger. He was a man of about forty. "Look after my daughter," said my father. (That was a laugh; the man followed me around, making passes the whole of the two-week voyage.) All passengers' visitors were ordered ashore. It was August 13, 1937, when, alone for the first time in my life, I sailed on the Windsor Castle to Cape Town.

I was a third-class passenger, as were most of the young people on the boat. The older ones were part of family groups. There were students or brides-to-be like myself. There were a few valets or lady's maids (whose employers were up in first class). It was an all-white cast of characters. There was intense fun for two days and nights, dancing to the band and eating quantities of elaborate food at the long tables in the dining room. I was already dodging the amorous engineer. Then we entered the dreaded Bay of Biscay. In those days, few ships had stabilizers. We had none. I knew that the bay was a terror to cross, and it lived up to its reputation. I rocked and rolled in my bunk, hardly caring whether I lived or died. I staggered up on deck out of curiosity and a desire for air. The decks were deserted except for a few sailor hands, who themselves looked pretty green in the face. The golden boys and girls of the first nights out were nowhere to be seen. Where had all the flowers gone? I arrived at a bathroom and fetched up everything I had eaten for the whole of my life. In the cabin, my two roommates were lying feebly supine, having taken some seasickness remedy prescribed by the ship's doctor. The bottle was on the chest of drawers, and, urged by my two suffering, weak companions, I poured out a substantial swig of the near-lethal draft. I suppose I swallowed it, for I woke up thickly a day later, when we were clear of the Bay of Biscay and life had begun to resume its cheerful noise.

I had heard of shipboard romances and I didn't see why I shouldn't have a mild flirtation, especially as I was to settle down in marriage so soon. And I had a very good reason to find a young man who was fun to dance with and play deck games with; it helped to ward off the attentions of the engineer, who was rather sullen all the voyage. My boyfriend was a good-looking, very fair South African student of twenty, travelling home with his parents. He took me more seriously than I intended, and his parents took the most unusual step of asking me if I was quite sure I wanted to proceed to Rhodesia. I sat with them, all three,



"St. Peter retired some time back. I'm St. Bill."

and showed them my hand with my diamond engagement ring. It was really rather touching that they wanted me so much to stop off at Cape Town and marry their son. Did they sense that I was making a mistake in my proposed marriage? I often wondered later on. Certainly I encouraged the young man more than I had meant. Anyhow, we had a lot of fun on that voyage. We sat out on deck under the Milky Way, we danced to the band, we listened to the many concerts given by two fellow-passengers who happened to be professional musicians—he a cellist, she a singer—and had discovered each other quite by chance, and we stretched in our deck chairs in the sun until it got too hot for our tender skins.

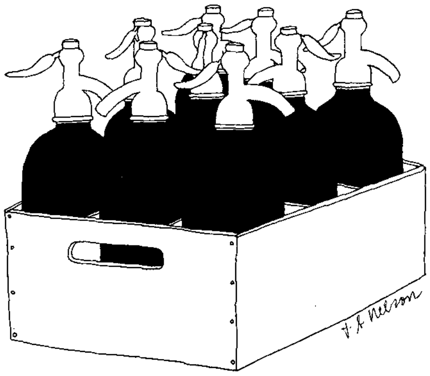
The boat stopped at Madeira. Down the precarious rope ladder we climbed, into a waiting rowing boat, which took us to the island. Madeira was truly an island of dreams in the days before the tourist boom. Flowers proliferated—mainly dahlias, bright-colored daisies, carnations, anemones. The Madeirans pressed garlands on us, and bouquets of flowers. I saw for the first time the rich cultivation of guavas, mangoes, bananas, papaws, oranges. The women had a special way of embroidering white linen tea cloths with coffee-brown thread. (This embroidery had been introduced to the island in 1850 by an Englishwoman.) Some of the designs were magnificent. I bought a modest tea cloth for less than five shillings, and that was the only item in my "trousseau." My husband was not trousseau-minded, and neither was I. To people like us, the gifts of the intellect were considered enough. But my Madeira tea cloth reminded me for many years of my day on the beautiful island, where the flowers and fruit luxuriated, and where the cathedral held only a few worshipping peasant women with dark-gray shawls.

South we went along the coast of Africa, crossing the Tropic of Cancer, crossing the equator (with a great deal of ducking ceremony around the swimming pool), and passing into the Tropic of Capricorn. I was amazed to see the legendary Southern Cross hanging in the sky, in bright reality. The waters at night glittered with phosphorus. All day, the flying fish leapt like ballet dancers. I felt like a real adventurer of the globe.

My South African friends made me promise to write often and come to see them soon. When the boat reached Cape Town we said only a temporary goodbye. It was very strange. For some reason, that family of three—the father, the mother, and the young man—were convinced that I wouldn't stay long in Rhodesia. They gave me their address: "Always a home to come to." In fact, I never saw them again. The son wrote to me in Rhodesia about a year later. He sent the photographs the family had taken on board and in Madeira. I didn't reply. I was already facing problems.

Southern Rhodesia was a self-governing colony, which meant that it had its own parliament and also a governor representing the British monarch. The country came under the vague shadow of the Dominions Office, allied to the Colonial Office, especially with regard to "Native Affairs." But the parliament, consisting of elected members, all white, ran the internal business of the country. The law, like that of most of colonial Africa, was Roman Dutch. It was an unusual situation, never very satisfactory. The number of whites in 1937 was about fifty-five thousand. The blacks numbered about one and a half million, rapidly increasing.

I don't know how anyone could have thought of this situation as anything but temporary. To me at the time, there was no feeling of permanence, and I marvelled at people, newly arrived from England, who had every intention of remaining forever. They thought the country was an extension of South Africa. But the spirit of the times in those years between the two World Wars was already decidedly against the South African model. Southern Rhodesia was then fifty years old, and the pioneering spirit pervaded the atmosphere. I didn't and couldn't pretend to belong. I intended to stay for the prearranged three years and gain as much human experience as I could.

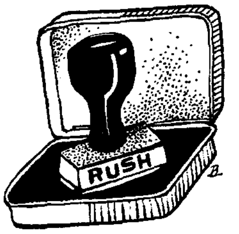


Because most of Zimbabwe is on a plateau four or five thousand feet above sea level, the climate is subtropical. I arrived in the spring, before the beginning of the rainy season and the hottest months. I was married in Salisbury (now Harare), in the magistrate's office, on September 3, 1937, but not before there had been a technical hitch.

I was a minor of nineteen. Where, demanded the magistrate, a Mr. Smith, was my father? Without his permission I could not get married. It had never occurred to me to bring a letter of permission from my father. Cables were sent off to my parents and also to the High Sheriff of Edinburgh; only his word, on the strength of my father's affidavit, would satisfy the Rhodesian authorities. My father, in Edinburgh, swore his assent—reluctantly, as I knew, and as he later confirmed. Finally the permission reached Rhodesia and the marriage took place.

Soon I was settled in rooms in the hotel at Fort Victoria, where my husband's job was. Fort Victoria, a small town in the southern part of the country, was close by the famous Zimbabwe Ruins, and in those comparatively early days the ruins were still surrounded by thick jungle bush and vegetation. The approach was a narrow clearing. I am still glad that I got my first sight of this wonderful complex of Bantu antiquity more or less as it must have been when it was first "discovered" by the intrepid explorers of the nineteenth century. The ruins are now said to date from about the ninth century and to be the product of local African folk, who lived and worshipped there. The remains consist of a stone-wall maze covering the floor of a valley. The walls are high, about eight feet, and at one point they surround a cone-shaped tower some thirty feet high. A short distance away, a hill of granite stones and boulders leads up to what is known as "the acropolis"—layers of enclosures, which are though to have been dwelling places—and to a distinctive building that fulfilled a religious function. Frieze carvings along the walls led many early archeologist to speculate that the ruins were the original King Solomon's mines, o Abyssinian or Phoenician origin. Bu whether or not this evidence of th Zimbabwe civilization, rising as it doe out of the harsh, uncultivated jungle was the original inspiration of Rider Haggard's novel, the evidence of radiocarbon dating and other more recent tests appears to prove that the ruins are indeed of indigenous African origin.

During my first weeks in Rhodesia I loved to go there. Life in Fort Victoria was too lazy and slow for me. It was simply an adaptation of English village life, of which I knew little at first hand. The wife of the chemist, the doctor, the Church of England vicar, the wives of the other schoolmasters all called on me, leaving two cards (or maybe three), one with the corner turned down. I had no calling cards and didn't intend to have any. Actually, I felt too young and too intelligent for all that formal, married-woman business. Almost immediately, I was looking forward to getting home again, and for that reason I was determined to absorb all I could of these exotic surroundings. The flowers were exceedingly quick-flowering and bright, especially the convolvulus, which sprinkled the veldt half an hour after the rain. The first colors of spring were yellow, brown, gold. Later they turned to green.



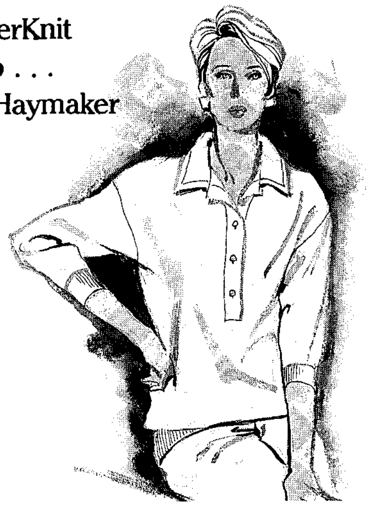
It struck me right away what good-looking people the blacks of that area were. It was rightly said that education could give whites an intellectual advantage over blacks, but what was never mentioned, never breathed, was that despite a poor diet, Spartan shelter, and inadequate medicine the African natives of Southern Rhodesia were, as physical examples of the human race, vastly superior to the average white men and women around them. A great many of the Rhodesian blacks were magnificent. Compared with them, the conquering race looked as if it had only just emerged, milk-fed, from some nursery. The European women were wrinkled early, parched with the sun.

I had nobody to talk to. Some miles away—but too many miles, as I know now—lived Doris Lessing, then a young girl like me, still in her teens. How I would have loved to have someone like Doris to talk to. She was a Rhodesian by upbringing, and I am sure she already had a distinguished mind. But I didn't meet Doris till many years later.

The white women mainly went around clutching hundred-cigarette boxes of Gold Leaf cigarettes (the Rhodesian brand) in their hands, with a lighted cigarette perpetually drooping out of the side of their mouths. I didn't like these women. When my husband and I next moved, to Salisbury, they proliferated. They were very sure of themselves as women. In the colony, there was one white woman to three white men, which led to violent situations—sometimes murder—among the men.

Some women of my acquaintance wore a key on a cord around their necks. This key was to lock up the sugar against the black servants. "They steal as much as a pound at a time," said one of the women to me. I ventured that maybe the servants needed the sugar. This observation was regarded as blasphemy. Indeed, there was no way in which one could really befriend a native African, for the dire penalty wrought by Heaven and earth for such a course of action fell not in the least on the white befriender but on the black befriended. I think that if I had sat down in the kitchen to have my morning coffee with my cook, Moses, nobody would have said a word to me. But Moses would have been made to feel "his place" in a hundred different, petty ways.

All the same, by the time I reached Rhodesia various reforms had been introduced (always by pressure from London, against the wishes of the Rhodesian whites). In my day, no black African stepped off the pavements to make way for a passing white, as had been required previously by law. Young, homeless blacks who did not want to work on the land were not beaten into submission but were left alone, thanks to a public outcry in England. But sometimes I was horrified by the stories I was told, mainly by Afrikaners, or people of South African Dutch origin—who would proudly narrate this or that story of how an impertinent black had been "fixed." A farmer, I was told, on returning home found a piccanin (as we called a small black boy) standing outside the windows of his wife's room, peeping at her through the curtains while she breastfed her baby. For this crime, he shot the piccanin dead. This story was told me by a smug, self-satisfied South African Dutch woman of about forty-



SuperKnit
Polo . . .
By Haymaker

Haymaker's sporty pullover looks good and feels great. Add several to your wardrobe for casual wear. Three-quarter-length sleeves. Made in the USA. Cotton/polyester SuperKnit to machine wash and tumble dry. Choose sand, dark-navy, coral, black, lavender, royal, white, willow-green, sky-blue or red. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg(16-18), X-lg(20). **$42.00**

Add $4 for shipping.

Send for a free color catalog.

Order by mail, or phone 912-924-9371.

THE TOG SHOP
604 Lester Square, Americus, GA 31710

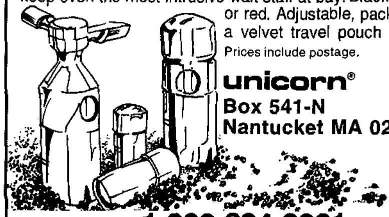
THE WORLD'S BEST PEPPERMILLS

No peppermill outgrinds our **MAGNUM®**. Quick loading, large storage, extraordinary range of grind size, and very fast grinding. For the serious pepper lover. 6" high, in black only. Salt grinder available in white. $29

Our famous **PEPPERGUN®**. Fast grinding, easy loading, large storage chamber, adjustable grind, and one hand use. It's the world's most efficient. 6"high. Black, white, or red. Salt grinder available in white. $23

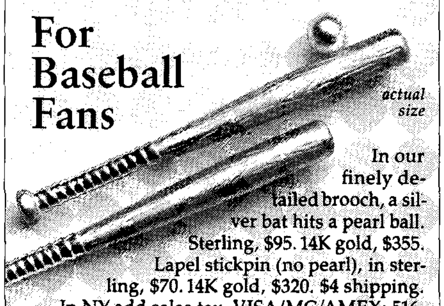
Discreet, powerful, our new 3" travel size **MINIMILL®** will keep even the most intrusive wait staff at bay. Black, white or red. Adjustable, packed in a velvet travel pouch $17

Prices include postage.



unicorn®
Box 541-N
Nantucket MA 02554

Call Toll Free 1-800-634-8881 VISA/MC

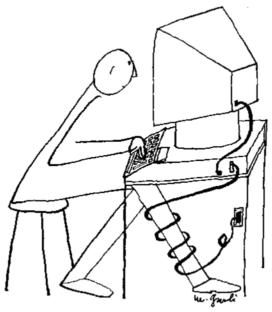


For Baseball Fans

In our finely detailed brooch, a silver bat hits a pearl ball. Sterling, $95. 14K gold, $355. Lapel stickpin (no pearl), in sterling, $70. 14K gold, $320. $4 shipping. In NY add sales tax. VISA/MC/AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check. Catalogue on request.

EAST END SILVER
Dept. N2, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

five, whom I met in one of the many boarding houses I lived in during my married life. (My husband was quarrelsome; we were always being posted elsewhere.) The woman seemed to think the farmer was quite right and to regret that things were changing or had changed. I was unable to speak. I simply stared at the woman. She didn't notice this, but went on talking in her self-righteous way. The farmer, she lamented, went to prison for three years.



I remember a similar woman (and she was typical of many men) sitting at our table one mealtime, describing how a man of her acquaintance, driving along one of the Rhodesian highways (which were tarmac only in strips), deliberately knocked dead a black cyclist who refused to get off one of the strips to accommodate the car coming behind him. "That fixed him, that fixed him," said the woman, heaving her prominent bosom with the utmost satisfaction. Again, I was struck silent, as was my husband. Our friends of British origin were much more reasonable and civilized in their attitude, but the rough, frontier-type atmosphere was often unpleasant; it entered one's soul. I knew I could never make my home in such conditions.

When I was expecting a baby, my husband suggested, very earnestly, that I have an abortion. He was beginning to feel uneasy and unstable. I refused. My son, Robin, was born in Bulawayo on July 9, 1938, at the Lady Rodney Nursing Home, after a labor of a day and a half—far too long. I was at the end of my strength and didn't expect that either I or my baby would survive, and, indeed, it was a miracle that we both emerged strong and healthy. I had bitten down one of my nails. My husband brought me a manicure set and a bunch of flowers. He began to show signs of the severe nervous disorder from which he had suffered and continued to suffer all his life. He had fits of violence, and quarrelled with everybody. I now had news from my parents, in Edinburgh, that his sister had had to be committed as an insane person. In a lucid moment, my husband said, "One day this will all appear to you as a bad dream." I knew he was right. Plainly, he needed professional help. We had no marital life after the birth of my son. I made one trip with my husband to the Victoria Falls, hoping this would make him feel better. That by itself was wonderful; but I knew my married life was over. Strangely, the experience of the Victoria Falls gave me courage to endure the difficult years to come. The falls became to me a symbol of spiritual strength. I had no settled religion, but I recognized the experience of the falls as spiritual in kind. They are one of those works of nature that cannot be distinguished from a sublime work of art.

The falls occur in the middle of the course of the wide Zambezi River, where it borders Zambia (formerly Northern Rhodesia), to the north, and Zimbabwe, to the south. The precipice that forms the waterfall is three hundred and fifty-five feet at its deepest. The waters drop into a churning chasm formed by the opposite wall of the precipice, and it is there one stands to watch the grandeur of the scene, which no statistical measurement of widths, heights, and depths can adequately convey. The usual route to the falls leads through a heavily wooded area known as the Rain Forest, since it is filled with the spray. I remember that on my way through this forest I saw a man covered with oilskins (as I was) for protection from the spray; this man looked about twelve feet tall, and the trees were equally magnified by some peculiarity of the incessant and beautiful vapor. At a distance of about two hundred feet, you begin to hear the tumult of the falls. Then it becomes a roar. *Mosi-oa-tunya*—the smoke that thunders—is the name given to the falls by the local tribes. Amid this great roar, one looks up, one looks down, and from side to side: no more sky, no more forest—everywhere is a mighty cascade of water.

IN Bulawayo I contracted septicemia and nearly died. I remember only a screen round my bed and faces peering at me. Dr. Rose Sugarman, who later became a close friend, said, "You're very ill." I said, "I know." Two days later, I sat up in bed and ate the best part of a box of chocolates that someone had brought me. There were still no antibiotics in those days. The cure was aspirins and, I suppose, youth.

I wrote home a nostalgic letter, pining for those games of golf that I used to enjoy in Edinburgh, even though sporadically. There were golf courses both in Salisbury and in Bulawayo. My father sent me a handsome set of clubs in a smart golf bag. He had already bought me a small diamond watch to celebrate the birth of my son; he kept it for me, not wishing to trust the mail. I have the watch to this day but not the clubs, and I wonder wha happened to them in all the vicissitudes of my life in Africa.

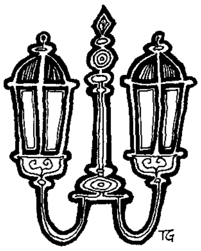
We were transferred from place to place. This was a drawback from the domestic aspect, and it certainly reflected an uneasiness in my husband's career. But drawbacks can be advantages if you think in the opposite direction. This unsettled life gave me, at least, a full knowledge of the country. The place I enjoyed living in most was one that few people envied. It was Gwelo, in the central part, a farming area. Gwelo was still primitive. I felt I was living in the real Rhodesia of the pioneers. We had no electricity, and instead used paraffin lamps, which needed constant attention. Water was carried for miles in petrol cans on the shoulders of our housemen every morning. We managed a weekly bath. The rainy season brought thudding rain and sudden storms followed by a hot calm, in which flying ants would wriggle out of cracks in the wall. My little son was immensely happy in Gwelo. The blacks there were amiable and extremely kind, especially to toddlers. My son was difficult to feed, bu I would often find him down in the native quarters eating with them roun the mealie pot.

By the time I had been in Africa tw years, I thought of leaving my husband. He became a borderline case and I didn't like what I found eithe side of the border. He got more an more violent. I thought I could argu rationally with him. This never worke for any length of time. When Nit McEwen, a friend from school, wa killed one night by her husband in th hotel where I was staying, I got se riously frightened. My husband had small revolver, a "baby Browning," which he liked to fire off in corridor and courtyards. I hid it, and refuse to hand it over when he demanded i

It was exactly two years after m marriage that war broke out. This pu an end to my plans to leave the country. No civilians were allowed to leave Rhodesia. Transport, except for intercity trains, was put exclusively at the disposal of the military. After September 3, 1939, no passenger shipping was normally available.

My husband joined the Army. He moved to the Air Force and back again to the Army. I took on a responsible nanny, a "colored" (mixed-blood) girl called Esther, and together we moved to new lodgings with my child. I had now officially left my husband. Stuck in Africa, I had to get jobs, but Esther was extremely reliable and affectionate toward both me and my son. Her father had been a white magistrate from Durban, her mother a Zulu.

I started the long, weary process, as it then was, of divorce. It was especially difficult under the Roman Dutch law that prevailed in the colony. Even in Britain, at that time, the last thing that could be revealed was "collusion," or agreement between the parties. If collusion was suspected by the judge, the divorce was endlessly held up, and if it was proved, the divorce fell through. When there were offspring, the law favored the man. The very mention of mental instability or cruelty in either of the partners was enough to ruin the case; these factors were grounds for legal separation, but not for divorce. The grounds for divorce were infidelity (especially on the woman's part) and desertion. I chose desertion. My husband would not desert me, so I deserted him. I made a private agreement to pay for the divorce, which my father most willingly did, digging into his hard-won savings to meet the legal fees. He also augmented my income and ultimately paid for my voyage home. It was good fortune that in his last years I enjoyed sufficient literary success to be able to make his life more comfortable, in turn. The good fortune was really mine: nothing can repay goodness, love, and loyalty.



My father had never liked S.O.S., but now he thoroughly despised him. My mother, with more understanding, was sorry for him, and later on, when he returned to Edinburgh for an endless series of cures, she did her best to make him feel he had a friend. Small thanks she got.

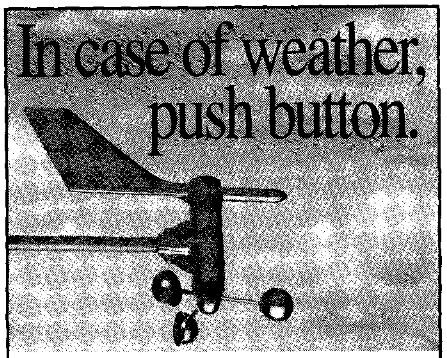
I, too, was sorry for the man I had married. But I was reminded of a recent novel by Stefan Zweig, entitled "Beware of Pity," that treats of a young officer who is induced by pity to get engaged to a young crippled girl. Finally he cannot keep up the pretense. The girl, aware of having been misled, commits suicide. Though the material circumstances of the story were far from mine, the elements of pity and compassion were always present. If my husband had not been an object of pity, I would have been much tougher.

For a young woman, my life was extremely difficult. One night, having been asked to a dance by a party of friends, I was dancing innocently with a Dr. Shankman, an eye specialist whom I knew. My husband appeared and set up a fight with him on the dance floor. My husband was removed, of course, and the doctor and I went on dancing, but this sort of harassment made me hesitate to go around with my friends. It isolated me considerably.

As it was, I escaped for dear life. If I had not insisted on a divorce, God knows what would have happened. I told the man as frankly as I could that I had no intention of living with him again but if he agreed to a divorce I might possibly be able to help him. I was faithful to my word, but, as it turned out, the possibility of helping him in any dedicated way was plainly beyond me. "You were the capable one. You were the strong one," he wrote in his letters from a mental hospital after the divorce. The letters are full of self-recrimination and self-blame, but, as a friend wrote and confirmed to me at the time, "self" was obviously the operative idea. "You tell me to 'snap out of it' but I'm damned if I can," he wrote to me in October, 1944, after I left Africa. I realized that some people simply cannot help themselves by thinking of others; it is perhaps unkind to expect it.

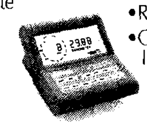
I wanted to start my life afresh, and, as well as I could, I did so. Not long after my husband went into the Army, I had my son's eyes tested at Dr. Shankman's, and met his receptionist, a young, very pretty, and natural woman, May Heygate. She had a small girl, Gail, about the same age as Robin. May's husband, Nick, was

In case of weather, push button.



Now you can have complete weather information literally at your fingertips with the Weather Monitor II. Sophisticated in design, yet easy to operate, it's as miraculous as the weather itself.

FEATURES INCLUDE:
- Inside & Outside Temps
- Wind Speed & Direction
- Inside Humidity
- Time & Date
- Barometer
- Wind Chill
- Alarms
- Highs & Lows
- Instant Metric Conversions
- Outside Humidity & Dew Point Option
- Rainfall Option
- Optional PC Interface



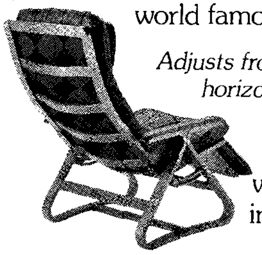
WEATHER MONITOR II
THE PROFESSIONAL HOME WEATHER STATION

Order today:1-800-678-3669 • NY615X
M - F 7 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Pacific Time • FAX 1-510-670-0589
M/C and VISA • One-year warranty • 30-day money-back guarantee
DAVIS INSTRUMENTS 3465 DIABLO AVE., HAYWARD, CA 94545

Back Relief & Relaxation

NEW Scandinavian styling for our world famous recliner.

Adjusts from vertical to horizontal position.



Elegant wood frame in 4 finishes.

BackSaver™ FREE 12 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Avenue, Dept. D92, Holliston, MA 01746

London Apartment Hotline
800-U4-LONDON
Representing 2,000+ short-term, serviced flats in Mayfair, Knightsbridge & Kensington to suit all budgets
Barclay International Group
150 East 52nd Street, New York, NY 10022

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

now in the Army, and she, like me, was making do in furnished rooms. We liked each other instantly. May suggested that we share a flat. Although May had settled for a job as a receptionist to give her more time with Gail, she was a brilliant classics scholar, from Bristol University. I had found a secretarial job with a glamorous businessman, Basil Frost, who had a trading establishment in Bulawayo.

May and I moved in together, with our furniture and our two nannies. We were looked after by Moses, the ever-faithful cook. Moses was reserved and dignified. “One of Nature’s gentlemen,” said May. Besides being kindly by nature, he was a mission-educated man. The much maligned missionaries were in fact the finest people in the colony. Africans flourished and were well educated in their care. Zimbabwe owes its independence in part to the influence of the Christian missions. One of the most saintly men in the colony was an Anglican missionary and poet, Arthur Shearley Cripps, who frequently *went cold or hungry* because he had given the coat off his back or his dinner to an African. Strangely enough, he was deeply respected by the whites.

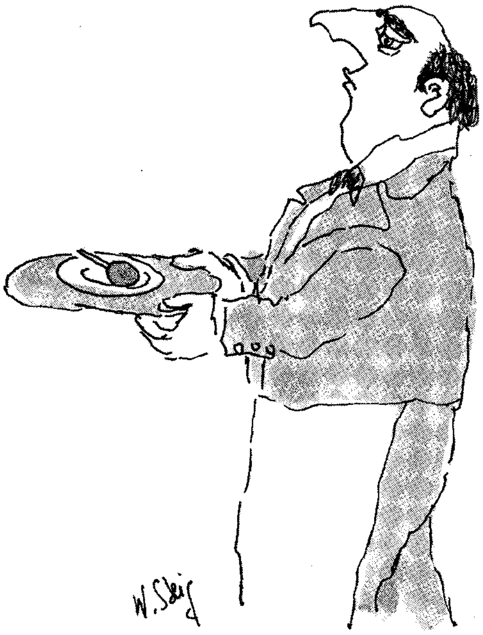
May and I shared our flat in Bulawayo for some years. In the meantime the first part of my divorce proceedings was completed. This was the decree nisi, which preceded the decree absolute, due in about a year’s time. My husband was already in the nervous-disorders hospital. May’s husband, charming Nick, fell ill and died of pneumonia. May and I stood together under a great many vicissitudes. She was so very pretty, a natural ash-blonde, that a great many men wanted to woo her. For my part, the charming Basil Frost (twenty years my senior) spent a lot of time gazing at me over the desk, telling me how young and fresh I was, and explaining how these facts affected him. The truth was that neither May nor I was ready for love affairs; there was a cloud of sadness over both our lives. We felt a predominant concern for our toddlers, and very isolated from home. We would take the children for picnics at weekends, and to the cinema (called the “bioscope”) to see Lassie, who was already a star. Davy Crockett was also a great hero with both children. Popeye was not thought much of.

I thought I might get a job as a junior teacher and applied for a job at an Anglican convent school. I thought it would be convenient to have an infant school for Robin at the place where I worked. I had four interviews in all. A friend of mine who taught at the school told me after my first interview with the mother superior that I *had made a great impression*, “*so young* and fresh.” These words rang a bell, all right: Basil Frost, the ardent heart-throb. And my friend added, “She loves your complexion and your golden hair.”

What about my abilities? In my second interview, the mother superior told me that there might be an opening at the school for me. “You see,” she said, “the trouble with this war is the Jews. We need more people like you.” She went on for some time in this vein, sometimes gazing at me in a most wonder-struck way. This woman, fairly well put together physically, somewhere in her forties, was thoroughly obsessed by the Jews; a hatred came through *her teeth which* I had *never* experienced before. I murmured that Hitler’s propaganda was . . . She wouldn’t let me finish. Hitler’s quite right, she said. The war is all the fault of the Jews.

At home, I said to May that I was going back again to the convent to see how far the mother superior would go. May thought this a lark. But before the fourth interview, which was to be the decisive one for my employment, I told May, “Today’s the day. I’ll tell her I’m a Jew.”

This I did. I didn’t say part Jew or any other sort of Jew. I just said, “Of course, I’m a Jew.”



She said, “It’s not so.”

I said, “What isn’t so?”

She said, “What *you just said.*”

I took my fair skin and my golden locks right out of there. At the gate I found May waiting for me with our two infants crammed into one push-cart. We bought ice creams all round and sauntered home.

IN 1942, at the beginning of my period of comparative freedom, and while waiting for the finalization of my divorce, I went to parties and dances occasionally, quite rightly urged by my friends. The Air Force had mounted an immense air-training scheme, and one was always meeting cheery young men just out from home. One of these was a young flight lieutenant who had been through the blitz, Arthur Foggo. I had a soft spot for Arthur, and that was all; at the same time, it was a lot. His sentiments went much further. We really had a charming time together. Then Arthur was posted home with his group. Overcome by sadness once more, I saw him off at the station to Cape Town, from where they would sail for England. Two days later, on October 6th, came a wire from Cape Town. It read: “Leaving immediately will write you as soon as I arrive. Love Arthur Foggo.” I was rather surprised, knowing the secretive rules of those wartime days, that Arthur’s wire had beat the censor. It was extraordinarily specific. It was handed in at 6:17 P.M. and arrived in my hands after ten that night.

South Africa was officially an ally in the war, but an insipid and reluctant one, as I found when presently I spent some time in Cape Town waiting for a boat home. I have often wondered how many of Arthur’s friends sent messages that evening so openly revealing their movements. Whether they were betrayed by spies or were simply *victims of* chance, there was a torpedo waiting in the seas outside Cape Town for their ship. Arthur and his companions went down with it that night. It was about two weeks later that I heard the news. Some of the airmen had left behind them girls whom they had recently married. The men had been extremely popular. The whole colony was in mourning

May was trying to wangle a passage home. Our friends wrote to describe the horrors of wartime England. But I was now determined to see wartime England. I wanted to be involved. Life in the colony was eating my heart away, and in my depression at Arthur Foggo's death I felt I didn't care what bombs would fall about my ears.

By the end of 1943, it was expected that the war would be over in a few months. There was a possibility of getting on a boat to England if one could reach Cape Town. There was no question of transporting children to England at that stage of the war. I decided for my sanity's sake to go ahead by myself. I had met some very good Catholic nuns at the Dominican convent school in Gwelo. Quite a few young children separated from their parents by the war were at boarding school there. I was satisfied that Robin would be safe in that convent school, and so he was. Even my husband, in the mental home, asserting on paper his legal "rights," liked the nuns of Gwelo. Robin was able to play with the children of my friends there. They kept an eye on him. A professional childminder and her family had Robin home almost every day, and supported me greatly with constant letters. When I left Rhodesia, Esther, who had been in another job for some time, unexpectedly turned up at the station to see me off. We were sad to leave each other.

My plan was to prepare for Robin to go and live with my parents, who were pining to have him as soon as the war was over and the transport ban lifted. This worked remarkably well. I arrived in England in March, 1944. My little son joined me in September of the following year and was greeted with great joy by both my parents. So far as my mother was concerned, her grandson made a remarkable difference to her life. She had been going hrough a period of depression, probably menopausal. But she now felt horoughly rejuvenated, and Robin took o her from the start. It was a great good thing, and an immense relief to me that he finally had a settled home with my parents in Edinburgh. My ather was really a second father to my son.

My escape from Southern Rhodesia ad been effected by a ruse. I obtained a magistrate's permit (from the same magistrate, Mr. Smith, who had officiated at my marriage) to visit Cape Town for three months in order to study literature and drama. I simply didn't go back. I put my name down for a passage to England with a shipping line. I took some jobs while waiting, but I was very impoverished at this stage. Jobs were ill-paid, especially for English girls, who were looked down on by the Afrikaners. Afrikaans policemen would not answer if you asked the way in English. Jobs were also scarce. There were strikes, and an air of economic depression. My life for the few months I was there waiting for transport was enlivened by Marie Bonaparte (Princess Marie of Greece), with whom I struck up a friendship on the basis of our literary interests. She lived with the rest of the Greek royal family in exile, in a fairly small villa. That house was to me an oasis of civilization.

The then Princess (later Queen) Frederika of Greece, whom I was to meet again many years later, in exile in Rome, occupied the upper floors with her rowdy small son (now ex-King Constantine). Marie Bonaparte had bright, dyed red hair, and shrewd eyes sunken into an elderly face. It was simply astonishing to hear her talk so seriously and with such a powerful intelligence, completely regardless of the trappings of exile around her.

Her bedroom, where often we had to sit when the drawing room was engaged, had the air of what I had come to associate with the few Russian exiles I had come across or heard of, or the Jewish professors and their wives who had taken refuge in Southern Rhodesia. The mantelpiece of Marie Bonaparte's room was crowded with family photographs in silver frames, a large package of Bemax (a bedtime beverage), some tattered papers, a book of poems by Edgar Allan Poe, on whom she was writing a book, and a pretty vase.

We discussed literature, which she, having been a prominent pupil of Sigmund Freud, approached from a psychological point of view—something quite new to me. I was intrigued, but I felt it left too much unsaid. I had an idea that there was such a thing as a "literary sense," with which some readers or critics were endowed in addition

Selected
SHORTS®
A Celebration of the Short Story

Stories from
THE NEW YORKER
Live on Stage

DANIEL MENAKER, host
MARIA TUCCI,
MIA DILLON, B.D. WONG,
ISAIAH SHEFFER
read fiction by
DANIEL MENAKER,
DONALD BARTHELME,
ANN BEATTIE,
HAROLD BRODKEY
Wednesday, March 4, 1992, 6:30 pm

* * *

FOOD FICTIONS
a menu of delicious tales
read by
NORA EPHRON,
ROY BLOUNT, JR.,
JUDITH IVEY
and others
Wednesday, April 15, 1992, 6:30 pm

* * *

SYMPHONY SPACE
2537 Broadway at 95th Street
New York, NY 10025
Box Office 212-864-5400

* * *

The best of seven seasons of
SELECTED SHORTS
available on audio cassette,
including
SELECTED SHORTS
CELEBRATES BASEBALL
featuring ROGER ANGELL,
A. BARTLETT GIAMATTI,
JOHN UPDIKE,
GARRISON KEILLOR.

Call Symphony Space at
212-864-1414 for information about
live series and audio cassettes.

Advertisement

to the normal five senses, and that it was by this sense that one should judge literature.

Princess Marie's drawing room was more elegant and impersonal than the bedroom-study. A (white) butler took one's gloves and brought in the tea. I cannot recall very much of our actual conversation, but I remember that I found Marie Bonaparte's company enormously interesting. She seemed equally eager to hear what I had to say, although this must have been very little. But I let her see my poems, and I think she was sincere in her admiration.

My reading over the past years had been very limited, though intense. In Rhodesia I had little to choose between popular novels, which I hated, or Shakespeare and the Bible, which I read assiduously. Sometimes, by some fortune, I would find a copy of "Penguin New Writing," which I fell upon voraciously. I read Eliot. I read what I could find of Ivy Compton-Burnett.

Cape Town was much more civically evolved, but it was still rather empty of intellectual life. I think Marie Bonaparte felt this, too. She was quite indifferent to politics. The encroachment of Communism, which everyone predicted with horror in those days, did not depress her. In one of her letters to me after I returned to England she wrote, "The Russians are a very artistic people. Art will not die therefore."

When I went to say goodbye to Marie Bonaparte, she gave me a letter to carry to Anna Freud, in London. I took it to Miss Freud, who pressed me for news of her friend—how she was keeping and how I thought she was managing. I was puzzled then, and still am, that Anna Freud could not get this information through the ordinary mail. Surely the two friends corresponded? But perhaps there were things in those days of wartime censorship which could not be written between a member of the Greek royal family and the daughter of Sigmund Freud. Indeed, I had been rather surprised that the letter I carried was sealed. That was certainly unusual.

There had been an atmosphere of unreality about Cape Town. The community was divided in three: colored, black, and white. The colored comprised Malays, Indians, and people of mixed blood. There were three entrances to the cinemas and other public places, labelled "Coloured," "Black," and "White." I thought this quite amusing when I didn't think it tragic. The buses bore the warning "Do Not Spit" in English and Afrikaans. My story "The Pawnbroker's Wife" is set in Cape Town, and I think it expresses what to my mind was a refusal of the white people of South Africa to face the human facts around them. They were in "a world of their own." Their very speech was surrealistic. I wanted the reality of home, even though it meant the bombs of war.

In late February, 1944, I was told that there was a passage for me on a troopship. This merely meant that some space normally intended for troops returning to England had not been fully occupied. Just like the troops, the thirty or so women who had decided to risk such a voyage were packed into a section with four-tiered bunks. We were told not to undress for bed but to sleep in our dark trousers. Dark trousers, said the typewritten instructions, were advisable, because, should the boat be torpedoed, sharks tended to overlook dark clothes. (I am sure this was a mess-room jollification.) At all hours we had to hug our life belts. We were allowed to wash in salt water. In fact, we were treated no worse and no better than the Army.

The boat, which was bound for Liverpool, did not go there direct. Always forestalling the German U-boats, it zigzagged. We went from Cape Town to Liverpool by way of the Azores. The voyage took three weeks. It was a dangerous journey. But it is curious how a sense of danger diminishes in proportion to the number of people who participate in the risk. On this occasion, as on others during the war, being "in it together" took the edge off fear. I had no regrets about leaving Africa, and was only too happy to arrive in Liverpool grim and unheated as it was, on a blacked-out night in March.

—Muriel Spark

•

The most celebrated American writers among them Henry Thoreau, Thomas Melville, Walt Whitman and F. Scott Fitzgerald seek communion with the unknowable an lose themselves in what Irving Howe onc described as "the sacred emptiness of space." —*"Money and Class in America," by Lew Lapham.*

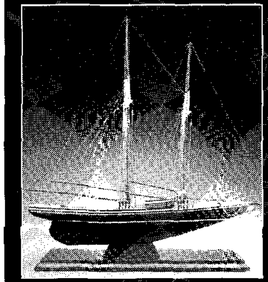
As in Tom Melville's broodin "Moby Fred."

Your Weight Problem
Do you want it pampered or solved?

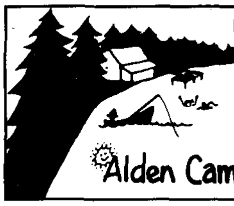
There's a big difference between Structure House and spas. Spas pamper you; *we prepare you*. Prepare you to manage your weight. Prepare you to manage your life. You feel wonderful for years—not just for a week or two. Since 1977 our long-term success rate has been the best in the nation. Indoor pool, outdoor pool, gym, massage, walking trails, seated dining and your own lovely furnished apartment on the grounds.

STRUCTURE
• HOUSE •
We don't just change your diet; we change your life.
Durham, North Carolina
1-800-553-0052

Distinctive Sail Models



Hand Carved
Mahogany & Teak
Fine Authentic Details
Ready to Display
Length 18"-38"
From $895
SEACRAFT CLASSICS
For Our Catalog Call (800) 356-1987
6615 N. Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale, AZ 85250 (602) 951-9518
VISA MasterCard



Family Vacations
Relax on a sand beach
Swim in pure lake water
Enjoy great meals
Cottages, lobster + clam bakes, tennis, waterskiing, fishing.
Send for folder N.Y.
Alden Camps
OAKLAND, MAINE 04963
207-465-7703

If you love words, you'll love VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly. Each interesting issue contains informative, entertaining articles, incisive book reviews, lively correspondence, amusing short bits, and puzzling word games.
$16.50/yr. Visa/MC (800) 999-2266
VERBATIM Post Office Box 78008MN INDNPLS, IN 46278-0008

AROUND CITY HALL

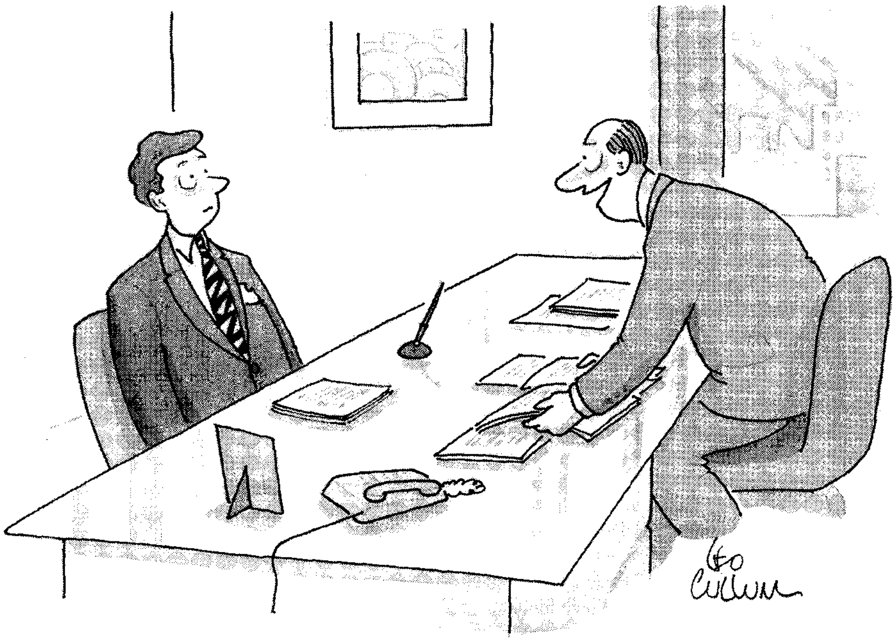
Whose Streets?

MANY residents of this city, like people all over the world, when they look back at the middle weeks of February, 1992, will associate them with long hours spent leaning into their television sets, cheering as highly trained athletes showed off their strength, speed, and grace, whirling about the ice or plunging down snowy slopes against the brilliant-white landscape around Albertville, France. After a while, some viewers here took the time to figure out in what way the Olympic contests were strikingly different from the televised sporting events they usually give their devout attention to: hardly any of the Albertville athletes were black. There were some Senegalese; there was a dark-skinned French citizen; there was the Vikings' running back Herschel Walker, who, with Brian Shimer, came in seventh in the two-man bobsled race—but not many more. The countries that won clusters of medals included Austria, Germany, and Norway. Everywhere, golden hair abounded. (It was a consolation to some to know that the Summer Olympics would be quite a different story.) At the end of the Olympics' first week, a *Newsday* editorial, whose subhead was "The Olympics Give Kids TV the Way It's Supposed to Be," imagined parents watching the games with their children. When the children asked, "Could *I* do that?" the appropriate answer from the parents was "If you set a goal and do your absolute best to reach it, you can do anything you want." It was evident from the membership of the United States teams at Albertville that despite the availability of urban ice rinks, for example, most young African-Americans have, to date, set their goals not in winter sports but in games played in other arenas. In the Olympics, America's fiercest hopes cen-ered on the chances of its hockey eam, which, like most of the teams in he National Hockey League, has no black players. Watching a hockey game has been described as wonderful therapy or sports fans who, whatever other eason they may give for being turned off by professional basketball, can't tand watching all those black men ace around the courts. Presumably, the reverse prescription would also prove to be a curative. Just now, both sets of fans are in luck. Two local teams are regarded as having a good chance of winning the equivalent of the Super Bowl in their specialties: the all-white Rangers and the heavily black Knicks, who are at the top of their divisions in the National Hockey League and the National Basketball Association, respectively.

The Knicks and the Rangers play their home games in Madison Square Garden, and it is in the Garden this July that the Democrats will hold their National Convention to choose a Presidential candidate. As things look now, the significant finalists will include no blacks (and, for that matter, no Latinos or Asians, or women of any race). This prospect is bound to evoke among Jesse Jackson admirers nostalgic memories of the Convention four years ago, when Jackson arrived with delegate votes in his pocket. In the New York primary, held that year in April (as it will be this year), he carried this city and came within a few thousand votes of carrying the state. The co-chairman of his state campaign was David Dinkins. After the votes were in, Jackson told the happy crowd, "Next, we'll elect a black mayor of New York." The primary—in which blacks and Latinos, along with some white liberals and other members of what Jackson called his Rainbow Coalition, voted as a bloc for Jackson—proved to Dinkins that, with the help of the same coalition, he had a chance to win the 1989 mayoral election.

In the final weeks of this year's New Hampshire Presidential-primary campaign, political operatives sojourning in the Granite State sometimes compared the scene to Brigadoon, meaning that, remote as the state is from most of the nation's political and racially diverse realities, it would more or less disappear into the mists at the end of its fevered quadrennial revival. This is now happening, just as many of the props for the games at Albertville, another Brigadoon-like scene, are being dismantled. During the period when an immense amount of national news coverage—and financial resources—was occupied with events in which blacks were close to being in absentia, a large number of the headlines crowding the front pages day after day in this city (which New Yorkers, naturally, see as the real world) dealt, by contrast, with blacks or with events of special concern to African-Americans. Some of the headlines reflected local developments; others were national—such as the death of Alex Haley, the author of "Roots," early on the morning of February 10th.

That morning, news of another cele-



"You're just the man we're looking for. Come around to this side of the desk, and I'll gather up my things and get the heck out of here."

brated black man was even more prominently featured. The afternoon before, in the N.B.A. All-Star game, at the Orlando Arena—a game that drew more television viewers than the Olympics—Magic Johnson had played brilliantly, in what might be his last game of professional basketball, from which he had announced that he was retiring because of the discovery that he had the AIDS virus. After the game, blacks in man-in-the-street interviews and on call-in shows mentioned the theory—it comes up often—that members of the white establishment deliberately devised the AIDS virus in order to destroy blacks. Many followers of polls have been distressed to learn from them that a substantial number of blacks believe in the existence of this conspiracy.

THE spectre of a conspiracy to unfairly prosecute black officeholders as a systematic policy of the federal Department of Justice has been raised in connection with the worst news yet for the Dinkins administration: the revelation that the Mayor's campaign finance chairman, Arnold Biegen, was—as Dinkins finally, at a press conference on Valentine's Day, declared his good friend to be—an embezzler and "a common thief." On January 18th, Joel Siegel, of the *Daily News*, reported that Biegen, who only last August was empowered to sign campaign checks without a co-signer, had immediately set about writing twenty-nine checks for non-campaign purposes; all of them ended up in his own bank account, from which the money then disappeared. The total amount of the twenty-nine withdrawals was a hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars—about forty per cent of Dinkins' campaign funds. The day before the *News* story ran, Biegen had resigned. The campaign counsel, Harold Ickes, explained that there was no reason to call in the prosecutors, since Biegen had promised to pay back the money; in fact, he did not. During the days that followed, it was discovered that Biegen was in debt to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation for almost half a million dollars, and that he owed the Internal Revenue Service three hundred thousand.

For the next few weeks, the Mayor took the position that the situation concerning Biegen—his friend, frequent tennis opponent, and, in the summers, generous host in East Hampton—had nothing to do with him. His expression was one of mildly aggrieved puzzlement. One theory, of course, is that he was hoping no one would ask how he could handle a twenty-nine-billion-dollar city budget if he didn't know what was going on in his own campaign treasury. Prosecutors took a more severe view. On January 31st, United States Attorney Otto Obermaier brought a complaint against Biegen charging mail fraud and bank fraud. That afternoon, a Manhattan grand jury formally indicted him on charges of grand larceny and falsifying business records. As more and more evidence against Biegen piled up, some black leaders began saying that, although Biegen is white, here was a case, once again, of a black officeholder's being embarrassed by the legal system because he was black. At the February 14th press conference, the Mayor was asked if he agreed with that assessment. He said that he did not. Early in 1991, however, in an event that was not on his official schedule, he had joined the Reverends Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton at a church service to show support for Representative Floyd Flake, a black congressman from Queens, who had been indicted by the Justice Department for embezzlement of federal housing funds. (The charges were eventually dismissed by the judge for lack of evidence.) In describing what the Justice Department had been up to, Jackson listed several black politicians against whom investigations had been launched, including Dinkins, who was accused in 1989 of having misstated the value of stock he owned in a cable-television company. It was worth, by some accounts, a million dollars. Dinkins transferred it to his son, David, Jr., giving it a value of fifty-eight thousand dollars. Two inquiries into the matter (including the one by the Justice Department) had ended inconclusively. Jackson referred to a Justice Department "pattern" of prosecution, saying that, just as during slavery a strong black man would be dragged through the streets, humiliated, and strung up as an example, so that other blacks would remain subservient, "it appears that in 1991 these actions continue." At a press conference a few days later, when Jackson's comments were read to Dinkins and he was asked if he agreed with them, he said, "If it walks like a duck and quacks like a duck . . . it's a duck."

Arnold Biegen wasn't the only close friend of Dinkins' about whom reporters asked embarrassing questions at the February 14th press conference. The day before, Rob Polner, of the *Daily News*, had reported that Laura Blackburne, the former counsel to the state chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, whom the Mayor had appointed head of the city Housing Authority in September, 1990—she is the first black to hold the job—had spent three hundred and forty-five thousand dollars to redecorate the authority's executive offices, on the ninth floor of 250 Broadway, across from City Hall. The expenditures for her own office included more than three thousand dollars for a pink leather sofa, three thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars for high-tech video equipment, fifty-five hundred dollars for window blinds, and so on, for a total of a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. The glaring headline on the front page of the *News* that day was "SUITE EXCESS." The next day, a *News* editorial was headed "Laura Money-to-Burn," and the headline on the following day's story referred to "SOFA-GATE." Miss Blackburne's explanation for the lavish redecoration was that her office was now, appropriately, the equivalent of the office of the chief executive of a Fortune 500 company, and that she had spent the money to make people (whom she later defined as "tenants and other visitors") feel at home and "good about what they're doing"—although not all public-housing tenants may necessarily feel at home in an office with a three-thousand-dollar couch. On the fourteenth, a *News* story had reported that last October 29th Miss Blackburne had set up Friends of Public Housing, Inc., whose purpose was to improve public housing in the city. On October 30th, she had transferred Housing Authority funds to the new account and, in November, had withdrawn thirty-one hundred dollars from the account to pay for her trip to South Africa with the Mayor, although he had announced that all commissioner who came along must pay their own way. Polner also reported that last yea Miss Blackburne spent twenty-seven thousand dollars of public funds on out-of-town travel, always going first class.

By the following week, even as two United States attorneys and the Manhattan district attorney were investigating Biegen and his dubious history, the Manhattan and Queens D.A.s, the United States attorney general, the state attorney general, a deputy mayor, and the inspector general of the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development (eighty per cent of the Housing Authority's funds come from HUD) were investigating Miss Blackburne. There was some comfort for the Mayor, however. The February 22nd issue of Harlem's *Amsterdam News* said, in an editorial headed "Blackburne, Mayor Dinkins and the White Press of New York," that "in a line-by-line examination . . . this newspaper cannot find a single item"—in the report of the Blackburne office expenses—"that can be termed 'excessive' or 'extravagant.' " The *Daily News*, the editorial charged, must believe that "a black executive somehow does not warrant or deserve the kind of surroundings that are accepted as standard for white executives." The reason for all the headlines, according to the editorial, was "the dementia of a New York City press that did not wish to have a mayor of color in the first place and that has . . . ridiculed, shamed and by innuendo and suggestion maligned and terrorized him." It caused one "to wonder how the Mayor has survived at all," the *Amsterdam News* said.

The editorial did not specifically mention the Biegen case or the revelations by the Manhattan district attorney that on February 10th Biegen had pleaded guilty to stealing nearly a million dollars from the elderly, mentally infirm widow of a former law partner, who had trustingly named him executor of his estate. "YEAH, I STOLE A MIL" was the headline on the Front page of the *News* two days later. The next day, a cartoon showed Dinkins rying to sweep the newspaper under he rug of his City Hall office. And it was one day later that he held the press onference at which he denounced his riend as a common thief.

IN some parts of this city, residents who hadn't caught on to the fact hat it was blacks who were making much of the news here in February ad only to look out their windows or listen to the angry voices of protesters in the streets below them. New York has the largest concentration of Haitians in the United States; there are an estimated three hundred thousand in the Brooklyn Roman Catholic diocese, which includes parts of Queens and of western Long Island. On February 7th, thousands of Haitians marched across midtown Manhattan to protest the Justice Department's decision to return Haitian emigrants who had fled the country after President Jean-Bertrand Aristide was driven out, last September. At the rally, Representative Charles Rangel, whose congressional district includes Harlem, asked, "Do we, as leader of the new world order, tell the Statue of Liberty to turn itself around when the refugees are poor, when the refugees are black?" Another speaker was Al Sharpton, who was so exercised about the injustice of the situation that a few days later he left for Haiti. There, wearing his familiar jogging suit and sneakers, he delivered to the Presidential palace a two-page letter protesting the way Haitians were being treated in their own country. Later, he was summoned to the office of the Haitian Defense Minister, who apologized for not extending to him the courtesies according to protocol, since the government hadn't known he was coming.

Sharpton's face was so well known to Haitians that many of them assumed he was a congressman. In the eyes of his followers, they may not have been so far off track: Sharpton has joined four candidates fighting to be the Democratic nominee who takes on Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato this year. Whatever comes of his entry into the race, it will bollix up the plans of the other Democrats—State Attorney General Robert Abrams, former Vice-Presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro, City Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman, and Long Island Representative Robert Mrazek—for winning black votes.

There was also marching in February in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, the neighborhood that was the scene, last August, of the worst racial confrontations of Dinkins' time in office. After a black child was accidentally killed by a car whose driver was a Hasidic Jew, another Hasidic man, who had had nothing to do with the accident, was murdered by a band of young blacks. Three nights of rioting followed, and there were nightly

Michelangelo's Florentine Pietá

Michelangelo at 72 intended this "other" Pietá for his own tomb. The classical concept of the Pietá made 50 years before was replaced by dramatic angularity expressing profound anguish. His own tender features were represented in the sad, tender face of Joseph. 10½" bonded marble reproduction on marble base...$136 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unqualified guarantee. **120 page artbook color catalog $6.**

ELEGANZA LTD. *Importers of Fine Statuary*
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #173
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

Buccaneer Shirt

For women & men
Buckle your swashes in our dashing, handcrafted shirt. Gathered cuffs and yokes. Smooth woven cotton in Black, Dusty Rose, Sand, Royal Blue or White. Please state height,weight, bust/chest measurements and colour choice.
$33 postpaid. Moneyback guarantee. VISA/MC call Toll Free (800) 222-8024.

Send $1 for swatches & catalogue. (Free with order.)

DEVA Lifewear
a cottage industry
(301) 663-4900

Box NYC2
303 E. Main Street
Burkittsville, MD 21718

PERSONALIZED
CARTOUCHE
JEWELRY
Your name translated into Egyptian hieroglyphics.
HANDMADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche shown spells 'Charlotte'

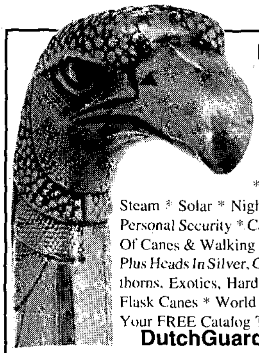
18K Gold from $150
Sterling Silver $40
ORDER BY PHONE
1 (800) 447-2504
VISA • MC • AMEX • DISCOVER
For FREE BROCHURE
Call or Write:
LITTLE EGYPT IMPORTS
4039 Broadway
Kansas City, MO 64111

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
THE BOATHOUSE, 410 Severn Avenue, Annapolis, MD 21403
Annap./Balt.: 301/269-0784 • Anywhere Else: 800/342-9295

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440



FREE CATALOG
Products You'd Never Suspect!

Gadgets Galore * Automotive * Unique Tools * Video Electronics * Phone Devices * Live Steam * Solar * Night Vision * Home, Office, Personal Security * Carbide Cannons Hundreds Of Canes & Walking Sticks * Standard Handles Plus Heads In Silver, Gold, Brass, Wood * Blackthorns, Exotics, Hardwoods * Secrecy Sticks * Flask Canes * World Wide Sources * Send For Your FREE Catalog Today!

Fax Dept. NY2
(816) 842-9344

DutchGuard Dept. NY2
P.O. Box 411687
Kansas City, MO 64141

Toll Free
(800)
821-5157

PRINCETON PERFECT

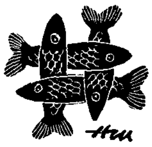
Live the lifestyle that only the fortunate few can know. This elegant four-bedroom contemporary boasts 4700 square feet of living space surrounded by 1.3 professionally landscaped & wooded acres. A 2-story Grand Foyer, vaulted ceilings, 3 fireplaces and central a/c complement the master bedroom suites, the entertainment room, and the den/library. A wooden deck, a brick patio and a 3-car garage make life more livable. All this and more, plus the cultural wealth of a great university town! Call today! $595,000. Weichert, Realtors Princeton Office.

609-921-1900

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

marches in the streets. The black marchers were often led by Sharpton and the Mayor's good friend the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, and sometimes the marchers' chants of "Whose streets? Our streets!" would be nearly drowned out by cries of "Whose streets? *Our* streets" from Hasidim on the sidelines. In the months since, the neighborhood, in which blacks and Hasidim live crowded together, has been relatively quiet. On February 6th, however, a young Hasidic mother was stabbed to death and perhaps sexually abused in her Crown Heights kitchen. That night—although the race of the criminal was unknown—the Hasidim were on the march, shouting "No more welfare!" and "Go back to Africa!" Then they broke the windows of some of their black neighbors. Nightly demonstrations were held in front of the local police station house demanding an arrest in the case. On February 10th, a young black—a Haitian—with a long criminal record was arrested. Sonny Carson, a black activist in Brooklyn, who for a while was a campaign aide in Dinkins' 1989 mayoral race, immediately saw the arrest as part of a police conspiracy. "Anytime something happens with Hasidic Jews, the police never put them in a criminal position," he said. "And all of a sudden when Hasidic men start demonstrating, there's an arrest made."

In the coming months, voters will demand that Presidential candidates and nominees for office around the country take a stand on issues that could profoundly affect the future of members of minority groups and make all the difference in the lives of African-Americans from day to day and over the long haul—for example, budget priorities, welfare-program revisions, affirmative action. However, it will be a rare occasion when discussions of these issues arouse anything like the almost pathological hostilities set off by crimes—especially sex crimes—committed by members of one race against another or questions about the justice, from a racial point of view, of the legal proceedings that follow. In this city, where cries of racism often seem to be as frequent as complaints that midtown traffic is a disgrace, the preoccupation is especially intense. Sharpton paid attention to this condition when he formally announced his candidacy for the Senate at a Brooklyn church on February 17th. On being asked whether he planned to draw support from a rainbow coalition, as Jesse Jackson had, he said, "I am not running a rainbow campaign—mine is somewhere over the rainbow." He outlined the issues on which he would campaign against those he saw as his three major Democratic opponents (he dismissed Mrazek as "an unknown," who would remain that way), indicating that he would be using negative information that had to do with celebrated New York events in which whites had been accused—and in some cases convicted—of committing violent crimes against blacks. When Elizabeth Holtzman was the Brooklyn district attorney, she had sabotaged the Yusuf Hawkins murder case, he said, giving no specifics. Abrams had called Tawana Brawley a liar. (In fact, it was the judgment of a Dutchess County grand jury that the black teen-ager's story of having been raped by five white men was a hoax.) As for Geraldine Ferraro, Sharpton said, she had remained silent when her Queens neighbors killed Michael Griffith in Howard Beach.



Such preoccupations are not, of course, a phenomenon only in this city. The black man whose face and name were on the front pages this February more often than those of any other black American was Mike Tyson, on trial on charges of raping an eighteen-year-old beauty-pageant contender in Indianapolis. When the *Times* columnist Anna Quindlen complained that the trial was, "inexplicably, being covered in the sports sections of many papers, as though it were just another bout," she did not mention, perhaps prudently, that one of those offending papers (another was the Washington *Post*) was her own—the only local paper to make this judgment. After the guilty verdict was delivered, by a jury of ten whites and two blacks, on February 10th, the papers here had their own special angle. Tyson grew up on Amboy Street, in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, where he was a practiced mugger by the time he wa twelve. It was after he was sent to reform school that the boxing traine Cus D'Amato, whose headquarters wer in the Catskills, took him on. D'Amat trained Tyson so well that, at the ag of twenty—five years ago—he becam the youngest heavyweight champion i history. After his conviction, reporter roamed up and down Amboy Stree talking to people who said they had once known him. The night after he lost the championship, he had returned there, seeking comfort from his roots, or so it seemed, and had assured passersby that he would win back the championship—a prospect that now seems remote. A few of the Amboy Street regulars whom local reporters talked to after the verdict came down approved; many denounced it as racist. Among the commentators in the larger world who felt that it was fair was William Raspberry, a black columnist for the Washington *Post*, who said that for blacks who saw the trial result as part of a conspiracy the magic words were "Here is yet another strong black man under attack from the white power structure. . . . They killed Martin and Malcolm. . . . Let them have their way, and they'll bring down all strong black men! . . . Didn't that Kennedy guy who was charged with rape get off? Sure, but he was white."

After the verdict, ministers in Indianapolis gathered ten thousand signatures from thirty local churches asking that the judge not impose any jail time. "We ask the court to consider that Mr. Tyson is one of a very few number of modern-day African-American heroes," the petition said. In this city, Daughtry and Sharpton announced that they would sign it. "Within the black community, there is overwhelming support for Tyson from men and women," Daughtry said, and Sharpton said that he would collect twenty-five thousand signatures urging that Tyson remain free. However, the Reverend Calvin Butts, the pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, in Harlem, said of Tyson, "I don't want my sons to look on him as a hero." He noted that the woman the boxer had been convicted of raping was a Sunday-school teacher and "a sister." In discussing the injustice of the Tyson verdict, Sharpton and Daughtry mentioned that after a young black woman was sexually abused two years ago by six white students at an off-campus house near St. John's University, in Queens, none of the students had gone to jail, three of them having been acquitted—an outcome often cited with bitterness in the black press in omparison with the jail sentences of the young blacks and Hispanics who were onvicted of raping and beating the white Central Park jogger. On the day fter Tyson was found guilty, Michael Calandrillo, the last of the St. John's students to be tried (he later said he was a big fan of Tyson's), accepted a plea bargain, acknowledging some guilt and agreeing to a sentence of three years' probation, with counselling, and five hundred hours of community service. As Calandrillo's mother left the courtroom, she shouted that her son had been railroaded by "a black racist judge."

The following day, another trial with heavy racial connotations—one that, for once, did not involve a sex crime—came to an end. A front-page story in the *Times* (which does not have a policy of covering trials of policemen in its civil-service pages) reported that a Teaneck, New Jersey, police officer, Gary Spath, had been acquitted by an all-white jury in the April, 1990, killing of a sixteen-year-old black, Phillip Pannell. Spath had testified that he shot Pannell because he thought the boy was about to shoot him, despite the state's evidence showing that Pannell had been shot in the back and had had his hands up when he was killed. Although the shooting took place across the Hudson River, the death of a young black suspect at police hands is a familiar event on this side of the Hudson, and it was treated almost as a local crime. Sharpton led a number of protest marches in Teaneck. The New York City Patrolmen's Benevolent Association also took a strong interest in the case. It suggested that Steven McDonald, a city policeman who, in 1986, was paralyzed by a shot fired by a young black he was trying to arrest in Central Park, should visit the trial scene. He did so and, by special arrangement with court security officers, was wheeled in in full view of the jury during Spath's cross-examination about how he had feared for his life. The front-page headline in the *Amsterdam News* after the verdict was "BLACK OUTRAGE. WHITE JURY ACQUITS WHITE KILLER COP."

On February 11th, the Marist Institute for Public Opinion released a poll showing that in next year's mayoral election Dinkins would lose by eleven percentage points to Rudolph Giuliani, the Republican candidate whom he defeated in 1989. Seventy-six per cent of the city's blacks still supported him, but only sixteen per cent of the white voters did. The once winning Dinkins coalition was now well this side of the rainbow.

—ANDY LOGAN

Presenting...

The DR™ FIELD and BRUSH MOWER

--the amazing walk-behind "brush hog" that--

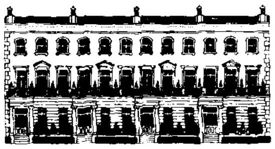
CLEARS & MAINTAINS meadows, pastures, woodlots, wooded and rough non-lawn areas with ease. **CUTS** tall grass, weeds, brambles, tough brush and saplings up to 1" thick. **CHOPS/MULCHES** most everything it cuts. Leaves NO TANGLE of brush to pick up like hand-held brushcutters and sickle-bar mowers. Perfect for low-maintenance wildflower meadows, European-style woodlots, walking paths, or any area you only want to mow once a month or once a season!

TOLL FREE
1(800)
446-8746

Please mail this coupon TODAY for complete FREE DETAILS of the DR™ FIELD and BRUSH MOWER including prices, specifications, and "Off-Season" Savings now in effect. There is no obligation.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ______ ZIP ______
To: Country Home Products, Dept. 12203F
Ferry Road, Box 89, Charlotte, VT 05445

©1992 CHP, Inc.



NUMBER SIXTEEN

Four Victorian Town Houses form this exquisite hotel with the unique atmosphere of the home in the heart of South Kensington.

16 SUMNER PLACE, LONDON SW7 3EG
TEL: 071-589 5232 TELEX: 266638
FAX: 071-584 8615

DOLPHIN BRACELET

#E-17, sterling: $68 ppd.
14K: $330 ppd.
7" long

8 gracefully sculptured dolphins are linked together to form this beautiful bracelet. Gift boxed, satisfaction guar. MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.

TORYS
1-800-67-TORYS
M–F, 9–5, EST.
Catalog upon request.
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

CANADA BY RAFT!

Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin & mighty Fraser. Yacht cruise up coastal fjord, flight over glaciers of Coast Range plus 240 exciting yet very safe miles by raft through cleanest, most magnificent scenery in Canada! $2275, 11 days Vancouver to Vancouver.

CANADIAN RIVER EXPEDITIONS (604) 738-4449
Suite 402, 3524 W 16th Ave, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6R 3C1

BOOKS

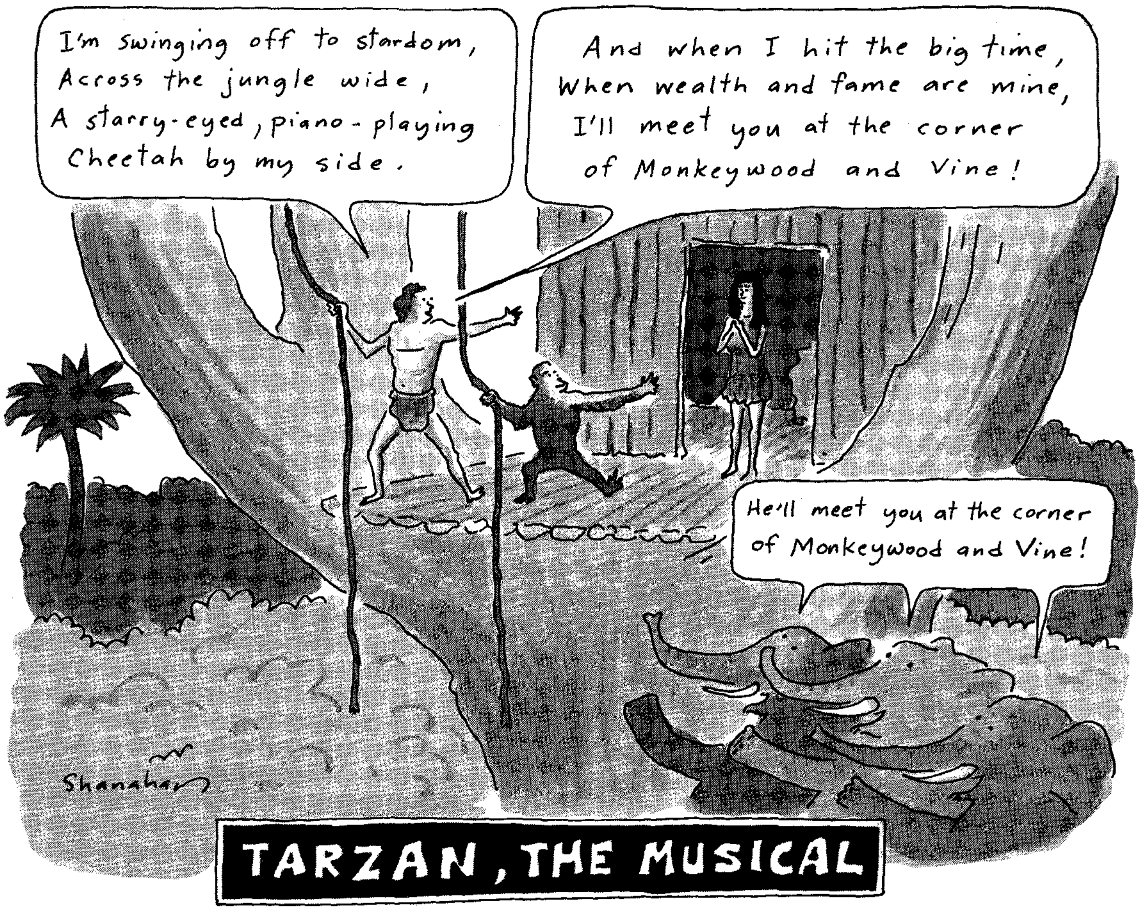
Bad Friday

OUR vexed century would be much thinner without the witness of Simone de Beauvoir, without the power of that prodigious woman to make her ardent life a critique of gender, of society, of literature and politics. And Hannah Arendt persists as a pivotal figure in political and social theory, and as one of the compelling voices out of the totalitarian dark. But neither woman was a philosopher in any strict sense. Here extreme precision is needed. Philosophic thought is that which bears on questions rather than answers; where answers arise, they turn out to be new questions. The honor of the craft is that of disinterestedness, of an abstention from practical yield. The philosophic stance—notably in its metaphysical reach and in where it touches (as it must, whether in acquiescence or denial) on the theological—is, in the rigorous sense of the word, unworldly. Characteristically, there lodges in the philosophic sensibility a certain indifference to, or even distaste for, the human body. By these harsh lights, there has been in the Western tradition only one woman philosopher of rank: Simone Weil.

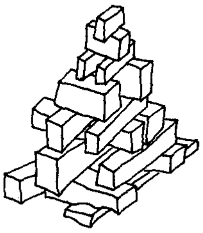
The price that Simone Weil paid for her eminence came near to being wholly unbearable. She consumed her own health to the point of willed early death. She inhabited her body as if it were a condemned hovel. She declared a detestation of her own rudimentary femininity, and stridently suggested that philosophical and mathematical achievements of lasting force were the prerogative of men—that some disorder or weakness in the very grain of womanhood militated against the examined life as demanded by Socrates, by Descartes, or by Kant. (Simone Weil's brother, André, is among the masters of twentieth-century algebraic geometry.) At every possible point and beyond, Simone Weil chose thought against life, logic against the pragmatic, the laser of analysis and enforced deduction against the fitful half-light, the compromise, and the muddle that allow the rest of us to carry on our existence. Like Pascal, like Kierkegaard, and like Nietzsche, but lacking the vanities of eloquence which attach even to these purists, Weil experienced her short life (1909-43) as a trial whose meaning—whose sole dignity—lay in defeat.

The bare facts have been made familiar in biographies like that by her friend Simone Pétrement (1973) and in the closely documented study published in 1981 by Gabriella Fiori. Scholarly publication of Simone Weil's complete writings is currently in progress, and almost every facet of her activities—religious, philosophical, literary, political, social—has been or is being combed through. In ways she would have despised (though ambiguously), the fat men of commentary and adulation are feasting on this most emaciated and self-erasing of lives.

We know of her childhood in the privileged ambience of emancipated French Judaism, of the conspiratorial intimacies and rivalries that knit her to her brother. There have been detailed investigations of the formative impact on Weil of the most charismatic and influential of French lycée teachers, the legendary "thought master" Émile Chartier, who wrote under the name of Alain Simone Weil immersed herself with equally febrile obsession in diverse Marxist, anarcho-Marxist, and Trotskyite workers' movements and in Greek and Cartesian philosophy She taught in variou provincial secondar schools so far as he chronic headaches allowed. She visited Ger many to judge at firs hand Hitler's socia revolution. Her engagement in the Spanis Civil War ended i macabre farce. (Sh stepped accidentally int a pan of boiling oil an had to be evacuated i agony.) During th Vichy regime, We


I'm swinging off to stardom,
Across the jungle wide,
A starry-eyed, piano-playing
Cheetah by my side.
And when I hit the big time,
When wealth and fame are mine,
I'll meet you at the corner
of Monkeywood and Vine!
He'll meet you at the corner
of Monkeywood and Vine!
Shanahan
TARZAN, THE MUSICAL

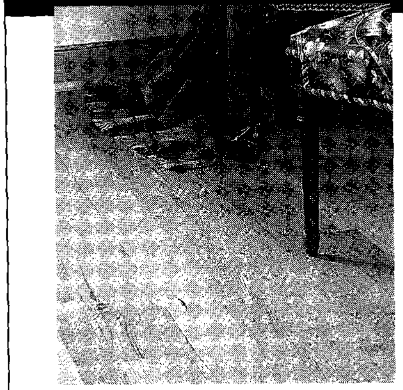
tilled vineyards, wrote, dabbled in clandestine propaganda and recruitment in and around Marseilles. Having accompanied her parents to safety in New York (only Harlem found grace in her bitter eyes), she tugged at every available string to be allowed to join the Free French in London. There she harried de Gaulle and his staff with heroic schemes. She demanded to be parachuted into Occupied France. She urged an enterprise whereby a bevy of sternly angelic women would enter battle lines in order to tend the wounded and the dying. De Gaulle, who, quite coolly, deemed Weil to be deranged, assigned her the presumably harmless task of social and political planning for postwar France. The voluminous blueprint that resulted remains a classic of urgent impracticality. Self-wasted in mind and body, sick of soul with frustrated ardor, Simone Weil literally passed away in a sanatorium outside London. Her grave, though it is not in consecrated ground, has become a place of pilgrimage.



In "Simone Weil: Portrait of a Self-Exiled Jew" (North Carolina; $32.50) Thomas Nevin gives only a summary sketch of this *via dolorosa*. Nor does he intend an intellectual biography of Simone Weil in any direct form. His dense study aims to explore and, so far as is possible, validate Weil's obsessions and work by using the fulcrum of Jewish self-hatred—the haunting talent that representative Jewish men and women have exhibited for self-banishment. The acid stain of intellectual and even politically oriented anti-Semitism on Simone Weil's consciousness, on her writings and social reflexes, has long been noted. It has been cogently related to the general theme of self-chastisement, even of masochism, which colors her works and days. But Professor Nevin's is the most thorough, persuasive examination we have so far of this at once repellent and inescapable context. There is not only learning and the poise of doubt in the book; there is courage and a salutary sadness.

Simone Weil's politics were peculiar in the extreme. She sought to conjoin with a partly Platonic ideal of he organic state a sense, both raging and enraged, of the humiliation and uffering visited on industrial labor. By a twist of logic, this young Jew of the French para-Marxist left came to make a series of approbatory comments on Hitler. She lauded his Roman grandeur, his spiritual and administrative seizure of collective hopes and needs: "He commands a country stretched to the maximum, he has a consuming, tireless and pitiless will . . . an imagination that fabricates history in grandiose proportions according to a Wagnerian aesthetic, and well beyond the present; and he is a born gambler." (Dostoyevski might have written that, or, at certain moments, Trotsky.) To Weil anything was preferable to the unctuous hypocrisies, corruptions, and facile materialism of bourgeois capitalist democracy. Her ferocities on this issue derive from the burning radicalism of Amos and from Jesus' damning of wealth. They come out of Sparta and Lenin. But there lies at the core of her paradoxes and desolation a personal test of rare integrity. Three times, between December, 1934, and late August, 1935, this frail intellectual worked in heavy industry, under pressures and humiliations that almost drove her mad. When she invoked Robespierre, when she fantasized about a centralized revaluation and spiritualization of labor, Weil spoke at first hand. Radical chic was anathema to her.

Like other absolutists of thought, Simone Weil was drawn to violence. Though wrongheaded—she completely misses the festive glitter of archaic heroism—her essay on the Iliad does put in high relief the brutalities, the blood lust in the epic. At times, Weil was a pacifist, at other times eager for battle. Her schemes for feminine intervention, for sacrificial enlistment at the point of extreme peril in warfare tell of this same ambivalence. In reference to her Spanish commitment, she wrote, "Criterion: dread and the taste for killing. Avoiding both of these—how? In Spain, this seemed to me a heartbreaking effort, impossible to keep up for long. Make oneself such, then, that one is able to maintain it." The eventuality of torture fixed her mind darkly. She sought to rehearse for it. At moments, a jealousy of suffering possessed her. Her "telescopic sensitivity" (Nevin's apt phrase) isolated and magnified pain and terror both in her and in others. Like Pascal, like certain great painters and narra-



Reclaiming the elegance of turn-of-the-century America.

Reclaimed antique wood is now gracing distinctive homes everywhere. Retrieved from pre-1900 structures slated for demolition, this majestic lumber is perfect for both restoration and new home construction. For over 18 years, our tradition of quality has provided fine results nationwide. Featuring flooring, paneling, moldings, and mantels of antique longleaf heart pine, chestnut and oak.

Free Brochure Available
1-800-445-2671
P.O. Box 289NY • Ruckersville, Virginia 22968

MOUNTAIN LUMBER
Setting the Standard for Reclaimed Wood

Columbia University

Graduate School of Architecture Planning and Preservation

Introduction to Architecture: The Summer Studio at Columbia University New York

For information and applications write or call:
Office of Admissions Introduction to Architecture
The Graduate School of Architecture
Planning and Preservation
400 Avery Hall Columbia University

Introduction to Architecture:
The Summer Studio at
Columbia University, New York
July 6 to August 6, Monday through Thursday,
10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m., 3 credits, studio and seminar
Tuition for 1992: $1590
Housing on the Columbia University campus
(if required): $600 (approx.)
Applications due by June 30

HUMMINGBIRD PIN

The delicate flight of a hummingbird is captured in this sterling silver pin designed by Chip deMatteo. 1.5" $18.00 Postage Paid. Catalog $2.00

Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
1(800) 545-4556

HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.

2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

From the magnificent "1000 Islands"
through the International Seaway locks
to the staggering Saguenay Fjord
and picturesque capital of Canada

CRUISE
CALM
CANADIAN RIVERS

Board our elegant Replica
Turn-of-the-Century Steamships
for 3, 5 or 7 night adventures
on history-laden waters
steeped in breathtaking scenery

STEAMBOAT
VACATIONS

Visit your travel professional or contact
ST. LAWRENCE CRUISE LINES INC.
253 Ontario St. Kingston Ontario Canada K7L 2Z4
1-800-267-7868

THE B&B BIBLE

"The acknowledged leader among Bed & Breakfast guidebooks."
-Arthur Frommer
$14.00
0-452-26747-1
To order, call
1-800-253-6476
($2 handling; Visa/Mastercard)
PLUME
Penguin USA

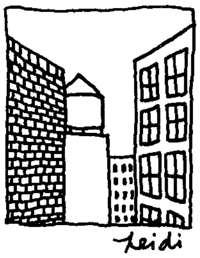
BED & BREAKFAST U. S. A. 1992
GUARANTEED RATES
ALL 50 STATES PLUS CANADA
BETTY RUNDBACK

The Swiss Armory
VICTORINOX®
WENGER
Most complete selection in the U.S. of
Swiss Army Knives, Parts and Accessories.
Call or write for free catalog.
1-800-43-SLICE
2838 Juniper St., San Diego, CA 92104

Quality Bookplates
For Book Lovers, Serious Collectors & Libraries
Archival Materials. Standard & Custom Designs.
Call For A Free Color Catalog:
Gary Beeber Graphics 1-800-543-3470

tors of agony (both suffered and inflicted), she imagined materially, she reflected and analyzed with her nerve ends.

The politics in her late essays and in her design for France reborn are a fearful but poignant muddle (and "fearful" is indeed the key). The shadow of Hegel, which Professor Nevin tends to overlook, is pervasive. She believed that Necessity, which is another name for the human condition—*for the assembly-line pile drivers of history*—bends man to its despotic purpose. To endure, to have some access to that which is divine in destined processes, men and women must have the opportunity to discipline their perceptions, to contemplate with utmost stoic concentration the facts and obligations of their estate. The political-social desideratum is one that insures a space for such acts and, ideally, for such continuities of concentration. (More than once, Weil flirted longingly with fantasies of incarceration.) Famously, she called this posture of contemplative attention *l'enracinement*—"rootedness." It did not escape her notice, as it must not escape ours, that these criteria of rooted meditation—they fascinated T. S. Eliot when he read her—are all too readily reconcilable with certain modes of totalitarian, communitarian political authority, whether of the right or of the left. At her most lucid, Weil strikes one as a bizarre hybrid, an anarchic Platonist who would abdicate to the powers of the state whatever is needed to give privacy to the soul.



This same hybrid construct determines Simone Weil's philosophic essays and fragments. What she strives for obsessively is an amalgam of ancient Greece and Christology—the lessons of Socrates and those of Jesus. There was nothing novel in such a project. From the Gospel of John onward, such a congruence, known as Neoplatonism, has been argued and pursued in Western theology and idealist metaphysics. It is still dreamed of by the Renaissance and by the German philosophers after Kant. It is a part, perhaps subconscious, of the search and wonder of all who pick up a seashell on unbounded ocean shores (Coleridge's image) and hear in its murmuring more than the material echo of their own blood. What was perversely idiosyncratic was Weil's way of proceeding. She inventoried pre-Socratic philosophic fragments, the Platonic dialogues, and the texts of Greek lyric poets and dramatists in order to find passages in which Christ's coming, ministry, and Passion were prefigured. Prefiguration of the Gospels in the Old Testament (in, for instance, the Prophets, in the Psalms of the Suffering Servant, even in the Song of Songs) is, of course, a claim that has been made by Christianity since the time of the Church Fathers. But it is not the Hebrew writings to which Simone Weil adverts in her pilgrim's progress; it is Pythagoras, Pindar, Sophocles, and Plato.

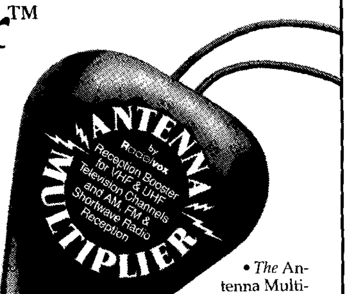
Her dowsing is at once absurd and eerie. Acute Hellenist though she was, Weil was not above distorting and almost falsifying the manifest intent and context of the ancient Greek words. She deliberately confounds the next to nothing we know of Greek mystery cults and Orphic myths of rebirth with the concepts of baptism and of resurrection in Christianity. Her readings of Plato are so selective as to border on travesty. And yet. Her intimations of a common thirst for light on the other side of reason, but rationally urged and somehow communicable, *sensible to human* thought and discourse, are not always arbitrary. She felt in her bones the often tenuous, subterranean weave of metaphors, of symbolism, of ritual gestures that relate early and later Greek philosophy, and even paganism, to nascent Christianity. When it comes to certain Greek tragic texts, moreover, her commentaries have an aching immediacy. She relives the insolubles of contradictory justice in Orestes matricide. She identifies, even more carnally and spiritually than Hege and Kierkegaard did, with the person and fate of Sophocles' Antigone. She too, knew of the unconditional love o brother and sister. She, too, was re solved *on* ethical *defiance and* self sacrifice in the face of political terror But, again, it is no accident that he Antigone emerges with more than hint of Joan of Arc.

Weil's liaison with Roman Catholi cism (the erotic tonalities in the wor are fully justified) dates back at leas to 1935-36. It was then that she bega attending Mass, with varying frequency

Her encounter with Gregorian chant appears to have triggered an episode of a mystical and revelatory kind. In this respect, Weil's is not an isolated case. Other Jewish contemporaries of an uprooted and questing nature felt tempted by the aesthetic solemnity of Catholic worship and by the sheer eloquence of the Catholic message within European art and civilization. One recalls Walter Benjamin's immersion in the baroque, the turn toward Christ in Karl Kraus, and—most complex—Proust's resort to the world of the cathedrals and of Christian painting. One remembers the informing role of mystical Catholicism in the symphonies of Mahler. As devastation neared, much in the psyche and the sensibility of the European Jewish élite seemed to cast about for refuge. Characteristically, Simone Weil went a deeper, more jagged way.

She familiarized herself with the liturgy, with the Vulgate Bible of St. Jerome, with sacramental symbolism and doctrine. She met a kindred spirit in St. Augustine (as, on quite another plane, had Hannah Arendt). She sought out the French Thomists—he thinkers and writers who at the ime were renewing Catholic awareness of the Church's main philosophical and logical source, Thomas Aquinas. These several impulses gathered all but irresistible force during Weil's exile n the South of France. Best known and best loved of her writings are the etters to the near-blind Dominican priest Joseph-Marie Perrin. It is to him that Weil, in a vein of impas-ioned, argumentative confessional, offered her inmost. And Perrin seemed destined to receive this tormented soul nto the peace of the Church. Weil often knocked at the door, only to step ack when it was lovingly opened. The shade of a shadow lay between er fervor, her constant identification f her own physical pains with Christ's suffering, and that act of baptism which ow shone as the most natural of esolutions.

She did not take that last step. She eviled Catholic worldliness and the ersecution of such inspired heretics as he Cathari. She read Catholicism to be nphatically Roman, which is to say, inted with the imperialism, the en-avements, the authoritarian pomp of hat ancient civilization she so ab-orred. In the final reckoning, however, Weil's self-veto had a grimmer



Get TV reception you never had before, with the...

Antenna Multiplier™

only $29.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal!

You may not need it if you are connected to a cable system, but if not you can now get TV reception that you could never enjoy before. Inside its plastic housing, the *Antenna Multiplier™* hides a small technical gem—an array of electronic components that enhances the reception power of your TV. The *Antenna Multiplier™* stabilizes your TV picture, eliminates "ghosts" and static, and brings in stations that were only visible as flickers and annoying shadows. In most areas you will be able to eliminate an outdoor antenna (limited by atmospheric or geographic constraints). The *Multiplier™* needs no outside power–it gets its "juice" right through your TV set. You place the *Multiplier™* on the television set itself, lay it on a nearby table, or hang it on the wall and you can say good-bye to the clutter of rabbit ears, loop, rod, or dish antennas. *Antenna Multiplier™* enhances your TV reception and your entertainment alternatives, since it also vastly improves AM/FM radio reception and brings in new stations on multiband and shortwave receivers.

We are the exclusive importers of the *Antenna Multiplier™* in the United States and can therefore bring you this outstanding TV accessory for just $29.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments–absolutely FREE!*** Unleash the full power of your television with *Antenna Multiplier™*. Order it today!

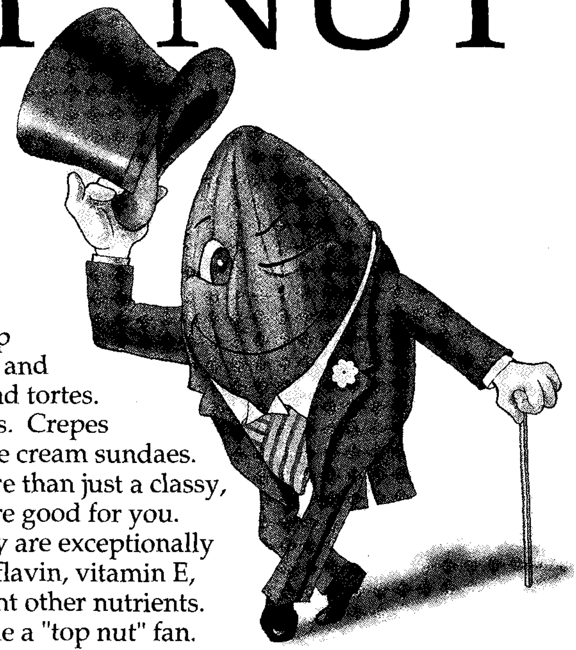
• *The* Antenna Multiplier *significantly boosts UHF, VHF Television and AM, FM & Shortwave radio reception. 3¾"L x 3⅛"W x ½" D.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 888-9920
M-F 6:00 AM–5:00 PM, SAT 8:00 AM–4:00 PM
Pacific Standard Time

Please give order **#1429B236**. If you prefer mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $3.50 for one; $10.50 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one-year replacement warranty.

Looking for a bargain? Come in and visit our Catalog Outlet in San Francisco.

since 1967
haverhills®
of San Francisco
139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107



TOP NUT

A MARIANI
GOLDEN
CALIFORNIA
ALMOND.

When it comes to adding the finishing touch to sweets and desserts, almonds top everything. Cookies and coffee cakes. Tarts and tortes. Breads and puddings. Crepes and waffles. Even ice cream sundaes.

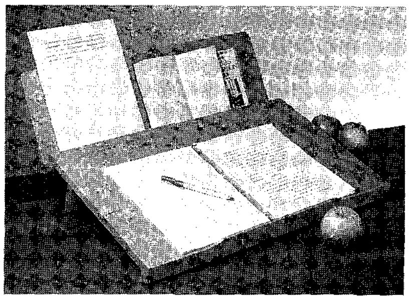
Almonds are more than just a classy, tasty garnish. They're good for you. Cholesterol-free, they are exceptionally good sources of riboflavin, vitamin E, magnesium, and eight other nutrients.

It's easy to become a "top nut" fan.

For just $19.75, we'll ship you a 5 lb. box of freshly-shelled California almonds. Money-back guarantee. Send your check or money order – with your street address – to:

MARIANI NUT COMPANY
Mariani Nut Company, P.O. Box 664, Dept. 072
709 Dutton Street, Winters, CA 95694

Inclined to Work



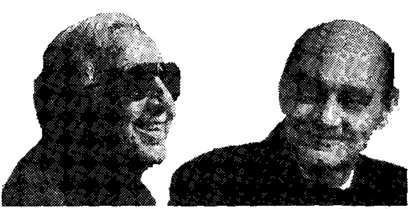
It's no accident that artists and draftsmen work on inclined surfaces. It lessens fatigue and increases productivity. So why don't professional readers and writers use inclined surfaces? They should, and with our new Editor's Desk, they can.

Its 14"-by-25" writing surface slopes at the ideal angle (19 degrees), while the bookrest holds reading matter above at the perfect distance and angle. Made in America of solid hard rock maple.

$129 + **$9.95** shipping via UPS ground
Two for **$238** (save **$20**) + **$12.95** shipping
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYED10, Delray, FL 33445

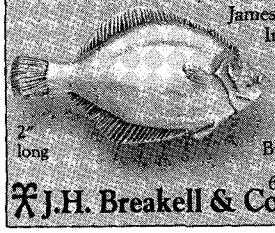
Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT
131 WEST 3rd ST. • N.Y.C. • TEL 475-8592



GEORGE SHEARING
DUO with special guest GRADY TATE
Plus JOE PASS Solo
Feb 25 thru Mar 1 at 9 & 11:30pm

ELVIN JONES
Plus STEVE TURRE
Mar 3 - 8 at 9 & 11:30pm • 3rd Show Fri/Sat 1:30am

FLOUNDER PIN
Catch this silvery flounder from silversmith James Breakell's studio.
In sterling $35. 14k gold $340. Add $3.50 handling.



VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-767-6411
Brochure on request.

J.H. Breakell & Co. 69 Mill St. Dept. NYFL Newport, RI 02840

origin. She could not espouse a church whose roots lay in the synagogue.

Thomas Nevin is right, of course. Here, too, the crux (insidious image) is that of Simone Weil's self-denial, her repudiation of her own Judaism. Nauseatingly, she protested to the Vichy authorities that she ought not to be barred from employment under the race laws—she was not a Jew! Judaism was unacceptable to her. Only a handful of Jews escaped her sometimes hysterical censure: Amos, the teller of retribution on Israel; Job; Spinoza, who had been ostracized from the community. Relevant documents are sickening. Faced with early but unmistakable evidence of the Holocaust in progress, she took refuge in hostile silence, in "a frozen stare." In her notebooks she pondered the peculiar deracination and pariahdom of the Jew. "The so-called Jewish religion is a national idolatry that has lost all reality since the destruction of the nation," she wrote. "That is why a Jewish atheist is more atheistic than any other. He is so less aggressively, but more profoundly." With a very few, largely poetic exceptions, "the Old Testament is a tissue of horrors," celebrating a blood-hungry tribal deity whose primitive features and attributes come close to being those of a satanic Great Beast. Weil clawed at whatever she could find that had given Judaism hope: "If the Hebrews, as a people, had carried God within them, they would have preferred to suffer the slavery inflicted by the Egyptians—and provoked by their own previous exactions—rather than to win freedom by massacring all the inhabitants of the territory they had to occupy." This in the midnight of the gas ovens.

Her attendant tastes in literature and in theological tonality were concordant. It was in T. E. Lawrence of Arabia that she envisioned the truest type of modern heroism. And it was in ascetic and mendicant Catholicism, which indicted most brutally the alleged materialism and obdurateness of the Jew, that she felt at home. From Paul of Tarsus to today, the history of Jewish self-hatred is a long and perplexing one. It is quite possible to read both Christianity and Marxism as great Judaic heresies sprung from the opaque pathologies of a suicidal self-rejection. The most ingenious, though in some measure deranged, advocate of Jewish inferiority and racial leprosy in modern polemics, Otto Weininger, was a Jew. Whether Simone Weil's contribution to this garbage was a symptom of some even deeper negation of sexuality and of her own gender, whether it enacted elements of deliberate self-humiliation in the face of what she judged to be a botched life, whether it traced the road to a slow suicide, no psychopathology can adequately explain. Such explanation would, moreover, and by Weil's own imperatives of philosophic integrity, be immaterial.

Why bother then? Simply because Simone Weil has left us a fragmented but substantial corpus of theological, philosophical, and political insights of rare pressure and illumination. Response is so perplexing because an unsparing honesty meshes the inspired with the pathological. Who else save Kierkegaard would at the moment of France's surrender to Hitler have found the sentence "This is a great day for Indo-China," in which a hideous insensibility is perfectly balanced by a political and humane clairvoyance of genius? The fall of metropolitan France was indeed glorious news for the subject peoples it had long lorded over in its far-flung colonies For Weil, the "crimes" of colonialism related immediately, in both religious and political symmetry, to the degradation of the homeland. Time and again, a Weil aphorism, a marginalium to a classical or scriptural passage, cut to the heart of a dilemma too often masked by cant or taboo. She did no flinch from contradiction, from th insoluble. She believed that contradiction "experienced right to the depth of one's being means spiritual laceration, it means the Cross." Withou which "cruciality" theological debate and philosophic postulates are academic gossip. To take seriously, existentially, the question of the significance of human life and death on bestialized, wasted planet, to inquir into the worth or futility of politica action and social design is not merel to risk personal health or the solace o common love: it is to endanger reaso itself. The two individuals who hav in our time not only taught or writte or generated conceptually philosoph summonses of the very first rank b *lived* them, in pain, in self-punish ment, in rejection of their Judaism, are Ludwig Wittgenstein and Simone Weil. At how very many points they walked in the same lit shadows.

But no analogy suffices. Weil represents what modern physics might call a "singularity." Some of her finest work—on Descartes, on the theory and practice of Marxism—belongs to normal philosophic and intellectual argument. She wrestles with the mystery of God's love as do the saints and doctors of the Church and the visionaries of the Middle Ages and the Baroque. Yet within a hair's breadth, as it were, of her ardent analytic rectitude, of her logical scruples and compassionate questioning, blow those "great winds from under the earth" evoked by Franz Kafka (another cousin in spirit). Some vein of madness is tapped.

The evidence patiently probed in Nevin's unsettling book points toward a twist of feeling at once sharp and deep-buried. In some way, this "chosen outsider" was jealous of God, of His infinite love, which she acknowledged mentally but could not bring to bear on the image she construed of her own identity. Jealous—as, perhaps, were St. Teresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross—of the agonies God had borne in the person of His martyred son. Black waters. To which it may be that the least inadequate response comes from a language at once desolate and sardonic—from the Yiddish, which she ignored or might have despised. Simone Weil was, undoubtedly, the first woman among philosophers. She was also a transcendent *schlemiel.*

—George Steiner

•

SENTENCES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

From a book review by David Foster Wallace in the Los Angeles Times]

If pop is the argument between sub-cul- ure (as conceived by the cultural outsider hen that outsider happens to be a genius) nd the redemptive, relentlessly consuming ppetite of the community, then the arc of lvis' career, from starving white trash to nusical insurgent to heartthrob to B-movie nainstay to corpulent Vegas schmaltz-king performing a kind of enormous victory rather nan winning it" ("Mystery Train"), limns lso the living and fatal paradox of all popu- r U.S. art: that this art, which is produced a raw difference, the special fecund an- uish of non-inclusion, attacks, seduces and devoured by a mass-art market that re- eems and even deifies the artist while it ains his productions of the denial and pain at is its voice.

THE NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES

1·800·447·6553

Timely Information

Special Promotions

Retail Location

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

Bachrach Photographers
For a limited time, Bachrach offers a free sitting of you or any member of your family with no obligation to purchase photographs.
Call for an appointment:
30137

Frankfurt Airport
Your Gateway to Germany and Europe! Frankfurt, with extensive air, rail and bus services, is an ideal starting point for European travel.
Call for information today:
30138

Merrill Lynch
A Merrill Lynch Financial Consultant can help you turn your financial dreams into realities. Call for one of our free financial goals brochures.
Call now:
30136

Mount Charlotte Thistle Hotels of Britain
Visiting London this year? With 24 hotels in the capital, from deluxe to budget, we have one to suit every taste. All are featured in our new London directory.
For your free copy:
30135

ADVERTISEMENT

We have a group
policy that helps cover
long-term care

in the place
elderly people
want it most.

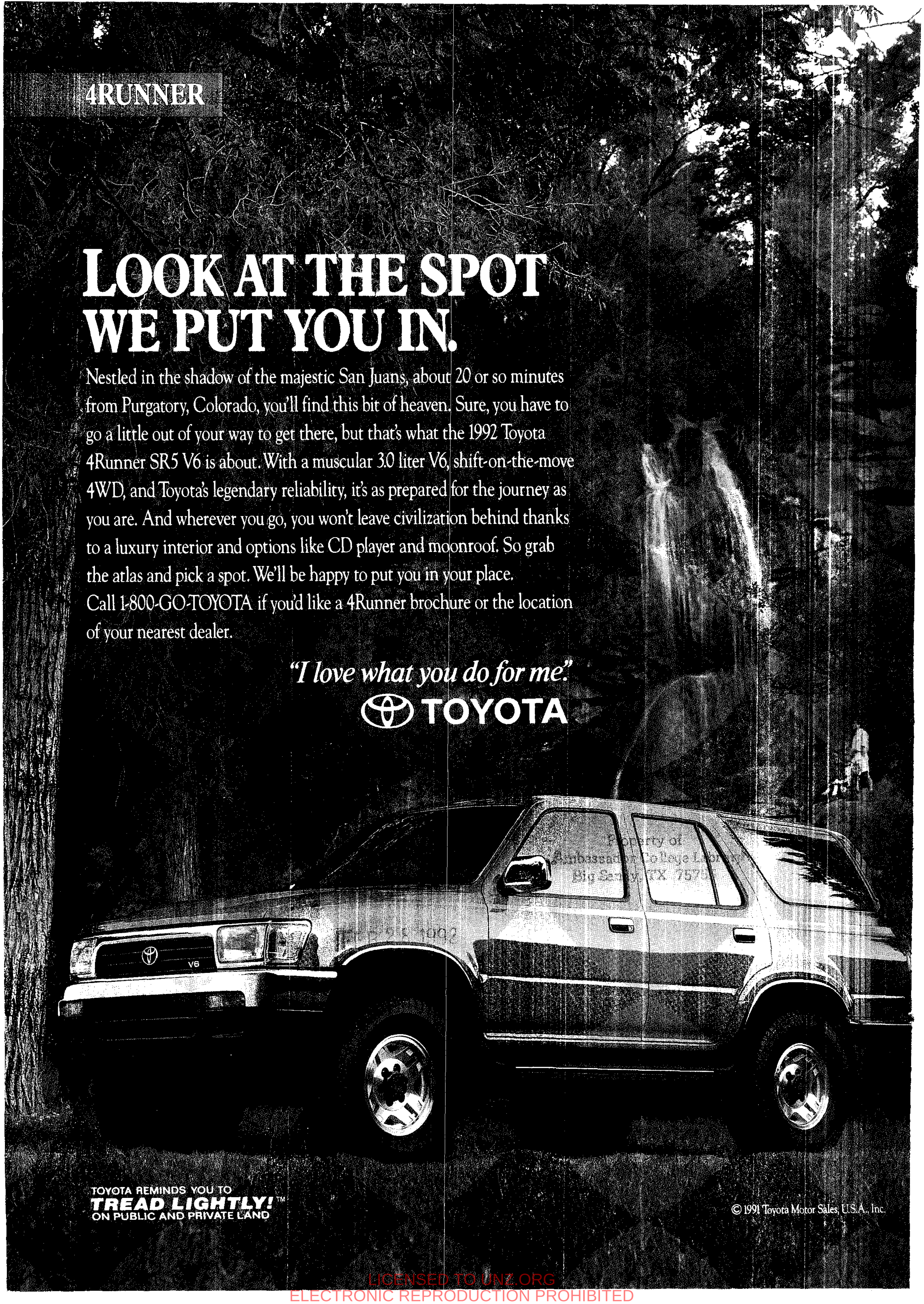
The Aetna Long Term Care Plan is a policy available through employers that provides a daily benefit either in a nursing facility or at home. It covers care provided by companions or members of the family. It not only helps protect your financial resources, it also helps assure you have a choice you'll feel comfortable with when the time comes to make it. To find out more, please write: Long Term Care, Post Office Box 303, Hartford, CT 06141.

Aetna. A policy to do more.

Ætna

© 1991 Aetna Life Insurance Company

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


4RUNNER

LOOK AT THE SPOT WE PUT YOU IN.

Nestled in the shadow of the majestic San Juans, about 20 or so minutes from Purgatory, Colorado, you'll find this bit of heaven. Sure, you have to go a little out of your way to get there, but that's what the 1992 Toyota 4Runner SR5 V6 is about. With a muscular 3.0 liter V6, shift-on-the-move 4WD, and Toyota's legendary reliability, it's as prepared for the journey as you are. And wherever you go, you won't leave civilization behind thanks to a luxury interior and options like CD player and moonroof. So grab the atlas and pick a spot. We'll be happy to put you in your place.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA if you'd like a 4Runner brochure or the location of your nearest dealer.

"I love what you do for me."

TOYOTA

TOYOTA REMINDS YOU TO
TREAD LIGHTLY!™
ON PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LAND

© 1991 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 7575